

RANDOM PD ENCYCLOPEDIA – H

LETTER II.

HAWAIIAN HOTEL, HONOLULU, Jan. 26th. [187_]

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Hawaiian Archipelago*, by Isabella L. Bird

Yesterday morning at 6.30 I was aroused by the news that "The Islands" were in sight. Oahu in the distance, a group of grey, barren peaks rising verdureless out of the lonely sea, was not an exception to the rule that the first sight of land is a disappointment. Owing to the clear atmosphere, we seemed only five miles off, but in reality we were twenty, and the land improved as we neared it. It was the fiercest day we had had, the deck was almost too hot to stand upon, the sea and sky were both magnificently blue, and the unveiled sun turned every minute ripple into a diamond flash. As we approached, the island changed its character. There were lofty peaks, truly--grey and red, sun-scorched and wind-bleached, glowing here and there with traces of their fiery origin; but they were cleft by deep chasms and ravines of cool shadow and entrancing green, and falling water streaked their sides--a most welcome vision after eleven months of the desert sea and the dusty browns of Australia and New Zealand. Nearer yet, and the coast line came into sight, fringed by the feathery cocoanut tree of the tropics, and marked by a long line of surf. The grand promontory of Diamond Head, its fiery sides now softened by a haze of green, terminated the wavy line of palms; then the Punchbowl, a very perfect extinct crater, brilliant with every shade of red volcanic ash, blazed against the green skirts of the mountains. We were close to the coral reef before the cry, "There's Honolulu!" made us aware of the proximity of the capital of the island kingdom, and then, indeed, its existence had almost to be taken upon trust, for besides the lovely wooden and grass huts, with deep verandahs, which nestled under palms and bananas on soft green sward, margined by the bright sea sand, only two church spires and a few grey roofs appeared above the trees.

We were just outside the reef, and near enough to hear that deep sound of the surf which, through the ever serene summer years girdles the Hawaiian Islands with perpetual thunder, before the pilot glided alongside, bringing the news which Mark Twain had prepared us to receive with interest, that "Prince Bill" had been unanimously elected to the throne. The surf ran white and pure over the environing coral reef, and as we passed through the narrow

channel, we almost saw the coral forests deep down under the Nevada's keel; the coral fishers plied their graceful trade; canoes with outriggers rode the combers, and glided with inconceivable rapidity round our ship; amphibious brown beings sported in the transparent waves; and within the reef lay a calm surface of water of a wonderful blue, entered by a narrow, intricate passage of the deepest indigo. And beyond the reef and beyond the blue, nestling among cocoanut trees and bananas, umbrella trees and breadfruits, oranges, mangoes, hibiscus, algaroba, and passion-flowers, almost hidden in the deep, dense greenery, was Honolulu. Bright blossom of a summer sea! Fair Paradise of the Pacific!

Inside the reef the magnificent iron-clad California (the flag-ship) and another huge American war vessel, the Benicia, are moored in line with the British corvette Scout, within 200 yards of the shore; and their boats were constantly passing and re-passing, among countless canoes filled with natives. Two coasting schooners were just leaving the harbour, and the inter-island steamer Kilauea, with her deck crowded with natives, was just coming in. By noon the great decrepit Nevada, which has no wharf at which she can lie in sleepy New Zealand, was moored alongside a very respectable one in this enterprising little Hawaiian capital.

We looked down from the towering deck on a crowd of two or three thousand people--whites, Kanakas, Chinamen--and hundreds of them at once made their way on board, and streamed over the ship, talking, laughing, and remarking upon us in a language which seemed without backbone. Such rich brown men and women they were, with wavy, shining black hair, large, brown, lustrous eyes, and rows of perfect teeth like ivory. Everyone was smiling. The forms of the women seem to be inclined towards obesity, but their drapery, which consists of a sleeved garment which falls in ample and unconfined folds from their shoulders to their feet, partly conceals this defect, which is here regarded as a beauty. Some of these dresses were black, but many of those worn by the younger women were of pure white, crimson, yellow, scarlet, blue, or light green. The men displayed their lithe, graceful figures to the best advantage in white trousers and gay Garibaldi shirts. A few of the women wore coloured handkerchiefs twined round their hair, but generally both men and women wore straw hats, which the men set jauntily on one side of their heads, and aggravated their appearance yet more by bandana handkerchiefs of rich bright colours round their necks, knotted loosely on the left side, with a grace to which, I think, no Anglo-Saxon dandy could attain. Without an exception the men and women wore wreaths and garlands of flowers, carmine, orange, or pure white, twined round their hats, and thrown carelessly round their necks, flowers unknown to me, but redolent of the tropics in fragrance and colour. Many of the young beauties wore the gorgeous blossom of the red hibiscus among their abundant, unconfined, black hair, and many, besides the garlands, wore festoons of a sweet-scented vine, or of an exquisitely beautiful fern, knotted behind

and hanging half-way down their dresses. These adornments of natural flowers are most attractive. Chinamen, all alike, very yellow, with almond-shaped eyes, youthful, hairless faces, long pigtailed, spotlessly clean clothes, and an expression of mingled cunning and simplicity, "foreigners," half-whites, a few negroes, and a very few dark-skinned Polynesians from the far-off South Seas, made up the rest of the rainbow-tinted crowd.

The "foreign" ladies, who were there in great numbers, generally wore simple light prints or muslins, and white straw hats, and many of them so far conformed to native custom as to wear natural flowers round their hats and throats. But where were the hard, angular, careworn, sallow, passionate faces of men and women, such as form the majority of every crowd at home, as well as in America, and Australia? The conditions of life must surely be easier here, and people must have found rest from some of its burdensome conventionalities. The foreign ladies, in their simple, tasteful, fresh attire, innocent of the humpings and bunchings, the monstrosities and deformities of ultra-fashionable bad taste, beamed with cheerfulness, friendliness, and kindness. Men and women looked as easy, contented, and happy as if care never came near them. I never saw such healthy, bright complexions as among the women, or such "sparkling smiles," or such a diffusion of feminine grace and graciousness anywhere.

Outside this motley, genial, picturesque crowd about 200 saddled horses were standing, each with the Mexican saddle, with its lassoing horn in front, high peak behind, immense wooden stirrups, with great leathern guards, silver or brass bosses, and coloured saddle-cloths. The saddles were the only element of the picturesque that these Hawaiian steeds possessed. They were sorry, lean, undersized beasts, looking in general as if the emergencies of life left them little time for eating or sleeping. They stood calmly in the broiling sun, heavy-headed and heavy-hearted, with flabby ears and pendulous lower lips, limp and rawboned, a doleful type of the "creation which groaneth and travaileth in misery." All these belonged to the natives, who are passionately fond of riding. Every now and then a flower-wreathed Hawaiian woman, in her full radiant garment, sprang on one of these animals astride, and dashed along the road at full gallop, sitting on her horse as square and easy as a hussar. In the crowd and outside of it, and everywhere, there were piles of fruit for sale--oranges and guavas, strawberries, papayas, bananas (green and golden), cocoanuts, and other rich, fantastic productions of a prolific climate, where nature gives of her wealth the whole year round. Strange fishes, strange in shape and colour, crimson, blue, orange, rose, gold, such fishes as flash like living light through the coral groves of these enchanted seas, were there for sale, and coral divers were there with their treasures--branch coral, as white as snow, each perfect specimen weighing from eight to twenty pounds. But no one pushed his wares for sale--we were at liberty to look and admire, and pass on

unmolested. No vexatious restrictions obstructed our landing. A sum of two dollars for the support of the Queen's Hospital is levied on each passenger, and the examination of ordinary luggage, if it exists, is a mere form. From the demeanour of the crowd it was at once apparent that the conditions of conquerors and conquered do not exist. On the contrary, many of the foreigners there were subjects of a Hawaiian king, a reversal of the ordinary relations between a white and a coloured race which it is not easy yet to appreciate.

Two of my fellow-passengers, who were going on to San Francisco, were anxious that I should accompany them to the Pali, the great excursion from Honolulu; and leaving Mr. M--- to make all arrangements for the Dexters and myself, we hired a buggy, destitute of any peculiarity but a native driver, who spoke nothing but Hawaiian, and left the ship. This place is quite unique. It is said that 15,000 people are buried away in these low-browed, shadowy houses, under the glossy, dark-leaved trees, but except in one or two streets of miscellaneous, old-fashioned looking stores, arranged with a distinct leaning towards native tastes, it looks like a large village, or rather like an aggregate of villages. As we drove through the town we could only see our immediate surroundings, but each had a new fascination. We drove along roads with over-arching trees, through whose dense leafage the noon sunshine only trickled in dancing, broken lights; umbrella trees, caoutchouc, bamboo, mango, orange, breadfruit, candlenut, monkey pod, date and coco palms, alligator pears, "prides" of Barbary, India, and Peru, and huge-leaved, wide-spreading trees, exotics from the South Seas, many of them rich in parasitic ferns, and others blazing with bright, fantastic blossoms. The air was heavy with odours of gardenia, tuberose, oleanders, roses, lilies, and the great white trumpet-flower, and myriads of others whose names I do not know, and verandahs were festooned with a gorgeous trailer with magenta blossoms, passion-flowers, and a vine with masses of trumpet-shaped, yellow, waxy flowers. The delicate tamarind and the feathery algaroba intermingled their fragile grace with the dark, shiny foliage of the South Sea exotics, and the deep red, solitary flowers of the hibiscus rioted among dear familiar fuschias and geraniums, which here attain the height and size of large rhododendrons.

Few of the new trees surprised me more than the papaya. It is a perfect gem of tropical vegetation. It has a soft, indented stem, which runs up quite straight to a height of from 15 to 30 feet, and is crowned by a profusion of large, deeply indented leaves, with long foot-stalks, and among, as well as considerably below these, are the flowers or the fruit, in all stages of development. This, when ripe, is bright yellow, and the size of a musk melon. Clumps of bananas, the first sight of which, like that of the palm, constitutes a new experience, shaded the native houses with their wonderful leaves, broad and deep green, from five to ten feet long. The breadfruit is a superb tree, about 60 feet high, with deep green, shining leaves, a foot broad, sharply and symmetrically cut,

worthy, from their exceeding beauty of form, to take the place of the acanthus in architectural ornament, and throwing their pale green fruit into delicate contrast. All these, with the exquisite rose apple, with a deep red tinge in its young leaves, the fan palm, the chirimoya, and numberless others, and the slender shafts of the coco palms rising high above them, with their waving plumes and perpetual fruitage, were a perfect festival of beauty.

In the deep shade of this perennial greenery the people dwell. The foreign houses show a very various individuality. The peculiarity in which all seem to share is, that everything is decorated and festooned with flowering trailers. It is often difficult to tell what the architecture is, or what is house and what is vegetation; for all angles, and lattices, and balustrades, and verandahs are hidden by jessamine or passion-flowers, or the gorgeous flame-like Bougainvillea. Many of the dwellings straggle over the ground without an upper story, and have very deep verandahs, through which I caught glimpses of cool, shady rooms, with matted floors. Some look as if they had been transported from the old-fashioned villages of the Connecticut Valley, with their clap-board fronts painted white and jalousies painted green; but then the deep verandah in which families lead an open-air life has been added, and the chimneys have been omitted, and the New England severity and angularity are toned down and draped out of sight by these festoons of large-leaved, bright-blossomed, tropical climbing plants. Besides the frame houses there are houses built of blocks of a cream-coloured coral conglomerate laid in cement, of adobe, or large sun-baked bricks, plastered; houses of grass and bamboo; houses on the ground and houses raised on posts; but nothing looks prosaic, commonplace, or mean, for the glow and luxuriance of the tropics rest on all. Each house has a large garden or "yard," with lawns of bright perennial greens and banks of blazing, many-tinted flowers, and lines of Dracaena, and other foliage plants, with their great purple or crimson leaves, and clumps of marvellous lilies, gladiolas, ginger, and many plants unknown to me. Fences and walls are altogether buried by passion-flowers, the night-blowing Cereus, and the tropaeolum, mixed with geraniums, fuchsia, and jessamine, which cluster and entangle over them in indescribable profusion. A soft air moves through the upper branches, and the drip of water from miniature fountains falls musically on the perfumed air. This is midwinter! The summer, they say, is thermometrically hotter, but practically cooler, because of the regular trades which set in in April, but now, with the shaded thermometer at 80 degrees and the sky without clouds, the heat is not oppressive.

The mixture of the neat grass houses of the natives with the more elaborate homes of the foreign residents has a very pleasant look. The "aborigines" have not been crowded out of sight, or into a special "quarter." We saw many groups of them sitting under the trees outside their houses, each group with a mat in the centre, with calabashes upon it containing poi, the national Hawaiian dish,

a fermented paste made from the root of the kalo, or arum esculentum. As we emerged on the broad road which leads up the Nuuanu Valley to the mountains, we saw many patches of this kalo, a very handsome tropical plant, with large leaves of a bright tender green. Each plant was growing on a small hillock, with water round it. There were beautiful vegetable gardens also, in which Chinamen raise for sale not only melons, pineapples, sweet potatoes, and other edibles of hot climates, but the familiar fruits and vegetables of the temperate zones. In patches of surpassing neatness, there were strawberries, which are ripe here all the year, peas, carrots, turnips, asparagus, lettuce, and celery. I saw no other plants or trees which grow at home, but recognized as hardly less familiar growths the Victorian Eucalyptus, which has not had time to become gaunt and straggling, the Norfolk Island pine, which grows superbly here, and the handsome Moreton Bay fig. But the chief feature of this road is the number of residences; I had almost written of pretentious residences, but the term would be a base slander, as I have jumped to the conclusion that the twin vulgarities of ostentation and pretence have no place here. But certainly for a mile and a half or more there are many very comfortable-looking dwellings, very attractive to the eye, with an ease and imperturbable serenity of demeanour as if they had nothing to fear from heat, cold, wind, or criticism. Their architecture is absolutely unostentatious, and their one beauty is that they are embowered among trailers, shadowed by superb exotics, and surrounded by banks of flowers, while the stately cocoanut, the banana, and the candlenut, the aborigines of Oahu, are nowhere displaced. One house with extensive grounds, a perfect wilderness of vegetation, was pointed out as the summer palace of Queen Emma, or Kaleleonalani, widow of Kamehameha IV., who visited England a few years ago, and the finest garden of all was that of a much respected Chinese merchant, named Afong. Oahu, at least on this leeward side, is not tropical looking, and all this tropical variety and luxuriance which delight the eye result from foreign enthusiasm and love of beauty and shade.

When we ascended above the scattered dwellings and had passed the tasteful mausoleum, with two tall Kahilis, {28} or feather plumes, at the door of the tomb in which the last of the Kamehamehas received Christian burial, the glossy, redundant, arborescent vegetation ceased. At that height a shower of rain falls on nearly every day in the year, and the result is a green sward which England can hardly rival, a perfect sea of verdure, darkened in the valley and more than half way up the hill sides by the foliage of the yellow-blossomed and almost impenetrable hibiscus, brightened here and there by the pea-green candlenut. Streamlets leap from crags and ripple along the roadside, every rock and stone is hidden by moist-looking ferns, as aerial and delicate as marabout feathers, and when the windings of the valley and the projecting spurs of mountains shut out all indications of Honolulu, in the cool green loneliness one could image oneself in the temperate zones. The

peculiarity of the scenery is, that the hills, which rise to a height of about 4,000 feet, are wall-like ridges of grey or coloured rock, rising precipitously out of the trees and grass, and that these walls are broken up into pinnacles and needles. At the Pali (wall-like precipice), the summit of the ascent of 1,000 feet, we left our buggy, and passing through a gash in the rock the celebrated view burst on us with overwhelming effect. Immense masses of black and ferruginous volcanic rock, hundreds of feet in nearly perpendicular height, formed the pali on either side, and the ridge extended northwards for many miles, presenting a lofty, abrupt mass of grey rock broken into fantastic pinnacles, which seemed to pierce the sky. A broad, umbrageous mass of green clothed the lower buttresses, and fringed itself away in clusters of coco palms on a garden-like stretch below, green with grass and sugar-cane, and dotted with white houses, each with its palm and banana grove, and varied by eminences which looked like long extinct tufa cones. Beyond this enchanted region stretched the coral reef, with its white wavy line of endless surf, and the broad blue Pacific, ruffled by a breeze whose icy freshness chilled us where we stood. Narrow streaks on the landscape, every now and then disappearing behind intervening hills, indicated bridle tracks connected with a frightfully steep and rough zigzag path cut out of the face of the cliff on our right. I could not go down this on foot without a sense of insecurity, but mounted natives driving loaded horses descended with perfect impunity into the dreamland below.

This pali is the scene of one of the historic tragedies of this island. Kamehameha the Conqueror, who after fierce fighting and much ruthless destruction of human life united the island sovereignties in his own person, routed the forces of the King of Oahu in the Nuuanu Valley, and drove them in hundreds up the precipice, from which they leaped in despair and madness, and their bones lie bleaching 800 feet below.

The drive back here was delightful, from the wintry height, where I must confess that we shivered, to the slumbrous calm of an endless summer, the glorious tropical trees, the distant view of cool chasm-like valleys, with Honolulu sleeping in perpetual shade, and the still blue ocean, without a single sail to disturb its profound solitude. Saturday afternoon is a gala-day here, and the broad road was so thronged with brilliant equestrians, that I thought we should be ridden over by the reckless laughing rout. There were hundreds of native horsemen and horsewomen, many of them doubtless on the dejected quadrupeds I saw at the wharf, but a judicious application of long rowelled Mexican spurs, and a degree of emulation, caused these animals to tear along at full gallop. The women seemed perfectly at home in their gay, brass-bossed, high peaked saddles, flying along astride, barefooted, with their orange and scarlet riding dresses streaming on each side beyond their horses' tails, a bright kaleidoscopic flash of bright eyes, white teeth, shining hair, garlands of flowers and many-coloured dresses; while the men

were hardly less gay, with fresh flowers round their jaunty hats, and the vermilion-coloured blossoms of the Ohia round their brown throats. Sometimes a troop of twenty of these free-and-easy female riders went by at a time, a graceful and exciting spectacle, with a running accompaniment of vociferation and laughter. Among these we met several of the Nevada's officers, riding in the stiff, wooden style which Anglo-Saxons love, and a horde of jolly British sailors from H.M.S. Scout, rushing helter skelter, colliding with everybody, bestriding their horses as they would a topsail-yard, hanging on to manes and lassoing horns, and enjoying themselves thoroughly. In the shady tortuous streets we met hundreds more of native riders, clashing at full gallop without fear of the police. Many of the women were in flowing riding-dresses of pure white, over which their unbound hair, and wreaths of carmine-tinted flowers fell most picturesquely.

All this time I had not seen our domicile, and when our drive ended under the quivering shadow of large tamarind and algaroba trees, in front of a long, stone, two-storied house with two deep verandahs festooned with clematis and passion flowers, and a shady lawn in front, I felt as if in this fairy land anything might be expected.

This is the perfection of an hotel. Hospitality seems to take possession of and appropriate one as soon as one enters its never-closed door, which is on the lower verandah. There is a basement, in which there are a good many bedrooms, the bar, and billiard-room. This is entered from the garden, under two semicircular flights of stairs which lead to the front entrance, a wide corridor conducting to the back entrance. This is crossed by another running the whole length, which opens into a very large many-windowed dining-room which occupies the whole width of the hotel. On the same level there is a large parlour, with French windows opening on the verandah. Upstairs there are two similar corridors on which all the bedrooms open, and each room has one or more French windows opening on the verandah, with doors as well, made like German shutters, to close instead of the windows, ensuring at once privacy and coolness. The rooms are tastefully furnished with varnished pine with a strong aromatic scent, and there are plenty of lounging-chairs on the verandah, where people sit and receive their intimate friends. The result of the construction of the hotel is that a breeze whispers through it by day and night.

Everywhere, only pleasant objects meet the eye. One can sit all day on the back verandah, watching the play of light and colour on the mountains and the deep blue green of the Nuuanu Valley, where showers, sunshine, and rainbows make perpetual variety. The great dining-room is delicious. It has no curtains, and its decorations are cool and pale. Its windows look upon tropical trees in one direction, and up to the cool mountains in the other. Piles of bananas, guavas, limes, and oranges, decorate the tables at each meal, and strange vegetables, fish, and fruits vary the otherwise

stereotyped American hotel fare. There are no female domestics. The host is a German, the manager an American, the steward an Hawaiian, and the servants are all Chinamen in spotless white linen, with pigtailed coiled round their heads, and an air of superabundant good-nature. They know very little English, and make most absurd mistakes, but they are cordial, smiling, and obliging, and look cool and clean. The hotel seems the great public resort of Honolulu, the centre of stir--club-house, exchange and drawing-room in one. Its wide corridors and verandahs are lively with English and American naval uniforms, several planters' families are here for the season; and with health seekers from California, resident boarders, whaling captains, tourists from the British Pacific Colonies, and a stream of townspeople always percolating through the corridors and verandahs, it seems as lively and free-and-easy as a place can be, pervaded by the kindness and bonhomie which form an important item in my first impressions of the islands. The hotel was lately built by government at a cost of \$120,000, a sum which forms a considerable part of that token of an advanced civilization, a National Debt. The minister whose scheme it was seems to be severely censured on account of it, but undoubtedly it brings strangers and their money into the kingdom, who would have avoided it had they been obliged as formerly to cast themselves on the hospitality of the residents. The present proprietor has it rent-free for a term of years, but I fear that it is not likely to prove a successful speculation either for him or the government. I dislike health resorts, and abhor this kind of life, but for those who like both, I cannot imagine a more fascinating residence. The charges are \$15 a week, or \$3 a day, but such a kindly, open-handed system prevails that I am not conscious that I am paying anything! This sum includes hot and cold plunge baths ad libitum, justly regarded as a necessity in this climate.

Dr. McGrew has hope that our invalid will rally in this healing, equable atmosphere. Our kind fellow-passengers are here, and take turns in watching and fanning him. Through the half-closed jalousies we see breadfruit trees, delicate tamarinds and algarobas, fan-palms, date-palms and bananas, and the deep blue Pacific gleams here and there through the plumage of the cocoanut trees. A soft breeze, scented with a slight aromatic odour, wanders in at every opening, bringing with it, mellowed by distance, the hum and clatter of the busy cicada. The nights are glorious, and so absolutely still, that even the feathery foliage of the algaroba is at rest. The stars seem to hang among the trees like lamps, and the crescent moon gives more light than the full moon at home. The evening of the day we landed, parties of officers and ladies mounted at the door, and with much mirth disappeared on moonlight rides, and the white robes of flower-crowned girls gleamed among the trees, as groups of natives went by speaking a language which sounded more like the rippling of water than human speech. Soft music came from the ironclads in the harbour, and from the royal band at the king's palace, and a rich fragrance of dewy blossoms filled the delicious

air. These are indeed the "isles of Eden," the "sun lands," musical with beauty. They seem to welcome us to their enchanted shores. Everything is new but nothing strange; for as I enjoyed the purple night, I remembered that I had seen such islands in dreams in the cold gray North. "How sweet," I thought it would be, thus to hear far off, the low sweet murmur of the "sparkling brine," to rest, and

"Ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream."

A half-dream only, for one would not wish to be quite asleep and lose the consciousness of this delicious outer world. So I thought one moment. The next I heard a droning, humming sound, which certainly was not the surf upon the reef. It came nearer--there could be no mistake. I felt a stab, and found myself the centre of a swarm of droning, stabbing, malignant mosquitoes. No, even this is not paradise! I am ashamed to say that on my first night in Honolulu I sought an early refuge from this intolerable infliction, in profound and prosaic sleep behind mosquito curtains.

I.L.B.

Entries from Project Gutenberg's *The Nuttall Encyclopaedia*, by Edited by Rev. James Wood

HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS, JAMES ORCHARD, a celebrated Shakespearian scholar and antiquary, born at Chelsea; studied at Cambridge; his love for literary antiquities manifested itself at an early age, and his research in ballad literature and folk-lore, &c., had gained him election as Fellow to the Royal and Antiquarian Societies at the early age of 19; devoting himself more particularly to Shakespeare, he in 1848 published his famous "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," which has grown in fulness of detail with successive editions, and remains the most authoritative account of Shakespeare's life we have; his "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words" is also a work of wide scholarship; having succeeded in 1872 to the property of his father-in-law, Thomas Phillipps, he added Phillipps to his own surname (1820-1889).

HALL-MARK, an official mark or attestation of the genuineness of gold and silver articles.

HALLOWED FIRE, an expression of Carlyle's in definition of Christianity "at its rise and spread" as sacred, and kindling what was sacred and divine in man's soul, and burning up all that was not.

HALLOWE'EN, the eve of All Saints' Day, 31st October, which it was

customary, in Scotland particularly, to observe with ceremonies of a superstitious character, presumed to have the power of eliciting certain interesting secrets of fate from wizard spirits of the earth and air, allowed, as believed, in that brief space, to rove about and be accessible to the influence of the charms employed.

HALOGENS (i. e., salt producers), name given to the elementary bodies, chlorine, bromine, iodine, and fluorine as in composition with metals forming compounds similar to sea-salt.

HANOVER (2,278), a Prussian province since 1866, formerly an independent kingdom; stretches N. from Westphalia to the German Ocean, between Holland on the W. and Saxony on the E.; the district is well watered by the Elbe, Weser, and Ems; in the S. are the Harz Mountains; for the rest the land is flat, and much of it is occupied by uncultivated moors; agriculture and cattle-rearing are, however, the chief industries, while the minerals of the Harz are extensively wrought; in 1714 George Ludwig, second Elector of Hanover, succeeded Anne on the English throne as her nearest Protestant kinsman, and till 1837 the dual rule was maintained, Hanover meanwhile in 1814 having been made a kingdom; in 1837 the Hanoverian crown passed to the Duke of Cumberland, Queen Victoria, as a woman, being ineligible; in 1866 the kingdom was conquered and annexed by Prussia.

HEYNE, CHRISTIAN GOTTLÖB, a German classical scholar, born at Chemnitz, son of a poor weaver, and reared all along almost on the verge of destitution; became eminent by his heroic devotion to scholarship, both as a translator and editor of classical works, his edition of "Virgil" the chief in the latter department; Carlyle almost ranks him among his heroes, and ascribes superlative merit to his book on Virgil (1729-1812).

HEYSE, PAUL JOHANN, German poet and novelist, born at Berlin; in 1854 he settled at Munich, where he enjoyed the patronage of King Max of Bavaria; he has been a voluminous writer of popular novelettes, novels, dramas, and narrative poems, besides which he has executed translations of Leopardi, Giusti, and other Italian authors; _b_. 1830.

HEYWOOD, JOHN, a dramatic poet, a favourite with Henry VIII. and his court; wrote farces, the characters of which were drawn from real life, presumably not hard to identify at the time (1479-1565).

HEZEKIAH, a king of Judah; reigned from 725 to 697 B.C.; distinguished for his zeal in the celebration of the worship of Jehovah and for his weakness in making a parade of his wealth; reigned in the golden age of Hebrew prophecy, Isaiah and Micah being his contemporaries.

HIAWATHA, the subject of a poem of Longfellow's; a personage revered by the North American Indians as the founder among them of the arts of peace, as well as the clearer of the forests.

HIGH PLACES, elevated spots on which altars were erected for worship in the rude belief that, as they were nearer heaven than the plains and valleys, they were more favourable places for prayer. The practice of worship on these spots, though from the first forbidden, became frequent among the Jews, and was with difficulty abolished, though denounced time after time by the prophets as an affront to Jehovah.

HIGH SEAS, as understood in international law means the entire sea or ocean area which lies beyond a three-mile belt of coast water. This coastal strip is called the *mare clausum*, and the rights of fishing, &c., in it are reserved to the country upon which it borders.

HIGHGATE, a noted suburb of London, 5 m. N. of the General Post-Office; the burial-place of Coleridge, George Eliot, and Faraday. Dick Whittington's Stone is at the foot of Highgate Hill.

HILARION, ST., founder of monachism in Palestine; was a convert of St. Anthony, and of great repute for sanctity (291-372). Festival, Oct. 21.

HOLLAND (4,795), officially known as the Netherlands, a small maritime country of Western Europe, bordered on its N. and W. by the German Ocean, and having Prussia on its E. and Belgium to the S.; its area, somewhat less than one-fourth the size of England and Wales, comprises, besides the mainland, two island groups, one in the N. and one in the S.; its flat surface in great part lies below the level of the sea, and where there are no natural sandhills is protected from inundation by enormous dykes, 365 ft. thick, forming excellent carriage-ways along the coast; much of the soil has been reclaimed by draining lakes and by pushing back the sea walls, the size of the country having been increased by one-half since 1833; canals traverse the country in all directions, and form with the shallow lakes and the great rivers a complete system of waterways. The climate is for the most part similar to that of England, but greater extremes of heat and cold are experienced. Farming is the staple industry, although a considerable portion of the land is still unfit for cultivation; butter and cheese are the most valuable products, and are largely exported; the fisheries, coast and deep sea, are also of much importance; manufactures are retarded by the want of coal, but the wind is made to supply the motive power, by means of windmills, to flourishing textile factories (cotton, woollen, and silk), gin distilleries, pottery works, margarine and cocoa factories, &c. Holland no longer is the premier shipping country of Europe, a position it held in the 17th century, but it still maintains a busy

carrying trade with all parts of the world, especially with its many rich colonies in the East and West Indies, which comprise an area 64 times larger than Holland itself. The government is a limited monarchy; the executive power is vested in the crown and the legislation in the States-General, an assembly consisting of two chambers, the one elected (for four years) by direct suffrage, the other (for nine years) by provincial councils. Primary education is free, but not compulsory. Religion is not established, but about two-thirds of the people are Protestants, the remainder Roman Catholics. The birth of Holland as an independent European power took place in the 16th century, when, after an heroic and protracted struggle, it freed itself from the yoke of Spain, then the most powerful nation in the world.

HOURI, a beautiful maiden who, according to the Mohammedan faith, awaits the advent of a pious Moslem in Paradise.

HOUSTON, SAMUEL, President of the Texan Republic, born in Virginia; was adopted by a Cherokee Indian, and rose from the rank of a common soldier to be governor of Tennessee in 1827; as commander-in-chief in Texas he crushed the Mexicans, won the independence of Texas, and became the first President of the new republic in 1836; subsequently represented Texas in the United States Senate; was elected governor and deposed in 1861 for opposing secession (1793-1863).

HOUYHN'HNM, an imaginary race of horses in "Gulliver's Travels" endowed with reason.

HUGO, VICTOR-MARIE, a famous French poet and novelist, born at Besançon; as a boy he accompanied his father, a general in Joseph Bonaparte's army, through the campaigns in Italy and Spain; at 14 he produced a tragedy, and six years later appeared his "Odes et Ballades"; in 1827 was published his famous tragedy "Cromwell," which placed him at the head of the Romanticists, and in "Hernani" (1830) the departure from the old classic novels was more emphatically asserted; his superabundant genius continued to pour forth a quick succession of dramas, novels, essays, and poems, in which he revealed himself one of the most potent masters of the French language; he was admitted to the French Academy, and in 1845 was created a peer; he engaged in politics first as a Royalist and next as a Democrat, fled to Brussels after the _coup d'état_; subsequently he established himself in Jersey and then in Guernsey, where he wrote his great novels "Les Misérables," "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," etc.; he returned to France in 1870, engaged in politics again, became a senator, and continued to produce works with undiminished energy; his writings were in the first instance a protest against the self-restraint and coldness of the old classic models, but were as truly a faithful expression of his own intense and assertive egoism, and are characteristic of his school in their exaggerated sentiment and pervading self-consciousness (1802-1885).

HUGUENOTS, a name formerly given to the Protestants of France, presumed to be a corruption of the German word *_eingenossen_*, i. e. sworn confederates, the history of whom and their struggles and persecutions fills a large chapter in the history of France, a cause which was espoused at the first by many of the nobles and the best families in the country, but all along in disfavour at Court.

Ideas from The Project Gutenberg eBook, *The Young Housekeeper's Friend*, by Mrs. (Mary Hooker) Cornelius

=Herb Drinks.=

Herb drinks should be made with boiling water in an earthen pitcher or tea-pot, and be drank after standing a few minutes without boiling. Long steeping makes them insipid and disagreeable.

All food and drink for the sick should be prepared with careful attention and perfect neatness, and should be served in as inviting a manner as possible. The appetite of an invalid is excited or checked by things that escape the observation of a person in health.

=To prepare earth for House Plants.=

Put together equal parts of the three following things--soil from the sides of a barn-yard, well-rotted manure, and leaf mould from the woods, or earth from the inside of an old tree or stump. Add a small quantity of sand. For Cactuses, put as much sand as of the other materials and a little fine charcoal.

=To raise Hyacinths in Winter.=

When they are put into the glasses or earth, set them into a dark closet until they sprout. If they are in glasses, do not let the water touch the bulb, by an inch. When the roots have shot down to the water, fill the glass, put in a piece of charcoal, and set them in the sun.

20 Particular Hints.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Wild Birds in City Parks*, by
Herbert Eugene Walter and Alice Hall Walter

Note:--The following [first 20 of] one hundred and fourteen birds are arranged in the order of their _average first appearance in Lincoln Park_, based upon observations made during the last seven years.

For the convenience of those desiring access to reliable sources of information, the scientific name of each bird is placed in parenthesis below its common name, followed by its number in the official list of the American Ornithologist's Union.

Following the hints given about each bird are the names (in *black faced type) of any bird or birds for which it might easily be mistaken.

1. BLUE JAY. 11-1/2 in.
(*Cyanocitta cristata*. 477.)

Black collar; _crested_; wings and tail deep blue, white-tipped and black-barred; bold; harsh, noisy call-note; stays the year around in Lincoln Park. *Loggerhead Shrike. *Kingfisher. *Bluebird.

2. LOGGERHEAD SHRIKE. 9 in.
(*Lanius ludovicianus*. 622.)

Slaty-gray; commonly white beneath, _not marked with dark transverse lines_; wings and tail black, marked with white; _hooked_ bill; bar through the eye and _over forehead_, black; imitates notes of other birds. *Blue Jay.

3. ROBIN. 10 in.
(*Merula migratoria*. 761.)

Dark slate color; black head; yellow bill; throat white streaked with black; underparts bright chestnut red; sings "cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly, cheer-up;" nests in Lincoln Park. *Towhee.

4. JUNCO. 6-1/4 in.
(*Junco hiemalis*. 567.)

Slate color; blackish bib (female brownish) over a white belly; _ivory bill_, _two white tail-feathers_; feeds in flocks on ground, often in company with other birds; "sucks its teeth" for a call-note; song, a

melodious trill.

5. MEADOWLARK. 10-1/2 in.
(*Sturnella magna*. 501.)

Streaked; black crescent on a bright yellow breast; outer tail-feathers white; flies straight, hovering as it reaches the ground; noteworthy song. *Flicker. *Dickcissel.

6. CROW. 19 in.
(*Corvus americanus*. 488.)

Entirely black, including bill and feet; often seen in flocks; wings appear frayed and ragged in flight; note, a lusty "caw." *Bronzed Grackle.

7. BLUEBIRD. 6-1/2 in.
(*Sialia sialis*. 766.)

Sky-blue; brownish-red below; usually in pairs; sometimes nests in Lincoln Park; call, "pu-ri-ty, pu-ri-ty;" often heard before seen. *Blue Jay.

8. SAVANNA SPARROW. 5-1/4 in.
(*Passerculus sandwichensis savanna*. 542a.)

Much streaked above and below; line over eye and edge of wing, yellowish; cheek sometimes suffused with yellow tinge; tail short, feathers pointed; movements stealthy; song, a weak trill. *Henslow Sparrow.

9. BRONZED GRACKLE. 13 in.
(*Quiscalus quiscula æneus*. 511b.)

Iridescent black; body distinctly bronzy; often carries its tail rudderwise in flight; pompous walk; rusty, grating call; nests in Lincoln Park. *Crow.

10. SONG SPARROW. 6-1/2 in.
(*Melospiza cinerea melodia*. 581.)

Reddish-brown, showing black streaks; ashy line over eye; whitish below with dark-brown streaks which form a spot in the middle of the breast; noteworthy song. *Swamp Sparrow. *Lincoln Sparrow.

11. COWBIRD. 8 in.
(*Molothrus ater*. 495.)

Male black with glossy brown head and neck; sparrow-like bill; female brownish; fly in large flocks, uttering a greasy, squeaking note.

*Bronzed Grackle. *Rusty Blackbird.

12. TREE SPARROW. 6-1/4 in.
(*Spizella monticola*. 559.)

Streaked; shows much grayish; two _showy white wing-bars_; chestnut-brown cap; breast whitish, _shading to a dark spot in the middle_; in flocks, often with _Juncos_; returns north early in the season; noteworthy song.

*Chipping Sparrow. *Field Sparrow.

13. FOX SPARROW. 7-1/2 in.
(*Passarella iliaca*. 585.)

Fox-red back and tail; ashy about neck and head; white breast _thickly_ streaked with dark spots; scratches like a hen; alert; noteworthy song.

*Brown Thrasher. *Hermit Thrush.

14. PHOEBE. 7 in.
(*Sayornis phoebe*. 456.)

Dull olive-brown; darker on head and tail; whitish below; _bill_ and feet black; tail drooping but jerking constantly; note, "phoe'be." *Wood Pewee. *Least Flycatcher.

15. TOWHEE. 8-3/4 in.
(*Pipilo erythrophthalmus*. 587.)

Black above and black bib (female rich brown); reddish-brown sides; white underneath; _outer tail-feathers white_; scratches about under bushes; brilliant notes, "tow-hee'" and "che-wink'." *Robin.

16. DOWNY WOODPECKER. 6-1/4 in.
(*Dryobates pubescens medianus*. 394c.)

Bill small; closely resembles the _Hairy Woodpecker_ but is _scarcely larger_ than the _English Sparrow_ and has the outer tail-feathers _barred with black_. *Hairy Woodpecker. *Yellow-bellied Sapsucker.

17. GOLDEN-CROWNED KINGLET. 4 in.
(*Regulus satrapa*. 748.)

Olivaceous; two whitish wing-bars; _orange-yellow stripe edged with black on crown_; restless and fearless; often seen feeding in evergreens; note, rapid "tzee, tzee, tzee." *Ruby-Crowned Kinglet.

18. FLICKER. 12-1/2 in.
(Colaptes auratus luteus. 412a.)

Brown, barred with black; head grayish; back of neck marked with bright red; black crescent on cinnamon-brown spotted breast; in flight shows _white rump_ and yellow lining of wings and tail; feeds much on ground, unlike other woodpeckers; call-note, "flee'-ker." *Meadowlark.

19. BROWN CREEPER. 5-1/2 in.
(Certhia familiaris americana. 726.)

Brown finely streaked with white; silky white below; long curved bill; _flies to the base of tree-trunks and works up in spirals_ bracing with its long pointed tail-feathers; calls softly, "screeep, screeep."
*Nuthatches.

20. CHICKADEE. 5-1/4 in.
(Parus atricapillus. 735.)

Ashy-gray; black throat and _cap_; white cheeks; frowsy; lively; often swings head downward from the tips of twigs; song, "chick-a-dee-dee"; call-note musical, "pewee," sometimes confused with note of _Phoebe_.

THE HÔTEL DE RAMBOUILLET

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Aspects and Impressions*, by Edmund Gosse

THE fashion of the moment, whether in literature or in art, whether in England or in France, favours what is rough, vivid and undisciplined. A new generation of readers welcomes the lyrical effusions of the cowboy, the lumberman, the tramp, and even the apache. It accepts Bubu de Montparnasse as a hero and does not shrink from overhearing the confidences of a burglar. There is no reason why we should exercise our sarcasm over these _naïvetés_ of taste, while indeed, as social beings, we are even entitled to rejoice at them, since, in the language of practical æstheticism, a positive always involves a negative. If this age dotes on the dirtiness of tramps, it is because every one of us is obliged to be occupied and clean; and if the apache is the object of our poetry, it is because, in our extremely settled, confident and comfortable lives, we miss the excitement of being in personal danger.

But let the delicate social balance of our existence be again disturbed, let us become practically accustomed to starvation and outrage and murder, and not another strophe would our poets address to the drunken navvy or the grimy bathchair-man. If London or Paris were to burn, if only for a fortnight, literature and art would hurry back to the study of princesses and to the language of the Golden Age.[1]

No more striking instance of this oscillation is to be found in history than is afforded by France at the opening of the seventeenth century, in the creation of what is called the *vie de salon*. This movement, the most civilizing, the most refining in the intellectual life of France, was the direct outcome of the convulsion of the civil wars. It was the ugliness, the wickedness, the brutality of the reigns of the later Valois which made the best minds of Paris determine to be gentle, beautiful and delicate under Louis XIII. Forty years of savage rapine had laid a severe embargo upon civilization, and no picture of France in 1625 can be complete without a glance at the background of 1575. In that half-century of administrative disorder, in the bitter and distracted state of country life, the population had lost confidence in virtue, and had become rude and dishonest. One of the Venetian ambassadors, travelling through France, declared of the Frenchmen whom he met, that "the sight of blood had made them cunning, coarse and wild." If such was the condition of the countryside, the towns were even worse. There resulted from the misery after the siege of Paris a universal weariness, a longing for tolerance in man to man, a yearning for refinement in private life, for security, for cultivation, for repose of mind and body and estate.

That Henri IV was a Protestant has led, perhaps, to some injustice being done to his memory in a Catholic country. But he deserved well of France in this critical moment. Every necessity of life had become extravagantly dear, every branch of industry depressed, if not extinct, when he came to the throne. He set himself to be the guardian of trade, and of the arts. He rebuilt cities, and a contemporary reported of him that "no sooner was he master of Paris, than the streets were swarming with masons." The shrewdness of Henri IV broke down the old superstition, of which Sully made himself the obstinate spokesman, that agriculture was the only source of wealth for France. The King persisted in encouraging the manufactures of silk and linen; in widening the circle of commercial interests; in teaching Frenchmen to achieve wealth and honour as architects, painters, sculptors and cabinet-makers. The prestige of the military nobles grew less and less, that of the *_bourgeoisie_* grew more and more, while between them a new class, refined, intelligent, a little timid and supple in their professional adroitness, that *_nouvelle aristocratic de robe_*, of which M. Lavissee has spoken, came to the front and gave its tone to the surface of life.

The general trend of the best thought, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was towards the polishing of society, left roughened and rusty by the long wars of religion. But the court of Henri IV was too coarse, and too little in sympathy with the mental

aspirations of the age, to carry out this design, which needed other influences than those which could emanate from Marie de Médicis. Meanwhile, the great importance of the provincial centres had rapidly declined, and it was Paris that gave the tone to France. This then was the moment when a peculiarly Parisian centre was needed, independent of the court, yet in political sympathy with it, a centre of imagination and intelligence not too austere in its morals, not too pedantic in its judgments, to include the characteristic minds of the age, whatever their limitation or peculiarity; and yet definitely, unflinchingly and for a sufficient length of time, radiating politeness and authority. Such a Parisian centre must be aristocratic, yet liberal and intelligent; it must lay down rules of conduct, and contrive to get them obeyed; it must be recognized and haunted by the first men and women of the century; it must be actuated in equal proportions by the genius of discipline, and by that of easy grace and accomplished gallantry. In short, it must be what Providence astonishingly provided for French society at that moment of its sorest need, the unparalleled Hôtel de Rambouillet, with, as its prophetess and châtelaine, one of the most charming women who have ever occupied the pen of the memoir-maker.

In observing the history of the famous *Chambre Bleue*, it cannot but strike an English critic how far more articulate French opinion was than English in the seventeenth century. Although, as we shall presently see, documents have been slow in forthcoming, they existed, and still exist, in profusion. But while we can now study, almost from day to day, the intrigues, the amusements and the enthusiasms of the group in the Rue Saint-Thomas, the record of a similar *salon* open in England at the same epoch is still shrouded in a darkness which is likely never to be penetrated. So far as we can venture to judge there must have been many points of likeness between the Marquise de Rambouillet and Lucy Countess of Bedford. The circle of the friends of each was illustrious. Donne was a greater poet-divine than Cospeau or Godeau; our national vanity may fairly set Daniel and Drayton against Voiture and Chapelain, while even Corneille is not shamed by being balanced by Ben Jonson. The coterie of the Countess of Bedford may probably have been less wealthy, less sparkling, more provincial than that of Madame de Rambouillet, but the melancholy thing is that we lack the opportunity of comparing them. Save for vague allusions in the poets, and for a dim tradition of politeness, we form no detailed impression of the feasts of wit at Twickenham, whereas about those in the Rue Saint-Thomas we know almost as much as heart can wish. In the communication of social impressions England stood much farther behind France in the seventeenth century than the individual genius of her writers accounts for. We have, however, one possible recompense: the field of irresponsible conjecture is infinitely wider in our island chronicle. In France, even the craziest of faddists could not hope for a hearing if he suggested that the tragedies of Pierre Corneille were secretly written by Richelieu in his lighter moments.

On the history of the Hôtel de Rambouillet the documents which survive are very numerous, and probably have not yet been exhaustively examined.

The seventeenth century in France was awake to the importance of its own immortality, and set down the records of its social and literary glory with complacency. The memorials of the Hôtel de Rambouillet to be found scattered over the works of such contemporaries as Segrais, Pellisson and Conrart have long been known. The poems and correspondence of Voiture, of course, form a mine of treasure, which was first competently worked by Ubicini in his edition of Voiture's works. It is now sifted to its last crumb of gold by M. Émile Magne in the eloquent and learned volumes which he has just published. There is also, and most important of all, Tallemant des Réaux, of whom I shall presently speak at greater length. M. Magne and M. Collas, with Voiture and Chapelain respectively in their particular thoughts, have turned over the priceless wealth of MSS. in the *_Archives nationales_*. It is probable that we now possess, thanks to the researches of these scholars, as full an account of the Hôtel de Rambouillet as we are likely to obtain. It may be pointed out that these exact records, founded upon positive documents, show the danger of such hypotheses as not a few previous historians have rashly taken up. In the light of present knowledge, it is necessary to use not merely Roederer (1835), but even the more accurate Livet (1870), with caution.

The Hôtel existed, as a centre of light and civility, for nearly seventy years, and involved the whole careers of two generations. Its history, which was developed by circumstances, and somewhat modified in its course by changes of taste, found no chronicler until it had existed some twenty years. That preliminary period, from the death of Henri IV to the arrival of Tallemant and Voiture, is precisely the time about which we should like to know most, and about which we are doomed to know least. The violent close of the reign, in a last wild crime, had, as we see from every species of evidence, brought with it a longing for serenity and repose. The keynote of the best society became a cultivation of simplicity, refinement, and delicacy. This growth of a new spirit was identified with the Marquis and Marquise of Rambouillet, but exactly how at first we are at a loss to tell, and even M. Magne is silent. A careful setting side by side of scattered impressions may enable us, however, while avoiding these hypotheses of which we have given warning, to form some idea of the foundation of the Hôtel and its prestige.

Charles d'Angennes, Marquis of Rambouillet and Pisani, who has given its title to the celebrated union of hearts, must not long detain us, for the excellent reason that not much is recorded about him. He was probably born about 1577, and he died in Paris in 1652, having become blind about twelve years earlier. His eyesight was very peculiar; perhaps he was colour-blind. On this subject he was sensitive, and tried to conceal his condition. On one occasion, when the Duc de Montausier, who was known to have recently ordered a gorgeous scarlet costume, appeared at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, his host called out "Ah! Monsieur, la belle escarlate!"--which was unlucky, because the Duc had happened to call in a black suit. Tallemant says that the Marquis "avait terriblement d'esprit, mais un peu frondeur." In this he doubtless

resembled most of the wits of that age, who liked to let their antagonists feel that there were claws under the fur. In wit his wife, with her sweet consideration and delicate humorous tact, was immeasurably his superior; it was she, and not he, who gave the Hôtel its famous amenity. We must not measure this in all things by our standards. About 1625 there was quite an inundation of spiteful, and sometimes obscene, verse in France, and this has to be taken into consideration in dealing with the *salons*. The Hôtel de Rambouillet kept this in some check, but was amply aware of the entertainment to be got by clothing satire--what Agrippa d'Aubigné called *la malplaisante vérité*--in smooth and well-turned verse. The Marquis was himself a versifier, and he shared to the full his wife's respect for letters.

There is nothing, however, to show that this agreeable man would have been able, by his unaided talents, to make a mark upon the age he lived in. He was the satellite of an infinitely more refulgent luminary, his extraordinary wife. If there is such a thing as social genius, on the same lines as literary or artistic genius, this was undoubtedly possessed, in a very high degree, by Catherine de Vivonne, Marquise de Rambouillet. She was born at Rome in 1588; half an Italian, her mother was a Roman princess, Julia Savella; and when, long afterwards, the Marquise had become not merely French, but almost the culture of France incarnate, she loved to dwell on her Italian parentage. Tallemant tells us that she always thought the Savelli the best family in the world; it was her faith. At the age of six, she became a naturalized French citizen, and in January, 1600, being in her twelfth year, she was married to Charles d'Angennes, who, his father being still alive, was then Vidame du Mans. Her own sober and stately father, the Marquis de Pisani, was just dead. He had left Catherine a conspicuous heiress. In later years, she spoke with characteristic humour of the way in which she was intimidated, poor child of twelve, by her husband's years, since he was twenty-three, and she said that she had never become quite used to feeling grown-up in his presence. But this was her whimsical way of talking, for there really existed between them the closest and most intimate affection. The Marquis and the Marquise were always in love with one another, throughout their extended married life of more than half a century; and in that age of light loves and cynical relationships, even baseless ill-nature never found any serious charge of frivolity to bring against this gracious lady.

It is true that it could not be difficult to show complaisance to Catherine de Rambouillet. She was never dull, never inattentive, never indiscreet. We hear that she had an extraordinary native gift for being present when she was wanted, and occupied elsewhere when her company would have been inconvenient. As years grew upon her, it seems as though this instinct for pleasing became a little too emphatic. Almost the only fault which any chronicler brings against her is that, towards the end, she was not critical enough, that she liked too many people, that her individuality melted into a general indulgence. But she was surrounded by petulant poets and snarling courtiers, and that this mild censure of her should be insinuated is, probably, but another tribute to her tact.

She was like Milton's Lady; not indeed "chained up in alabaster," but serene, open-eyed and gay in the midst of a monstrous rout of ambitions and vanities which often resembled "stabled wolves or tigers at their prey." One of her most striking characteristics obviously was her power of ruling a society from its centre without making her rule oppressive. All the anecdotes of her discipline in her *salon* show the coolness of her judgment and the velvet strength of her hand. She was capable of strong dislike, yet with an Italian faculty for concealing it. She hated Louis XIII to the inmost fibre of her being, for what seemed to her his despicable qualities, yet he never discovered it.

Those who regard Catherine de Rambouillet as one of the most engaging figures of Europe in the seventeenth century, must regret that, from an age where portrait-painting was so largely cultivated, no picture of her has come down to us. All we know is that she was beautiful and tall; the poets compared her to a pine tree. It was supposed that she never consented to sit to a painter, but M. Magne has discovered that there were portraits. Scudéry, he believes, possessed engravings from paintings by Van Mol and by du Cayer. The earlier of these, painted in 1645, represented her gazing at the dead body of her father. These works of art appear to be hopelessly lost. We are thrown back on the written "portraits," in the alembicated style of the middle of the century, which adorn a host of novels and poems. Of these the fullest is that introduced by Madeleine de Scudéry into the seventh volume of her huge romance, *Le Grand Cyrus*. M. Emile Magne, confronted with the "precious" terms of this description, and the vagueness of it, loses his temper with poor Mlle. de Scudéry, whom he calls *cette pécure*. It is true that the physical details which would interest us are omitted, but it is hardly true to say, that "il est impossible de rien démêler au griffonage [de Mlle. de Scudéry], sinon que Mme. de Rambouillet était belle." This is not quite just, and to avenge the great Madeleine for being called a *pécure*, I will quote, what M. Magne surprisingly omits, part of the character of Cléomire, the pseudonym of Mme. de Rambouillet in *Cyrus*:

She is tall and graceful. The delicacy of her complexion is beyond expression. The eyes of Cléomire are so admirably beautiful that no painter has ever been able to do justice to them. All her passions are in subjection to her good sense.

This might be more precise, but the touch about the eyes is helpful. Chaplain celebrated (in 1666, just after her death)

Cet air, cette douceur, cette grâce, ce port,
Ce chef d'œuvre admiré du Midi jusqu'au Nord;

And Tallemant, always the best reporter, speaks of the permanent beauty of her complexion, which she would never consent to touch artificially. The only concession to fashion which she made in old age was to rouge her lips, which had turned blue. Tallemant wished she would not do even this. When she was very old, her head shook with a sort of palsy; this

was attributed to her having indulged too much in the eating of pounded ambergis, but perhaps a more obvious reason could be found for so natural an infirmity.

In an age so troubled and so turbulent as that of Henri IV, public attention was concentrated in wonderment on the serene beatitude of the Rambouillets. "So rest, for ever rest, O princely pair!" the admiring court might be conceived as saying to a couple so dignified, so calm and so unaffected in their attachment. "Tout le monde admire la magnifique entente, à travers leur vie limpide, du Marquis et de la Marquise." Their limpid life--that was the just description of a mode of conduct so rare in that age, and at that social elevation, as to be relatively unique. What existences the reverse of limpid, lives tortured and turbid and mud-stained, do memoir-writers of that time, the Segrays and the Tallemants, reveal on all sides of them! Both were gifted, and each was persuaded of the excellence of learning and literature, although in talents the wife considerably surpassed the husband. Madame de Rambouillet was versed in several literatures. She spoke Italian and Spanish, the two fashionable languages of the time, to perfection. She loved all beautiful objects, and not one of the fine arts failed to find eager appreciation from her. In order to enjoy the sources of poetic distinction, she taught herself Latin, that she might read Virgil in the original. But she soon relaxed these studies, which might easily have landed her in pedantry. She became the mother of seven children, to whose bringing-up she gave strict attention. She found that her health, although her constitution was good, needed care. Perhaps she gave way, a little, to an amiable Italian indolence; at all events, the strenuousness which her early years had threatened subsided into a watchful, hospitable, humorous and memorable hospitality. If there could be rank maintained in such matters, Madame de Rambouillet would probably take place as the most admirable hostess in history.

But, to entertain, a house was needed. The old Marquis de Pisani had bought, in 1599, a ramshackle dwelling, close to the Louvre, in the Rue Saint-Thomas, which became, at his death, the property of his daughter. In 1604 when, it is to be noted, she was only sixteen years of age, she pulled it down and built the famous Hôtel on the site.

Young as she was, it is certain that the Marquise was herself the architect of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. A professional architect had been called in to rebuild the house, but when he submitted his designs to her they dissatisfied her by their conventionality. Tallemant describes them--a saloon on one side, a bedroom on the other, a staircase in the middle, nothing could be more poor. Moreover, the courtyard was pinched in extent and irregular in shape. One evening, after she had been dreaming over the drawings, the young Marquise called out "Quick! some paper! I have thought of what I want!" She had been trained to use a pencil, and she immediately drew out an elevation, which the builders followed point by point. Her design was so bold, so original, and so handsome, that the house made a sensation in Paris. The Queen-Mother, when she built the Luxembourg, sent her architects to study the Hôtel

de Rambouillet before they started their plans.

In all this matter of the foundation of the Hôtel and the opening of the famous *_salon_*, M. Magne has made considerable discoveries, which should be distinguished from much in his charming books in which he has had no choice but to follow earlier published authorities. He has made excellent use of the *_Inventaires_* of 1652, 1666 and 1671, to which attention had, however, already been drawn by M. Charles Sauze. But a ground plan of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, from a contemporary map of Paris by Gomboust, is less known, and a reproduction of this is a singular aid to the reader of M. Magne's *_Voiture_*. We see that it stood actually next door to the famous Hôtel de Chevreuse, in comparison with which, in its sparkling newness, in its slated turrets and its charming combinations of pale stone and salmon-coloured brick, it seemed an expression of the new age in a triumphant defiance of the old. From both houses could be seen, just across the quiet Rue Saint-Thomas, and over a strip of waste ground, the massive contour of the Louvre; a great garden, on the west side, stretched away behind the house, down to the corner of the Rue de Richelieu.

M. Magne has discovered that M. and Mme. de Rambouillet took up their abode in their new house early in 1607; this fixes what has hitherto been quite vague, the commencement of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. But the Marquise was still only nineteen years of age, and it would be a mistake to suppose that, precocious as people were in those days, she began at once to exercise her celebrated hospitality, or to fill the rooms with tapestry, statues and men of wit. This came on gradually and naturally, without any violence of forethought. It has been suggested that the Marquise founded her *_salon_*, or, less pompously, began to gather congenial friends about her, in 1613. It is difficult to say on what documents this exact date is based. Her known aversion from Louis XIII, and her growing preference for receiving her friends at home over appearing in a crowd at court--both of them, doubtless, symptoms of her personal delicacy, which shrank from the suspicion of roughness--were probably emphasized after the murder of Concini in 1617, when the great nobles, who had defied the weak regency of Marie de Médicis, boldly swept back into Paris. Doubtless this was the time when Madame de Rambouillet began to practise a more cloistered virtue among the splendour and fragility of her treasures, and first intimated to noble and elegant friends, who were scandalized by the rowdiness of the Louvre, that here was an asylum where they might discuss poetry for hours on the velvet of her incrustated couches, or walk, in solemn ranks, among the parterres of her exquisite walled garden.

The character of pedantry and preciosity which the Hôtel afterwards incurred, is not to be traced in any of its original features. In its early years there was no atmosphere of "intellectual beatitude" about it. But that a certain intellectual standard was set up from the very first it is impossible to question. From the compliments of the earliest inmates of the Hôtel to the eulogistic epitaphs which were scattered on the hearse of the Marquise, all her devotees agree in celebrating her

passionate love of literature. Clumsy phrases, rude expressions, the coarseness of a language still in process of purification, were a positive distress to her; and Tallemant has a droll anecdote about the agitation into which she was thrown by the use of so vulgar a word as "scurvy," *_teigneux_*, in an epigram which was being read to her. With these tendencies, she was peculiarly fitted to welcome to her intimacy the man who of all others was at that time most occupied with the task of correcting and clarifying the French language. An inevitable attraction must have drawn Malherbe to the doors of the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

It would be of interest, and even of some importance, if we could discover the date at which Malherbe began to frequent the Hôtel de Rambouillet, since there can be little doubt that it was to him that it owed its intellectual direction. Unfortunately, this is not easy to do. The poet Racan, whose invaluable notes and anecdotes were adopted by Tallemant to form the body of the *_historiette_* on Malherbe, did not anticipate how grateful posterity would be for a few dates sprinkled here and there over his narrative. But the fact that Tallemant here took the line, so very unusual with him, of adopting somebody else's life of one of his heroes, can only be accounted for by the double supposition that Malherbe could not be omitted from his gallery, and yet had quitted the scene too early for Tallemant to know much about him at first hand. He must indeed have arrived at the Hôtel very soon after its formation, since he was sixty-two years of age when we suppose it to have begun, and in 1628 he died. The Duc de Broglie was probably right when he conjectured that Malherbe was practically the first, and as long as he lived the foremost, of the literary clan which met in the *Chambre Bleue*. Racan, who accompanied and may have introduced the elder poet to the Hôtel de Rambouillet, says that it was "*sur les vieux jours de Malherbe*" that the latter had the curious conversation about the proper heroic name, or poetic pseudonym, which ought to fix all future references to the Marquise, a conversation which led to his writing an eclogue in which he calls himself *Mélibée* and his disciple *Arcan*. I quote Tallemant, who is quoting Racan:

"The very day that he sketched out this eclogue, fearing that the name *Arthénice* [Catherine] if it were used of two persons [for Racan had addressed Catherine Chabot as *Arthénice*, in a pastoral] would make a confusion between those two persons, Malherbe passed the whole afternoon with Racan turning the name about. All they could make of it was *Arthénice*, *Eracinte* and *Carintée*. The first of those they considered the prettiest, but as Racan was using this also in a pastoral, Malherbe concluded by choosing *Rodante*."

Unfortunately Madame de Rambouillet, who had plenty of humour, declined the name of *Rodante*, which would better have adorned a mouse than a great lady, and Malherbe threw his consideration for Racan to the winds. Madame de Rambouillet became for him and remained

Celle pour qui je fis le beau nom d'Arthénice,

and he called her

Cette jeune bergère à qui les destinées
Sembloient avoir donné mes dernières années.

We gather that the sound judgment and the exquisite charm of Madame de Rambouillet attracted Malherbe away from the other _salons_ which he affected, particularly from those of the Vicomtesse d'Aulchy and of Madame des Loges. It was the latter lady whose ears the grim poet soundly boxed in her own house on a celebrated occasion. He was a formidable guest as well as a tyrant in literature.

But the relations of Malherbe with Madame de Rambouillet during the last ten years of his life were kept on a level of unruffled dignity on the one side and on the other. It is evident that the Marquise was predisposed to accept _la Doctrine_ which Malherbe, with so splendid a force and pride, was about to impose upon his countrymen. No man of letters has lived, in any country, who was more possessed than he by the necessity of watching over the purity of language, of cultivating in prose and verse a simple, lucid, and logical style, of removing from the surface of literature, by an arrogant discipline, all traces of obscurity, pomposity and looseness. He held the honour of the French language above all other obligations, and the stories of his sacrificing questions of personal interest, and even affection, to his passion for correct diction, for a noble manner of writing and speaking, are eloquent of the austere and dry genius of this masterful rather than charming poet, who, nevertheless, had so profound and so lasting an influence on French letters. Such a man as this, fanatically possessed by an abstract ambition, needs the sympathy of a wise and beneficent woman, and the old Malherbe, in the twilight of his days, found such an Egeria in Catherine de Rambouillet. It was in the Hôtel that the famous discussions on the value, selection, and meaning of words, on nobility in eloquence, on purity and force in versification, first took place, and the heat from them radiated through France. The new era of style found its cradle in the Chambre Bleue.

But what was this Blue Room, this mysterious and azure grot in which the genius of French classic poetry went through its transformation? There was not much mystery about it. It was a room, deep in the magnificence of the Hôtel, where the Marquise was in the habit of receiving the familiar visits of her best friends. The novelty of it was its colour; all other _salons_ in Paris being at that time painted red or drab. Out of the Blue Room there opened a more secret retreat, her _cabinet_ or _alcove_, where she could withdraw from all companionship, and spend her time in reading or meditating. The furniture of the whole Hôtel de Rambouillet was on a scale of opulent splendour, but the rarity of the objects brought together was concentrated in the _cabinet_, which was, as M. Magne puts it, a sort of altar which the Marquise raised to herself. Every object in it was fragile, brilliant, and precious. In the days when Malherbe frequented the Hôtel, it is probable that no inner

room existed. Tallemant gives us the very odd history of what led to its formation. The Marquise in her youth was active and ready to expose herself to the weather, but about 1623 she began to be threatened by an *_incommodité_*, which made her unable to bear exposure to heat. She had been in the habit of taking long walks in Paris, but one summer's day, when the sun suddenly came out while she was strolling at La Cour-la-Reine, on the Champs Elysées, she nearly fainted, and was threatened with erysipelas. The following winter, the first time that she drew up her chair to read by the fire, the same phenomenon came on. She was now divided between perishing with cold or suffering miseries of heat, and she therefore invented, taking the idea from the Spanish "alcove," a little supplementary room, where she could sit close to her friends, while they gathered round the hearth, and yet not be smitten by the flames. In 1656, in the great winter, we hear of her, now an elderly woman, lying on her bed, heaped over with furs, but not daring to have a fire in sight.

Her energy did not leave her because of this disability. The letter-writers of the period describe her extraordinary activity. She had a great love of pretty and elaborate practical jokes which were in the taste of the time. Hers, however, were distinguished by the fact that they were never indecent and never ill-natured. But when an idea occurred to Madame de Rambouillet, she rested not until the wild scheme was accomplished. Voiture and Tallemant are full of instances of her fertility. One instance out of many was the passion which she expended in making a cascade in the park at Rambouillet, to startle a party of guests. The water had to be brought up from the little tarn of Montorgueil, and the Marquise superintended every spade and every pipe. Carried on by her enthusiastic presence, a team of workmen laboured night and day to complete the prodigious plaything, conducting their ingenious hydraulics by the flare of torches. I could fill pages with the proofs of her gaiety, her ingenuity, the amazing freshness and vivacity of her mind, but the reader can turn to the original sources for them. It may be suggested that, while the various independent authorities really confirm the legend in its outline, when they tell the same story, it will generally be found that Tallemant tells it more naturally and more exactly than Segrais or Voiture. It is also to be remembered that it was Tallemant who observed longest and most closely, and brought least suspicion of vanity to bear on his relation. There is a phrase buried somewhere in the vast tissue of the *_Historiettes_* which deserves to be better known. Speaking incidentally of the Marquise de Rambouillet, Tallemant betrays that she was really the source of all his inspiration: "c'est d'elle que je tiens la plus grande et la meilleure partie de ce que j'ai écrit et que j'escriray dans ce livre." This gives his statements their peculiar authority with regard to that Blue Room, which he elsewhere calls "le rendez-vous de ce qu'il y avait de plus galant à la Cour, et de plus joly parmy les beaux-esprits du siècle." He quite frequently introduces an anecdote with the words "J'ay ouy dire à Mme. de Rambouillet."

It would therefore be ungrateful to speak of the Hôtel de Rambouillet

without paying a tribute to the strange quality of Tallemant des Réaux. French criticism, in applauding his industry, has hardly done justice to the talent, almost the genius, of this extraordinary man. With an unrivalled gift of observation, he combined that clear objective sense of the value of little things, which is so valuable in a memoir-writer, and he is the very prince of those biographers to whom nothing regarding the subjects of their art seems common or unclear. He has the keen eye for detail of his English contemporary, John Aubrey, and his *_Historiettes_* are really, in the sense of Aubrey, *_Minutes of Lives_*. But Tallemant has much more design in his work, and a broader sense of the relation of moral and intellectual values. Saint-Simon, who was a child when Tallemant died, has more passion, a more impetuous and broader sweep of style, and a more intelligent appreciation of the scene of life. It was not for Tallemant des Réaux to paint "des grands fresques historiques." He is as trivial and as picturesque as Boswell, as crude as Pepys, and, like them both, he is completely indifferent to what other people may find scandalous. He moved in the best society, and he was of it; but in his lifetime no one seems to have paid him much attention. Voiture was often in the centre of the stage at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, and what answered in those days to limelight followed him whenever he made one of his brilliant appearances; Tallemant was a shadowy super, hanging about in the wings, but he was always there.

He had the best right in the world to be there. Gédéon Tallemant was a close kinsman of the Marquis, whose sister, Marie de Rambouillet, had married the biographer's father, a Huguenot banker of Bordeaux, head of one of the best provincial families of the day. Gédéon was born at La Rochelle in 1619, and was therefore thirty years younger than his cousin's wife, the famous châtelaine of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, whom he adored.[2] When he came to Paris, about 1637, her coterie was already at its height, but he was immediately admitted to it, and no doubt began no less immediately to ask questions and to take notes. He had every possible opportunity; his brother and a cousin were members of the new French Academy: his father was a Mæcenat to Corneille and others: he himself married (in January, 1646) his cousin Elizabeth de Rambouillet, a union which made him the familiar of La Fontaine and La Sablière. In 1650 he bought the château and estate of Plessis-Rideau, in Touraine, and by letters-patent changed the name to Les Réaux, which he then adopted as a surname. Here he entertained his lifelong friends--the associates of the Hôtel, and other men of high professional rank, Patru, Ablancourt, the Père Rapin. He knew absolutely everybody; he was adorably indiscreet; and those who associated with him perceived in him only a wonderful talker (Maucroix says that he "racontait aussy bien qu'homme de France"), and a lover of poetry who started writing an *_Œdipe_* before Corneille. What few of them knew was that this obliging friend and graceful companion was putting down in an immense MS. all the anecdotes, all the intrigues, all the tricks of manner, all the traits of character, of the multitude of his polite acquaintances. He has left more than 500 of his little highly finished portraits of people he knew, and he knew everyone in that age and place worth knowing.

It is doubtful at what particular time he wrote the *Historiettes*. He was composing, or perhaps revising, part of them in 1657, but some must be later, and many may be earlier in date than that; it is probable that he ceased writing in 1665. He has been accused of being a spiteful chronicler of the vices of the great, and he has been charged with a love of looseness. But his own description is more just: "Je prétends dire le bien et le mal, sans dissimuler la vérité." He writes with an air of humorous malice, pleased to draw the cloak off the limbs of hypocrisy, but not moved by any strong moral indignation. Like Pepys, he enjoyed giving a disinterested picture of the details of ordinary private life, but was rather more cynically amused by them than scandalized. He wrote, or at least intended to write, *Mémoires de la régence d'Anne d'Autriche*, but this has totally disappeared, and we need not regret it. Gédéon Tallemant is amply immortalized by the *Historiettes*, which fill ten closely printed volumes in the excellent edition of MM. Monmerqué and Paulin of Paris. They are like the work of some brilliant Dutch painter of sordid interiors. He is not always well inspired. He says nothing more adequate about Pascal than that he was "ce garçon qui inventa une machine admirable pour l'arithmétique," but Pascal was hardly of his world. In 1685 Tallemant became a Catholic, converted by the Père Rapin, and, having outlived all his friends, he died, probably in November, 1692, leaving a huge MS., the principal subject of which is an analysis of the society that met within the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

At his death that MS. vanished, "as rare things will." It turned up again in a library at Montigny-Lencoup in 1803. We may note, as a curious coincidence, that while the publication of Evelyn's *Diary* dates from 1818, and while the deciphering of Pepys began in 1819, it was in 1820, that Châteaugiron set to work at copying out the *Historiettes*, which were not published until 1835. Three of the most important MS. memoirs of the seventeenth century were thus independently examined for the first time at practically the same moment of the nineteenth. Each publication was an event in literary history.

No such concealment, no such late discovery, has marked the course of Voiture, whose letters and poems were published by his nephew Pinchesne in 1650, only two years after the poet's death. In this remarkable miscellany, which has been incessantly reprinted, and which forms one of the recognized lesser classics of France, we find ourselves breathing the very atmosphere of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. It is, indeed, amusing to reflect that, for fifteen years before her death, the Marquise and all her circle possessed, and shared with a wide public, this elaborate body of evidence as to their friendships, their tastes, and their amusements. In the *Œuvres* of Voiture, reprinted at least seventeen times during the lifetime of the Marquise, the world at large was admitted to the conversations of the Blue Room, and it eagerly responded to the invitation. There was something about the supple genius of Voiture, at once daring and discreet, apparently tearing every veil off an intimacy, and yet in fact wrapping it in an impenetrable gauze of

mystery, which made him the ideal revealer to excite and baffle curiosity, so that though he tells so much, as he stands at the top of the stairs of the Hôtel and takes the town into his confidence, yet he leaves plenty of things untold, to be whispered into the ears of posterity by Tallemant and Conrart.

The father of Voiture was a shopkeeper who sold wine at the sign of the Chapeau de Roses at Amiens, and there his son Vincent was born in 1595. The author of *_Alcidalis et Zélide_*, was therefore the contemporary of Herrick and of George Herbert. If the last-mentioned had not rejected "the painted pleasures of a Court-life" for the retirements of a saint, he might have been the English Voiture, with his charming gifts and ingenious graces. The year 1626, which saw Herbert adopt the solemn vocation of a priest, is probably that in which Voiture, introduced by Chardebonne, took up his station for the rest of his life, as principal literary oracle and master of the gaieties in the Hôtel de Rambouillet. His father was honestly supplying wine to the Queen-Mother, Marie de Médicis, and there was no question in his son's case, as in that of some others, of doubtful or partial nobility. Vincent Voiture was frankly and openly a *_bourgeois_*, admitted into that strictly guarded aristocracy because of his abundant talents, his wit, his pleasantness, his delicious social qualities, and also because it was part of the scheme of the Marquise de Rambouillet to break down the boredom of the exclusive privilege of rank for its own sake.

The main principle of the Hôtel was a study of the art of how to behave. The rules of *_la bienséance_* were strictly laid down there, after close discussion among persons of light and leading. There was a strong resistance made to the roughness of the country noble, to the awkwardness of the ordinary citizen, to the inky fingers of the pedant, to the slovenly petticoat, the disordered wig, the bespattered boot. The attention of both sexes was persistently called to these matters of behaviour and *_tenue_*, which had an importance at that date which we may easily, in our twentieth-century intolerance, ridicule and ignore. We see the comic side of this extreme solicitude about dress and ceremony, etiquette and behaviour, in such a book as Furetière's amusing *_Roman Bourgeois_* (1666), but we may see the seriousness, the stately value of it, in the tragedies of Corneille and the maxims of La Rochefoucauld. The school of *_la politesse_* became that in which every talent must graduate, however grave its after-labours were to be. Even the solemn Baillet, writing the life of no less dignified a person than Descartes, mentions that the philosopher passed, like all other well-bred lads, "aux promenades, au jeu et aux autres divertissements qui font l'occupation des personnes de qualité et des honnêtes gens du siècle." In this school, the elegant and supple Voiture, impregnated with the literature of *_Amadis de Gaule_*, and with the language of Spanish chivalry, intimidated by no hyperbole of compliment, capable alike of plunging into the deep waters and of swimming safe to shore, always on the verge of absurdity, always gliding down the agreeable side of it, persistent, subtle, entertaining, extravagant--in this school Voiture was the triumphant, the unmastered master. His best letters, his best

sonnets, show him to have been able, at his most vibrating moments, to rise out of this element of billets-doux to better things. He is of all composers of society verse and prose the lightest and the swiftest, and we may say to those who sneer at so unique a talent what Madame de Sévigné said of them in her day: "Tant pis pour ceux qui ne l'entendent pas!"

If one literary figure is more closely identified with the Hôtel de Rambouillet than Voiture, it must be Chapelain. It is therefore curious that while M. Magne was preparing his picturesque volumes on the former, M. Collas should be independently writing the earliest biography of the latter. These coincidences are odd, but we are accustomed to them; they show that a subject is "in the air." When Chapelain made his first appearance at the Hôtel, perhaps in 1635, Voiture had long been installed there. They fell out at first sight, like dog and cat. When the author of the *Préface de l'Adone* stumbled over the precious floor, dressed like a scarecrow, in hunting boots and dirty linen, and made his clownish obeisance to the Marquise, she shrank a little from him, and Voiture broke into a scream of elfish laughter. Madame de Rambouillet never learned to care for Chapelain, and when he made clumsy love to Mlle. Paulet, "the lioness," the Blue Room shook with mirth. But when Mlle. Julie became a great personage, and especially as soon as the Duc de Montausier introduced the pure cultivation of pedantry into the Hôtel, the strong character of Chapelain asserted itself, while the death of Voiture left him unquestioned in authority. Grotesque as Chapelain was, he had a wonderful talent for adapting himself to circumstances, and his conversation, though massive and solemn, had charm, which even his enemies admitted to be extraordinary. Chapelain was never on those terms of petted intimacy with his host and hostess which the insinuating Voiture enjoyed, but he conquered a position of more genuine respect and esteem.

But to follow M. Collas and M. Magne into the later years of the Hôtel, when Mlle. de Rambouillet gave to the Blue Room a peculiar air of her own, would be impossible for us, with the limited space at our command. We must not go further than 1641, the year in which was produced the celebrated *Guirlande de Julie*. After this point, not merely does the character of the scene change, and its tone become less pleasing, or at least less sympathetic, but for the reviewer the abundance of trees makes the wood itself almost invisible. Here we may point to an example of the superabundance of French material, which may almost console us for the comparative dimness and bareness of the contemporary English landscape. In dealing with this crowded age, M. Magne and M. Collas have shown a learned adroitness and the happy logic to which scholars of their race are trained. Of the two, M. Magne is the more vivacious, as befits the biographer of Voiture. M. Collas has more difficulty in reconciling us with the tedious and pedantic Chapelain, who, nevertheless, as the founder of modern criticism and the mainstay of the infant Académie Française, deserved to find a biographer at last. The worst of it is that while Voiture, dancing-master to the Muses if you will, and *petit-maître* in excelsis, is at least a brisk and highly

diverting personality, poor Chapelain, the typical academician, the mediocre poet, the spider at the heart of the wide intellectual web of his time, is not man enough to awaken our vivid sympathies. Moreover, to conclude on a note of bathos, M. Collas has neglected to append an index to his vast compendium of facts.

We must therefore refrain from entering the labyrinths of the later *_préciosité_*, amusing as they are, and must continue to concentrate our attention on the clearness, the sweetness, the purity with which the founder of the Hôtel, the great Madame de Rambouillet, throughout her long life, created an atmosphere of sympathy and unity around her. As long as she was paramount there, and until the influence of her daughter and her daughter's husband, together with her own languor, pushed her a little into the second line, gaiety was in the ascendant at the famous Hôtel. It is needful to assure ourselves of this, because in the later days it became purely intellectual, and dry in its priggishness. M. Magne, it is true, attributes this change not so much to the pedantic Latinism of the Duc de Montausier, and the hair-splitting of the academicians, as to the decay produced by gaiety itself. In an ingenious passage he says:

The taste for badinage perverted in Voiture the taste for beauty. His genius glittered, quivered, frisked and palpitated, and the smile he wore was ever melting into irony. To depth he deliberately preferred an elegant futility. He was impregnated with the quality to which the age had given, in a noble sense, the name of gallantry. But, in reacting everywhere against vulgar roughness, the very excess of his effort landed him at last in preciosity.

It never had that deplorable effect upon Madame de Rambouillet herself, on whose charming figure, swaying like a young pine-tree of the forest, we must fix our attention, if we would see only what was best in that remarkable and so vividly French revival of civilization which took place under Louis XIII. Her purity of conduct was combined with no uncouth prudery. She refrained from judging others hardly, but she preserved, without a lapse, her own high standard of behaviour. She had a lively horror of scandal, and desired that those about her, if they could not contrive to be virtuous, should at least be discreet. It was detestable to her to hear the gallants of the court boasting of their conquests. She said, in her amusing way, that if she herself could ever have been persuaded to leave the path of propriety, she must have chosen for a paramour some unctuous and secret prelate, but that she had never discovered one whom she could trust. It was her temperament, both of heart and brain, which led her to rejoice in the new spirit of Malherbe, whose simple, firm and lucid verses responded, after a revel of romanticism, to her classic craving for harmony and dignity. In Racan's pastoral poems, she welcomed a recovered love of country pleasures, and the graceful convention of a shepherd. She liked private letters, hitherto so pompous, to be composed in such terms that one seemed to hear the writer's voice chatting at the chimney-corner. Richelieu, although M. Magne denies the legend of his *_Discours sur l'Amour_*, used

to come to the Blue Room to have a good laugh with its delightful occupant, and everyone unbent in her sweet and easy presence. Tallemant has a story of no less dignified a personage than the Cardinal de La Valette romping with the Rambouillet children, and discovered by the Marquise hiding from them under a bed.

The close of the life of this marvellous woman was a sad one. She outlived all her early friends, even outlived the prestige of her own Blue Room. Six days after her death, Robinet composed a sort of funeral ode to her memory, closing with an epitaph, which, as it is little known, may be given here. It was written in January, 1666:

Ci gist la divine Arthénice,
Qui fut l'illustre protectrice
Des Arts que les neuf Sœurs inspirent aux humains.
Rome luy donna la naissance;
Elle vint rétablir en France
La gloire des anciens Romains.
Sa maison, des vertus le temple,
Sert aux particuliers d'un merveilleux exemple,
Et pourrait bien instruire encor les souverains.

This is not very good poetry, but it would be difficult to sum up more neatly the services of Madame de Rambouillet to France and to civilization.

HIRAM'S HOSPITAL

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HIRAM'S HOSPITAL, as the retreat is called, is a picturesque building enough, and shows the correct taste with which the ecclesiastical architects of those days were imbued. It stands on the banks of the little river, which flows nearly round the cathedral close, being on the side furthest from the town. The London road crosses the river by a pretty one-arched bridge, and looking from this bridge, the stranger will see the windows of the old men's rooms, each pair of windows separated by a small buttress. A broad gravel walk runs between the building and the river, which is always trim and cared for; and at the end of the walk, under the parapet of the approach to the bridge, is a large and well-worn seat, on which, in mild weather three or four of Hiram's bedesmen are sure to be seen seated. Beyond this row of buttresses, and further from the bridge and also further from the water which here suddenly bends, are the pretty oriel windows of Mr. Harding's house, and his well mown lawn. The entrance to the hospital is from the London road and is made through a ponderous gateway under a heavy stone arch, unnecessary, one would suppose, at any time, for the protection of

twelve old men, but greatly conducive to the good appearance of Hiram's charity. On passing through this portal, never closed to any one from six A.M. till ten P.M., and never open afterwards, except on application to a huge, intricately hung mediæval bell, the handle of which no un-initiated intruder can possibly find, the six doors of the old men's abodes are seen, and beyond them is a slight iron screen, through which the more happy portion of the Barchester élite pass into the Elysium of Mr. Harding's dwelling.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, *The Warden.*

THE HOME MAKERS

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The horses are ill mated, the wagon decrepit. Baling wire sustains the harness and the patched canvas of the wagon top hints of long service.

"How far to Millican's?" says the driver.

He is a young man; at least, his eyes are young. His "woman" is with him and their three kiddies, the tiniest asleep in her mother's lap, with the dust caked about her wet baby chin. The man wears overalls, the woman calico that was gaudy once before the sun bleached it colorless, and the children nameless garments of uncertain ancestry. The wife seems very tired--as weary as the weary horses. Behind them is piled their household: bedding, a tin stove, chairs, a cream separator, a baby's go-cart, kitchen utensils, a plow and barbed wire, some carpet; beneath the wagon body swings a pail and lantern, and water barrel and axe are lashed at one side.

We direct them to Millican's.

"Homesteading?" we inquire.

"Not exactly. That is, we're just lookin'."

There are hundreds like these all over the West, "just lookin'," with their tired wives, their babies, their poverty, and their vague hopefulness. They chase rainbows from Bisbee to Prince Rupert. Some of them settle, some of them succeed. But most of them are discontented wherever Fortune places them, and forever move forward toward some new-rumored El Dorado just over the hill.

There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.
They range the field and they rove the flood,

And they climb the mountain's crest;
Theirs is the curse of the gypsy blood,
And they don't know how to rest.

That, of course, is rather picturesque, and, taken all in all, your average wanderer of the wagon road merits little heroics. His aspirations are apt to be earthy, and too often he seeks nothing loftier than a soft snap. In the final analysis some of our western gypsies desire nothing more ardently than a rest.

The wanderer is the shiftless land seeker, and is to be distinguished from the sincere home seeker who fares forth into strange lands with his family and his _penates_, and who finds vacant government land and proceeds to "take it up." The best of all the free acres went years ago, along with the free timber and the other compensations for pioneering, but here and there remote areas worth having still remain. About the last of these, and by all odds the greatest, was in Central Oregon when the railroads opened the doors of immigration a few years ago.

Before the railroads came I went from Bend southeasterly through what is now well called the "homestead country," and in all the one hundred and fifty miles traversed we saw three human habitations: the stockman's, George Millican, the horse breeder, Johnny Schmeer, and the sheepman's, Bill Brown. The rest of it was sagebrush and jack rabbits, with a band of "fuzz-tails" stampeding at the sight of us and a few cattle nipping the bunch grass. My companions were a locator and a man who took up one of the first "claims" in all that country, at Hampton Valley, one hundred and thirty miles from a railroad.

To-day there are schools out there, homes, fences, and plowed fields. Some of it is very good land, and the modern pioneers are prospering. Some of it is not so good, and there have been failures and disappointments as in all the homestead districts of all the West, past and present. For there is truth in the old saying that for the most part the first crop of homesteaders fails, and the success of the late comers is built upon the broken hopes of the pioneers. However that may be, the battle against the odds set up by a none too bountiful nature is often enough pitiful, and occasionally heroic.

Picture an unbroken plain of sagebrush. Low hills, a mile distant, are fringed with olive-green juniper trees; all the rest is gray, except the ever blue sky which must answer for the eternal hope in the hearts of the home makers--God smiles there. In the midst of the drab waste is a speck of white, a tent. A water barrel beside it tells the story of the long road to the nearest well--no road, but a trail, for this is well off the beaten path and such luxuries as surveyed highways are yet to come. The tent is the very outpost of settlement, a mute testimonial of the insistent desire to possess land of one's very own.

Our car stops to inquire the way, and a woman appears. Yes, it is forty miles to Brookings' halfway house, as we had guessed.

"And to Bend?" We ask what we already know, perhaps because the woman--a girlish woman--so evidently would prolong the interruption to her solitude.

"About one hundred and twenty--a long way!" She smiles, adding, simply, "John's there."

Small wonder she clutches at us! John has been gone a fortnight, and for two days she has not even seen the Swansons, her "neighbors" over the hill, three miles away. Like a ship in the night, we all but passed her--passed with never a greeting for which her heart hungered, never a word from the "outside" to break the hard monotony. She is utterly alone, except for the rabbits and the smiling sky. Her husband is wage earning. And she sticks by their three hundred and twenty acres and does what she can with a mattock and a grubbing hoe. They have a well started, and some fence posts in the ground. Some day, she says, they will make a home of it.

[Illustration: Irrigation--"First, parched lands of sage; then the flow"]

Series Copyright 1909 by Asahel Curtis]

[Illustration: Irrigation--"Next, water in a master ditch and countless man-made rivulets between the furrows"]

"We always dreamed of having a home," she explains a bit dreamily. "But it never seemed to come any closer on John's wages. So when we read of getting this land for nothing it seemed best to make the try. But of course it isn't 'free' at all--we've discovered that. And oh! it costs so much!"

We commiserate. We would help, and vaguely seek some means.

Help? Yes, gladly she will accept it, says the little woman--but not for herself. "Good gracious, why should I need it?" Nor have we the heart to offer reasons. But if we have a mind to be helpful, she continues, there is a case over in eighteen-eleven--she names the section and township--where charity could afford a smile. She tells us, then, of a half-sick woman with three infants, left on the homestead while the husband goes to town. There, instead of work, he gets drink, and fails to reappear with provisions. But the woman will not give up the scrap of land she has set her heart on, and doggedly remains. When the neighbors find her, she and the children have existed for five days solely on boiled wheat. "And we needed it so for seeding," is her lament.

Our hostess of the desert stands by the ruts, waving to us through the dust of our wake, the embodiment of the spirit of pioneering, which burns to-day as brightly as ever in the past, could we but search it out and recognize it.

Such as she are home makers. However, the free lands are overridden with gamblers in values, with incompetents, with triflers. They are the chaff which will scatter before the winds of adversity. The others will succeed, just as they have succeeded elsewhere on the forefronts of civilization; the pity of it is that their lot may not be made easier, surer.

Returning from that trip I read a chapter in a book, newly published, dealing with this selfsame land. Concerning the homesteader I found these words:

I have seen many sorts of desperation, but none like that of the men who attempt to make a home out of three hundred and twenty acres of High Desert sage.... A man ploughing the sage--his woman keeping the shack--a patch of dust against the dust, a shadow within a shadow--sage and sand and space!

[Illustration: "It was a very typical stagecoach"]

[Illustration: In the homestead country]

The author is a New Englander, who had seen Oregon with scholastic eyes. The harsh frontier had no poetry, no hope, for him--only hopelessness. But the woman in the tent, the Swansons over the hill, and the hundreds of other Swansons scattering now, and for many years gone by, over the lands of the setting sun, know better, though their grammar be inferior and their enthusiasm subconscious. Men saw and spoke as did the New Englander when Minnesota was being wrested from the wilderness, when people were dubbed insane for trying conclusions with the Palouse country, when the Dakotas were considered agricultural nightmares. In the taming of new empires unbridled optimism is no more prevalent than blinded pessimism.

Closer to home I know another woman, a farmer, too. Hers is an irrigated ranch, and she works with her shovel among the ditches as sturdily as the hired man. Poor she is in wealth, as it is reckoned, and her husband poorer still in health, for he was rescued from a desk in the nick of time. He is fast mending now, and confesses to a rare pleasure in making two blades of grass grow where none at all grew in the unwatered sands. And in truth, simply watching the accomplishments of irrigation is tonic enough to revive the faint. First, parched lands of sage; the grub hoe and the mattock clear the way, and then the plow. Next, water, in a master ditch and countless, man-made rivulets between the furrows. Finally--presto! the magic of a single season does it--green fields of clover and alfalfa smile in the sun!

But Heaven forbid that this should smack of "boosting"! (There, by the way, you have the most-used, and best-abused, word in all the West.) It is not so intended, for the literature of professional optimism is legion, and needs no reinforcement. The Oregon country is no more wedded to success than many another, nor is it a land where woman can wrestle

with man's problems more happily than elsewhere. The incidents of these pages mean simply that beneath the dull surface may be found, ever and anon, a glow of something stirring; prick the dust, and blood may run.

The West, which is viewed here chiefly as a playland, is a mighty interesting workaday land, too, and numberless are the modern tragedies and comedies of its varied peoples at their varied tasks. Rules and precedents are few and far between; it is each for himself in his own way. The blond Scandinavian to his logged-off lands, the Basque to his sheep herding; the man from Iowa dairies, and the Carolinian, who never before saw alfalfa, sets about raising it; the Connecticut Yankee, with an unconscionable instinct for wooden nutmegs, sells real estate; the college man with poor eyes or a damaged liver, as the case may be, becomes an orchardist at Hood River or Medford. Somehow, some place, there is room for each and every one, and the big Westland smiles and receives them all, the strong to prosper and the weak to fail, according to the inexorable way of life.

Some come for wealth and some for health--a vast army for the latter, were the truth always known. The highness and the dryness of the hinterland draw many to it in their battle against the White Plague, and while victory often comes, there comes, too, defeat.

An empty shack I know could tell such a tale--the tragedy of a good fight lost. They were consumptives, both of them, and they lived in a lowland city, west of the mountains. The Doctor gave the old, old edict: the only chance was to get away from the damp, to live out of doors in a higher, sunnier climate. The boy--he was scarcely more than that--bade farewell to his sweetheart and came over the mountains, where he found land and built the shack that was to be their home and their haven--where they were to become sun-browned and robust. The self-evident conclusion outruns the tale, I fear. The girl, who smilingly sent her lover eastward, dreaming of the happiness so nearly theirs, was distanced in her race for the sunny goal by Death. To-day the shack stands vacant.

[Illustration: A valley of Washington. "The big Westland smiles and receives them all"]

From a photograph by Frank Palmer, Spokane, Wash.]

A friend, who knew the girl and the story, and loves the land she hoped to see, wrote this to hearten her when the doctors realized that the home upon whose threshold she wavered was far, far distant from the one her lover fashioned "over the eastern mountains":

Over the eastern mountains
Into a valley I know,
Into the air of uplands,
Into the sun, you go.

Warm is a day in the upland;
Warm is the valley, and bright;
Glittering stars are shining
Over the valley at night.

Here in the western lowland
Patiently I remain,
Under the clouds, in darkness,
Under the dismal rain.

Patient I wait, well knowing
The joy that is to be:
Into the east you're going
To build a home for me.

Rather would I go with you,
But, staying, I smile and sing,
For winter is almost over,
And soon will come the spring.

Then to the home you have made me,
Singing, still singing, I'll go
Over the eastern mountains
Into a valley I know.

Two from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Mornings at Bow Street*, by John Wight

LATE HOURS AND OYSTERS.

Two gentlemen of pretty considerable respectability--one tall, and the other short--were charged with having assaulted the watch; and no fewer than five "ancient and quiet watchmen" appeared, to testify against them.

Dennis Mack was the first in order. He said he found the two gentlemen at the door of the oyster shop in New-street, Covent-garden, between one and two o'clock in the morning, kicking up a great row with a hackney-coach and two ladies. He told them to go home to bed, and not be making such a bother as all that, when the short one laid hold of his staff, and tried to twist it out of his hand, whereupon he sprung his rattle for assistance, &c.

Thomas Robinson was the next. He was a smart, upright, _Corporal Trim_-like sort of a watchman, and his discourse was somewhat "stuffed with epithets of war." He heard the _rattle-call_ of his _comrade_, and _advanced_ to his _relief_--he made his _approaches_ with caution in order to _reconnoitre_ the party--having so done, he challenged the offenders to _surrender_, and received the point-blank charge of a fist in his

belly--saving his worship's presence.

"What are you?" asked the magistrate, struck by the novelty of his phraseology.

"I have been a soldier, your honour," he replied; "but since I was discharged from the army, I have endeavoured to fulfil the part of a cobbler."

Patrick Donaghue, a six-foot Emerald Islander, with an astonishing perpendicular expansion of countenance, was the third in order. He heard the _hubbuboo_ as he was _paceably_ walking his _bate_, and went, right on end, to _larn_ the rights of it; and the biggest of the two--without saying "by yer _lave_,"--took him a mighty _dacent_ stroke over the _jaws_.

Two other watchmen followed; but, as they said, they only came in at the tail of the _row_, and therefore they did not see the beginning of it. However, they bore testimony to the extreme repugnance of the gentlemen to go to the watch-house.

The gentlemen were now called upon for their defence, and the short one undertook the task of making it. It appeared that he and his tall friend were out so late _because_ they were eating _oysters_, consequently the oysters were solely to blame, as far as late hours were concerned. Then, as they were coming out of the oyster-shop, they found two _ladies_, who also had been up stairs eating oysters, sitting in a hackney coach at the door. There was nothing extraordinary in this; but somehow or other the coachman had got it into his head that these two unlucky gentlemen had ordered the coach for the use of the ladies, then comfortably sitting therein, and of course he looked to them for the fare. The _ladies_ themselves encouraged the coachman in this "iniquitous idea," and seemed to enjoy it very much; but our oyster-eaters were not to be had in this way. They _re_-sisted the "abominable demand," the coachman _per_-sisted, the ladies laughed, the watch came up, and the oyster eaters were hauled off to durance, most unjustly. As to the blow on the belly, the _dacent_ stroke on the jaws, &c., they denied all that sort of thing _in toto_.

They were nevertheless held to bail for their appearance at the sessions; and, doubtless, should they ever be taken with an oyster fit again, they will try to get it over earlier.

MR. HUMPHREY BRUMMEL AND TERENCE O'CONNOR.

Mr. Humphrey Brummel, a tall, gaunt old gentleman, of pedagogue-ish exterior, with each particular hair standing on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine, was charged by Mr. Terence O'Connor, a Covent-garden watchman, with having been _extramely_ disorderly under the _pehazies_ (piazzas) during the night.

The magistrate inquired as to the nature of his disorderliness, and Mr. Terence O'Connor explained it to be--" _spaching_ to the lads, and _frullishing_ his stick about like a merry Andrew." It also appeared that he continued these eccentricities from midnight till four in the morning, "_clane_ contrary to all sorts of _dacency_;" and therefore Mr. Terence O'Connor lodged him in the watch-house.

Mr. Humphrey Brummel in his defence said, he took shelter under the Piazza from the inclemency of the weather: and it was very possible that, whilst there, he might have endeavoured to cheer the loneliness of the hour by an audible repetition of some appropriate passages from the poets. But he was totally unconscious of offence, and he solemnly declared that instead of "_spaching_ to the lads," he stationed himself in a door-way far apart from every living soul; and had not Mr. Terence O'Connor been so over officious, he should have gone quietly to his bed, and his worship would not have been put to the pain of listening to such a frivolous charge.

"An' please your worship," exclaimed Mr. Terence O'Connor, "he says he's got a _nact_ of _Parlyment_ in his pocket, what'll lay me by the heels, an' I hope your worship will make him _prove his words_!"

"I will do my best," replied his worship, smiling, and at the same time asking Mr. Brummel what Act of Parliament he alluded to.

"Lord love you, sir," replied the tall old man, "I never alluded to any Act of Parliament; but I did threaten to report him to your worship for sleeping on his post."

"Is it true, O'Connor, that you really do sleep whilst on duty?" asked his worship.

"_Ounly_ that time I got no sleep in the day," replied the night guardian, blushing as intensely as a fresh-washed Munster potato.

"You are both fool and knave, Mr. O'Connor," observed his worship--"a _knave_ for sleeping when you are paid to keep awake, and a _fool_ for wantonly bringing this complaint against yourself."

Mr. Humphrey Brummel was then discharged without a fee; and Mr. Terence O'Connor was dismissed with an assurance that his _watching_ should be _watched_ in future, and that he should be suspended if caught napping.

THE GLORY HOLE

from the Internet Archive etext of "*On a Chinese screen*", by W. Somerset Maugham

It is a sort of little cubicle in a corner of the chandler's store just under the ceiling and you reach it by a stair which is like a ship's companion. It is partitioned off from the shop by matchboarding, about four feet high, so that when you sit on the wooden benches that surround the table you can see into the shop with all its stores. Here are coils of rope, oilskins, heavy sea-boots, hurricane lamps, hams, tinned goods, liquor of all sorts, curios to take home to your wife and children, clothes, I know not what. There is everything that a foreign ship can want in an Eastern port. You can watch the Chinese, salesmen and customers, and they have a pleasantly mysterious air as though they were concerned in nefarious business. You can see who comes into the shop and since it is certainly a friend bid him join you in the Glory Hole. Through the wide doorway you see the sun beating down on the stone pavement of the roadway and the coolies scurrying past with their heavy loads. At about midday the company begins to assemble, two or three pilots, Captain Thompson and Captain Brown, old men who have sailed the China Seas for thirty years and now have a comfortable billet ashore, the skipper of a tramp from Shanghai, and the taipans of one or two tea firms. The boy stands silently waiting for orders and he brings the drinks and the dice-box. Talk flows rather prosily at first. A boat was wrecked the other day going in to Foochow, that fellow Maclean, the engineer of the An-Chan has made a pot of money in rubber lately, the consul's wife is coming out from home in the Empress; but by the time the dice-box has travelled round the table and the loser has signed the chit, the glasses are empty and the dice-box is reached for once more. The boy brings the second round of drinks. Then the tongues of these stolid, stubborn men are loosened a little and they begin to talk of the past. One of the pilots knew the port first hand on fifty years ago. Ah, those were the great days.

"That's when you ought to have seen the Glory Hole," he says, with a smile.

Those were the days of the tea clippers, when there would be thirty or forty ships in the harbour, waiting for their cargo. Everyone had plenty of money to spend then, and the Glory Hole was the centre of life in the port. If you wanted to find a man, why, you came to the Glory Hole, and if he wasn't there he'd be sure to come along soon. The agents did their business with the skippers there, and the doctor didn't have office hours ; he went to the Glory Hole at noon and if anyone was sick he attended to him there and then. Those were the days when men knew how to drink. They would come at midday and drink all through the afternoon, a boy bringing them a bite if they were hungry, and drink all through the night. Fortunes were lost and won in the Glory Hole, for they were gamblers then and a man would risk all the profits of his run in a game of cards. Those were the good old days. But now the trade was gone, the tea clippers no longer thronged the harbour, the port was dead, and the young men, the young men of the A. P. C. or of Jardine's, turned up their noses at the Glory Hole. And as the old pilot talked that dingy little cubicle with its stained table seemed to be for a moment peopled with those old skippers, hardy, reckless, and adventurous, of a day that has gone for ever.

HORSE THIEVES IN THE CIRCUS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Sawdust & Spangles*, by W. C. Coup

It was on this trip into Missouri that we met with a very serious loss which almost crippled us for a time. The baggage train had passed en route to the city where we were to exhibit, leaving the performers, the band and ring horses, as is the custom, to follow in the rear. We had about twenty horses and ponies of great value, and of invaluable use in the show. One morning, just at daylight, the men who had charge of these horses were attacked by a gang of horse thieves, and the entire lot was taken from them. Our men were left wounded and bound with cords, lying by the wayside. Meanwhile, the tents and other paraphernalia were already in the village, awaiting the arrival of the horses. The time for the show to begin came, but still no horses appeared, and the crowds, assembled to see the performing animals, were growing impatient.

While we were in this embarrassing predicament, a citizen came riding up in hot haste, stating that he had seen and released some men who had said their horses had been stolen and who begged him to come into town and report the loss to the managers. When this news was received, it was immediately communicated to the expectant, impatient audience; but being naturally suspicious of all mankind, and especially of circus men, they thought it was a "sell" and a "Yankee trick"; but when once they were made to believe the true facts of the case they rose as one man and mounted their horses to overtake the marauders and punish them. But the thieves, having had several hours start, escaped, and after several days' search the chase was finally abandoned, and we were obliged to proceed on our way without our horses. Horse thieves in those days were very common, and were a continual annoyance to the planters and farmers, and had our thieves been captured, they would have been summarily dealt with.

Naturally, we were very much crippled with our loss; but soon the fertile brain of some of our performers secured us a means of recovering from this calamity, and we were provided with other horses which we used as substitutes for the beautiful and (for those days) highly-trained animals which had been stolen.

TEACHING A HORSE THE TWO-STEP

ibid

In teaching a horse to dance, the master would strike the poor animal above the fetlock, and this would produce a painful swelling. The result was that in a very short time the motion of the stick, in time with the music, would cause the horse to raise its foot. Before the swollen limb was healed the performance was repeated so frequently that the animal did not need the incentives of fear and pain to cause him to keep step with the music.

Jumping the rope is taught in nearly the same manner, a chain being attached to two long sticks swinging back and forth, striking the horse just below the knee. As a man was stationed on each side of him, the poor horse had no way of retreat, and was compelled to jump in order to escape the blow from the swinging bar. A horse is taught to roll an object or to push open a door in a very simple manner, and without cruelty. One man stands in front of the horse and another behind him, the three being stationed in a passageway too narrow for the horse to turn. After standing a bit in this way, the man behind the horse gently slaps him on the back and urges him forward. Instinctively the horse pushes against the man in front, and the latter quickly moves along. In this manner the horse soon learns that by pushing against an object in front of him it may readily be forced out of his way. An intelligent spectator can always tell by the attitude of a horse toward its master whether it has been ill treated. If fear seems to be the governing motive it may be depended upon that the horse has been harshly dealt with; on the other hand, the very nature of the trick performed by the

animal goes far to indicate whether fear or intelligence has been the main factor in acquiring the accomplishment displayed. If you see an animal open a trunk or drawer and pick out some article for which it has been sent, you may know that this feat is the result of an appeal to the creature's intelligence and not to its fear, for no amount of punishment could ever teach a thing of this kind.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

Project Gutenberg's *Britain in the Middle Ages*, by Florence L. Bowman

Edward the Confessor, the Saxon prince, had taken refuge in Normandy in the days when the Danish Kings ruled in England. There he learned to speak Norman French and to love Norman ways. When the Saxons chose him to be king, he brought some of his Norman friends to court with him. He was a man "full of grace and devoted to the service of God." He left the rule of his kingdom to three Saxon Earls, Siward the Stout, a man who struck terror to the hearts of the Scots, Leofric of the Marsh land, "wise in the things of God and men," and Godwin of Wessex.

There was much trouble because there were no heirs to the throne, and the Norman chroniclers say that the King promised his crown to William, Duke of Normandy. The Saxons did not know this, and if they had they would not have crowned him; so they chose Harold, son of Godwin and brother of the Queen, to rule after Edward the Confessor. They chose Harold for he was a man after their own heart, strong and fearless, like the heroes of old. Harold had two elder brothers, but they were cruel and lawless and the people feared them.

The Normans told a story of how Harold had been wrecked on the coast of Normandy, two years before this, and was taken before the Duke as a prisoner. The Duke would not let him go until he had sworn, with his hand upon the holy relics, that he would never claim the Saxon crown.

When Edward died, Harold forgot this oath and the people crowned him with much rejoicing. When the news reached the Duke of Normandy "he was in his park of Qu  villy, near Rouen, with many knights and squires, going forth to the chase." He had in his hand the bow, ready strung and bent for the arrow. The messenger greeted him and took him aside to tell him. Then the Duke was very angry. "Oft he tied his mantle and oft he untied it again and he spoke to no man, neither dare any man speak to him." Then he bade his men cut down the trees in the great forests and build him ships to take his soldiers to England. When they were ready, there arose a great storm and for many weeks he waited by the sea shore for a fair wind and a good tide. Tostig, too, Harold's brother, became very jealous and asked for a half of the kingdom. And because Harold would not listen, Tostig went to Norway, to beg the

great King Hadrada to call out his men and ships and sail for England. So the Northmen sailed up the river Humber and took York. Then, Harold and his soldiers marched to the North to fight against Tostig. When he had pitched his camp, he sent word to Tostig, "King Harold, thy brother, sends thee greeting, saying that thou shalt have the whole of Northumbria or even the third of his kingdom, if thou wilt make peace with him." "But," said Tostig, "what shall be given to the King of Norway for his trouble?"

"Seven feet of English ground," was the answer, "or as much more as is needful, seeing that he is taller than other men." Then said the Earl, "Go now and tell King Harold to get ready for battle, for never shall the Northmen say that Tostig left Hadrada, King of Norway, to join the enemy." And when Harold departed, the King of Norway asked who it was that had spoken so well. "That," said Tostig, "was my brother Harold." When Hadrada heard this he said, "That English king was a little man, but he stood strong in his stirrups." A great fight there was, and Hadrada fought fiercely, but he was killed by an arrow. When the sun set, the Northmen turned and fled, for Tostig, too, lay dead upon the field. That night there was a great feast in the Saxon camp.

As they held wassail, a messenger came riding into the camp, breathless with haste, for he had rested not day nor night in the long ride to the North. He shouted to those who stood by, "The Normans--the Normans are come--they have landed at Hastings--Thy land, O King, they will wrest from thee, if thou canst not defend it well." That night, the Saxons broke up their camp and hurried towards London. The wise men begged Harold to burn the land, that the enemy might starve, but Harold would not, for he said, "How can I do harm to my own people?" So they rode off to meet the Duke near Hastings.

Now Harold chose his battle-field very wisely, a rising ground, for most of his soldiers were on foot and many of the Normans were on horse-back and the King knew that it was hard riding up hill. So Harold stood under the Golden Dragon of Wessex watching the enemy below. In the front of the Normans rode their minstrel, throwing his sword into the air and catching it again, as he sang of the brave deeds of those knights of old, Roland and Oliver. Fierce was the onslaught, and soon the Normans turned to flee. Then were the Saxons so eager for the spoil that they came down from their high ground to chase the enemy. When the Duke saw this, he wheeled his men in battle array and the fight began again fiercer than ever. Then the Duke ordered a great shower of arrows to be shot up into the air, so that when they fell, they pierced many a good soldier. And Harold fell, shot through the eye by an arrow. Still, the Saxons fought on, for they held it shame to escape alive from the fields whereon their leader lay slain. That night, William pitched his tent where the King's banner had waved. Then came Gyda the mother of Harold to beg Harold's body from the Duke. But he gave orders that it should be buried by the seashore, "Harold guarded the cliffs when he was alive, let him guard them, now that he is dead," said William.

So the King's mother and his brothers hid in the rocky west, in
Tintagel, for fear of the Duke's anger.

Then did William march slowly to London, burning and harrying the land,
and all men feared him.

[Illustration: HAROLD DEFEATS AND KILLS TOSTIG AND THE KING OF NORWAY
AT STAMFORD BRIDGE]

[Illustration: A BATTLE IN THE 15TH CENTURY]

There is a piece of "tapestry" still kept at Bayeux in France, showing
how England was conquered. It was probably made later than the reign of
William and perhaps was intended to go round the walls of the choir of
Bayeux Cathedral, for it has been measured and found to be of the right
length. Though it is old and torn and faded, we have been able to learn
many things from it[2].

[2] There is a copy in Reading Museum. See _Guide to Bayeux
Tapestry_, published by Textile Department, Victoria and
Albert Museum.

There were few histories written in those days, for the Normans were
too busy fighting for their new lands and the English were too
sorrowful to tell their story.

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN HARRIS.

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We found at the Cape the renowned Captain Harris, H.E.I. Company's Bombay
Engineers, who had just returned from his sporting expedition into the
interior of Southern Africa, having made his way through every obstacle,
from the frontier of the Cape Colony, through the territories of the
chief Moselekatse, to the Tropic of Capricorn. With his spirit-stirring
accounts of hunting adventure and savage manners we were all most highly
gratified. What he had seen, where he had been, and what he had performed
"by flood and field," have since been told to the world by himself, and
therefore need not be repeated here: but it would be unpardonable not to
do justice to his energy, his perseverance, and his success. He had
collected quite a museum of the Natural History of the wild beasts
against whom his crusade had been directed; while his collection of
drawings, both as regarded the animals delineated, and the appearance of
the country in which they were found, was really most beautiful: and many
a pleasant hour was spent in viewing the various specimens and
illustrations, each one of which testified the intrepidity and skill of
himself or his no less adventurous companion, William Richardson,

Esquire, B.C.S. It will readily be believed that these two gentlemen were then, themselves, the great Lions of that part of Africa.

THE HEI-AN EPOCH. 794-1186 A. D.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Japan*, by Various
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The Nara epoch had come to an end when in 794 the Emperor Kwammu transferred the capital to Kyōto. The new seat of government being then known as _Hei-an Kyō_, or Citadel of Tranquillity, the interval that separated its choice as capital from the establishment of feudal administration at Kamakura in 1186--an interval of nearly four centuries--is known in history as the Hei-an epoch. A few words may be said about the significance of the change of the seat of government from Nara to Kyōto. From ancient times it had been the custom for the emperor and the heir apparent to live apart, from which fact it resulted that when a sovereign died and his son succeeded to the throne, the latter usually transferred the capital to the site of his own palace. It sometimes happened also that the residence of the imperial court was altered as often as two or three times during the same reign. Rarely, however, did the court move out of the contiguous provinces known as the _Go-kinai_, the great majority of the seats of government being in the province of Yamato. So long as the government was comparatively simple, the transfer of its seat from place to place involved no serious effort. As, however, the business of administration became more complicated, and intercourse with China grew more intimate, the character of the palace assumed magnificence proportionate to the imperial ceremonies and national receptions that had to be held there. Hence the capital established at Nara by the Empress Gemmyō was on a scale of unprecedented magnitude and splendor. There seven sovereigns reigned in succession without any thought of moving elsewhere. But when the Emperor Kwammu assumed the reins of government, he found that Nara was not a convenient place for administrative purposes. He at first moved to Nagaoka in Yamashiro, but a brief residence there convinced him that his choice had not been well guided.

At last, in 794, a new capital was built, after the model of Nara, with some modifications introduced from the metropolis of the T'ang dynasty in China, at Uda in the same province. This was called Kyōto, which means capital. It measured from north to south 17,530 feet and from east to west 15,080 feet, the whole being surrounded by moats and palisades, and the imperial palace being situated in the center of the northern portion. From the southern palace gate (_Shujaku-mon_) to the southernmost city gate (_Rajo-mon_) a long street, 280 feet wide (called _Shujaku-ōji_, or the main Shujaku thoroughfare), extended in one straight line, separating the city into two parts, of which the eastern

was designated *_Sakyō_*, or the left capital, and the western, *_Ukyō_*, or the right capital. The whole city, from east to west, was divided into nine districts (*_jo_*), and between the first and second districts lay the imperial palace.

An elaborate system of subdivision was adopted. The unit, or *_ko_* (house), was a space measuring 100 feet by 50. Eight of these units made a row (*_gyō_*); four rows, a street (*_chō_*); four streets, a *_ho_*; four *_ho_*, a *_bō_*, and four *_bō_*, a *_jo_*. The entire capital contained 1216 *_cho_* and 38,912 houses. The streets lay parallel and at right angles like the lines on a checkerboard. The imperial citadel measured 3840 feet from east to west, and 4600 feet from north to south. On each side were three gates, and in the middle stood the emperor's palace, surrounded by the buildings of the various administrative departments. This citadel was environed by double walls, and contained altogether seventeen large and five small edifices, every one of them picturesque and handsome.

Great and fine as was this metropolis, it suffered such ravages during the disturbances of succeeding centuries that the Kyōto of to-day, the "Sakyō," or Western Capital, is but a shadow of the left section of ancient times. Not even the imperial palace escaped these ravages. Again and again impaired or destroyed by conflagrations, it gradually assumed smaller and smaller dimensions until only a trace remained of the splendid edifice that had once stood in the center of the citadel. But the regularity of the streets could not be obliterated. That at least survives to tell the story of the plan on which the city was constructed. Indeed, Kyōto continued to be the seat of sovereigns for a long period, covering 1074 years, and until the capital was removed in 1869 to Tōkyō.

In the Hei-an epoch[1] were accentuated the virtues and vices of the Nara epoch. Buddhism now advanced to an even greater extent than it did then, the luxury and pomp of the court were never excelled before or since, and the control of the administrative machinery by the Fujiwara family became completed. The growth of the Buddhist church was in no small measure due to two remarkable priests, Saichō and Kūkai, both of whom studied in China the profoundest doctrines of Buddhism and gained for themselves a great reputation. Saichō founded the sect called Tendai, and built the celebrated temple Enryaku-ji, at Hiei-zan, to guarantee the imperial palace against maleficent influences from the northeast. Kūkai founded the Shingon sect, and built the not less famous temple of Kongobu-ji, at Kōya-san. Other new sects were also founded by other priests. The earlier teaching of the identity of Buddha and the Shintō deities was further extended by Saichō and Kūkai, who taught that the Buddha was the one and only divine being, and that all the gods were manifestations of him. On that basis they established a new doctrine the tenets of which mingled Shintōism and Buddhism inextricably. It was owing to the spread of this doctrine that it became a not uncommon occurrence to find Buddhist relics in a Shintō shrine, or a Shintō image in a Buddhist temple, and the names of Shintō deities were confused with

Buddhist titles. Buddhist priests wandered everywhere throughout the land preaching their doctrine and founding temples on choice sites, on high mountains or in deep dells.

To this propagandism music lent its aid, for the melody of the Buddhist chants touched the heart of the people. Devotees constantly grew in number. Many of the highest personages in the land spent great sums upon the building of temples; the consort of the Emperor Saga, for example, constructed Danrin-ji, and the Prime Minister Michinaga erected Hōjō-ji. Even in case of sickness, litanies and religious rites took the place of medicine before the science of the latter had been developed, and against all calamities of nature prayer was regarded as a talisman. It is easy to conceive that, under such circumstances, Buddhism came to exercise greater sway than even the ordinances of the sovereign himself. It should not be imagined, however, that Shintō was completely forgotten. Overshadowed by Buddhism as it was, it did not yet lose its sway. Thus we find the Emperor Saga dedicating a fane at the Kamo shrine, and the Emperor Seiwa establishing a place for the worship of Iwashimizu Hachiman at Otoko-yama. Imperial visits to these two shrines were not infrequent. Above all at the celebrated Shingu shrine in Ise, the Shintō rites were kept free from all admixture of extraneous creeds.

From the days of Kwammu downward, the sovereigns in succession encouraged learning. The university in Kyōto and the public schools in the provinces were in a flourishing condition, and many private schools sprang into existence. The patronage of great nobles was munificently exercised in the cause of education. Further, great numbers of students were engaged in compiling not only the history of the empire, but also many other works of a general character, so that learning occupied a high place in popular esteem. But unfortunately the scholarship of the age drifted into superficialities of style to the neglect of practical uses. Writers of verses applied themselves to imitating Chinese poets, and writers of prose thought only of constructing their phrases in such a manner that combinations of four ideograms should in regular alternation be followed by combinations of six--a form of composition known as the *_Shirokuheirei_* (four-and-six order). But despite this slavish adherence to valueless forms, a notable literary achievement has to be placed to the credit of the era; namely, the elaboration of the syllabaries, the *_hira-kana_* and the *_kata-kana_*. The first syllabary ever used in Japan had been the *_manyō-gana_*, in which the Chinese ideograms were used phonetically with little attention to their original meaning. But to write a Chinese ideogram for each syllable of a Japanese word involved much labor, since in many cases a single ideogram was composed of numerous strokes and dots. The difficulty was gradually lessened during the Nara epoch by the simplification of Chinese characters to such an extent that only a rudimentary skeleton of each ideogram was symbolically used to represent its sound. The syllables thus obtained were arranged in a table of fifty sounds, constituting the *_kata-kana_*. Thenceforth, instead of the pain of committing to memory thousands of ideograms, and employing them with no little toil, it became possible to record the most complex thoughts by the aid of fifty

simple symbols. Nevertheless, since the nation had come to regard Chinese literature as the classics of learning, scholars were still compelled to use Chinese ideograms and to follow Chinese rules of composition, so that the cursive forms of the Chinese characters became the recognized script of educated men. These cursive characters possessed one advantage: they were capable of considerable abbreviation within certain limits. Naturally, the facility they offered in that respect was more and more utilized, until at length their forms were modified to comparative simplicity. When the great prelate Kūkai composed, for mnemonic purposes, the rhyming syllabary which comprised all the necessary sounds without repetition, the forms of the simplified characters may be considered to have finally crystallized into the syllabary known as the _hira-kana_.

The invention of these two systems of _kana_ syllabaries gave a powerful impetus to the growth of prose writing. Many varieties of composition, fictions, diaries, travels, and fugitive sketches, were added to the literature of the time. But as men who aspired to the title of scholar continued to write in Chinese ideograms, the domain of Japanese prose was occupied, almost exclusively, by women. It is recorded of the Emperor Ichijō (987-1012 A. D.) that he boasted that, although his own abilities did not entitle him to wear the crown, his reign was not less rich in talented subjects than had been the reigns of even Daigo and Murakami, historically regarded as the best sovereigns of the whole imperial line. The boast was not unwarranted, for in that era flourished great writers of both sexes, the charm and grace of whose diction have been vainly imitated by later generations. Of these, Mura-saki-shikibu especially attracts attention, on account of her celebrated work, the "_Genji-monogatari_", a romance in fifty-four volumes. Sei-Shōnagon's name is remembered for her "_Makura-no-sōshi_", as peerless a production in literary sketches as was the "_Genji-monogatari_" in fiction.

Even more energy was expended on the production of verses than on prose writing. In the last part of the ninth century after almost a century of the sway of Chinese poetry, the tide flowed once more in the direction of Japanese verses, and they soon engrossed the minds of the noble classes. Beginning with the "_Kokinshū_", poems compiled by imperial order by Ki-no-Tsurayuki, himself a celebrated poet, no less than seven poetical compilations were made by order of the sovereigns during the rest of the Hei-an epoch, to which were still later added others to the number of twenty-one. The art of versification made a wonderful progress, but the rustic vigor and grandeur of the poems of the "_Manyō-shū_" gave place to tricks of phraseology and flowers of speech in the later poetry. Nor were poems with many stanzas approved any longer, for it became the pride of the later poets to embody clever wit and hidden charm in the space of thirty-one syllables. Thus poetry was stunted, and literary terms and the speech of everyday life unnecessarily separated each from the other.

As was so clearly reflected in poetry, the rude and unpolished but frugal and industrious habits of the Nara age disappeared as the Hei-an

epoch grew older. Instead of vigor and simple strength, luxury and effeminate gaud became the fashion. Society grew more and more enervated and self-indulgent. The metropolis was the center of magnificence and the focus of pleasure. Reference has already been made to the spaciousness and grandeur of the imperial palace. The princes and great nobles were scarcely less superbly housed, every aristocratic dwelling consisting of a number of artistically arranged buildings. There had also grown up among nobles and men of affluence the habit of choosing in the suburbs some spot noted for scenic charms, and there building for themselves retreats on which all the artistic and decorative resources of the time were lavished. As for the imperial palace, however, from the time when it was destroyed by a conflagration (960 A. D.), it suffered a steady diminution in size and splendor, whereas the mansions of the ministers of the crown grew constantly larger and more magnificent, their inmates wearing gorgeous garments of rich brocades and elaborately embroidered silks. Officials, courtiers, and their families emulated one another in the richness of their apparel. When they went abroad, they rode in carriages resplendent with gold and silver. By and by, the active discharge of official and administrative functions began to be despised by the higher classes, military training and the rude exercises of arms falling into especial disfavor. Thus it fell out that the nobles of the court, having abundant leisure, were enabled to devote their time to literary culture, the elaboration of etiquette, and the pursuit of luxurious pleasures. In the imperial court, at pleasant times in the fair seasons, on fine spring mornings or under the soft moonlight of autumn, gatherings were held at which the guests vied with one another in making music and composing poetry. There were also specially appointed festive occasions: as, for example, entertainments in April (third month of the old calendar) when wine-cups were floated down stream; or in February (first month of the old calendar) when young pines growing on the hills or in the fields were pulled up by the roots; or in the fall, to view the changing tints of the maples; the most aristocratic of all these festivities being one in which three picturesquely-decorated boats were launched upon some river or lake and filled exclusively with persons who excelled in some one of the "three accomplishments," namely, Chinese poetry, Japanese poetry, or music. In the reign of the Emperor Uda five fête days were established: New Year's Day, the third of the third month, the fifth of the fifth month, the seventh of the seventh month, and the ninth of the ninth month; to which were also added the festival of the "late moonlight" (13th of the ninth month), and the festival of "the last chysanthemums."

Of games played in-doors checkers (_go_) and a kind of dice (_sugo-roku_) were much in vogue; while the favorite outdoor sports were foot-ball, polo, and hawking, together with horse-racing and equestrian archery. At wine-feasts, various kinds of songs, some classical, some popular, were chanted with dancing, and Chinese and Japanese stanzas were composed and sung. From the end of the eleventh century personal adornment was carried so far that even men began to imitate women in the matter of painting their eye-brows and blackening their teeth, much as though they sought to disguise themselves in the likeness of the puppets

set up at the festival of the third month. Not inaptly did the wits of the time dub these mummers "lunar courtiers," or "elegants from cloud-land." On such occasions of festival and sport, men and women of noble rank mixed freely, and laxity of morals ensued. The ceremony of marriage had been duly established, but wives still continued to live in their own houses, where they received the visits of their husbands. In short, the gratification of the senses was the first object of the time, and if men thought of anything more serious, it was only the building and endowment of a temple where prayers might be said and litanies sung for the prosperity of themselves and their children in this world and their happiness in a future state.

All these circumstances should be viewed only in conjunction with the progress of the political power of the Fujiwara family. The great deeds of Kamatari and the scarcely less distinguished services of his son Fuhito established the renown of the family, and in the marriage of the Emperor Shōmu with a daughter of Fuhito we have the first instance of a procedure which afterward became common, namely the elevation of a subject to the position of imperial consort. A daughter of another Fujiwara, Fuyutsugu, became the consort of the Emperor Nimmyō, and bore him a son who afterward ascended the throne as Montoku. Thus Fuyutsugu became the reigning sovereign's grandfather on the mother's side, and the Fujiwara family occupied a position of transcendent power. This emperor married the daughter of Yoshifusa, his mother's elder brother, and had by her a son, who when only eight months old, was declared heir apparent, and ascended the throne in his ninth year under the name of Seiwa, so that in two succeeding generations one of the sovereign's grandfathers was a Fujiwara. Nor had there been another instance of the scepter coming into the hands of such a young ruler. From Yoshifusa, also, began the custom of appointing a Fujiwara to the post of _dajō daijin_ (chief minister of state), a post which not only was the highest and most respected under the sovereign, but also as a rule had been reserved for an imperial prince of unusual virtue and ability. Failing such a candidate, it had even been left vacant. Furthermore, owing to the extreme youth of the Emperor Seiwa, his grandfather Yoshifusa was appointed regent. The title of regent (_sesshō_) dates from that time. The imperial authority now passed virtually into the hands of the Fujiwara family. Seiwa abdicated after a reign of twenty-one years, and was succeeded by Yōzei, then in his tenth year only, Mototsune, adopted son of Yoshifusa, holding the offices of chief minister of state and regent. As the emperor grew older, he became addicted to pleasure and gave evidence of vicious tendencies.

Mototsune, having taken counsel of all the ministers, deposed the sovereign and placed Kōkō on the throne in his stead. This was the first instance of an emperor being dethroned by a subject, but evil as such an act was in itself, its motive in the case of Mototsune being untainted by selfish ambition, he has not incurred censure either from the men of his time or from historians. The Emperor Kōkō, being fifty-six years of age when he ascended the throne, Mototsune resigned the regency, but the sovereign was pleased to make a special rule that all affairs of state

should be conveyed to himself through the ex-regent. The latter's office was consequently called *_kwampaku_* (signifying one who receives reports prior to their transmission to the sovereign), and it became thenceforth customary to confer this post on a statesman who had resigned the regency. In effect, the *_sesshō_*, or regent, was supposed to manage the administration during the minority of an emperor, while the *_kwampaku_* discharged the same functions after the sovereign had attained his majority. The difference became nominal when the descendants of Yoshifusa and Mototsune made these two posts permanent and hereditary in their line. It seemed, indeed, as though all the highest offices of state had become the exclusive perquisite of that omnipotent family, no others being eligible except princes of the blood. No less marked were the marital relations between the imperial house and the Fujiwara, for only a daughter of the latter could become the sovereign's consort, so that every sovereign had a Fujiwara for his mother.

The power of the puissant family met a temporary check under the Emperor Uda (893-898), who selected Sugawara-no-Michizane as minister. Michizane was a descendant of Nomi-no-Sukune, and did not belong to the Fujiwara family. Reputed for high literary, calligraphic, and artistic skill, he also possessed a profound knowledge of politics. It was his fortune to manage all administrative affairs jointly with the young and keen Tokihira, son of Fujiwara Mototsune. The Emperor Uda, who took the tonsure soon afterward, left instructions to his successor Daigo, then a boy of thirteen, to consult Michizane in all important affairs of the state. Tokihira filled the office of minister of the left (the highest administrative post after that of chief minister of state then vacant), and Michizane was minister of the right. With the exception of Michizane and Kibi-no-Makibi, no man of the middle class had ever held such an important office. The ex-emperor would have had Michizane raised still higher, and urged the reigning sovereign in that sense. But this design precipitated Tokihira's resolve to contrive the downfall of a man whose great reputation with the nation and marked favor at court dimmed the prestige of the Fujiwara family. Michizane was also an object of keen jealousy to Minamoto-no-Hikaru, a son of the Emperor Nimmyō, who held the office of *_dainagon_* (vice-minister), as well as to Fujiwara-no-Sadakuni, who like Hikaru, was incomparably superior to Michizane in lineage, but inferior to him in official position. These men conspired against Michizane, and conveyed to the sovereign a false charge that the minister of the right was plotting to depose him and place his younger brother, Michizane's son-in-law, Prince Tokiyo, on the throne. Daigo believed the accusation, and reduced Michizane to the head of the Kiushū local government, a position which it had become customary to fill with disgraced officials of the imperial court. The order amounted in effect to a sentence of exile. The ex-emperor did everything in his power to save Michizane, but in vain. Hikaru succeeded to the office of minister of the right. In all this affair the members of the Fujiwara family left nothing undone to sweep away every obstacle to their own supremacy. Treating as opponents all that did not take active part with them, they contrived to have them involved in the disgrace of Michizane. The exiled minister died after two years of banishment. His

popularity had been so great that the nation was filled with grief for his unmerited sufferings, and when, after his decease, the partisans of Tokihira died one after another, and a series of calamities occurred in the capital, people did not hesitate to regard these evils as retribution inflicted by Heaven for the injustice that had been wrought. Subsequently Michizane received the posthumous honor of the first class of the first rank and the post of chief minister of state, and posterity built a shrine in Kitano to his memory, where he is worshiped to this day as the tutelary saint of learning, under the canonized name of Kitano-no-Tenjin.

After the exile of Michizane, the power of the Fujiwara family grew steadily. During a period of about a century and a half after that event, the administration was virtually in their hands.

Fujiwara-no-Tadahira occupied the post of chief minister of state, while his sons, Saneyori and Morosuke, held the offices of minister of the left and minister of the right respectively, the three highest posts in the administration being thus filled simultaneously by a father and his two sons. Among the descendants of these three nobles, those of the last-named, Morosuke, attained the greatest prosperity. It has been already noted that the Fujiwara ministers always contrived to have the sovereign choose his consort from among their daughters. Nay more, when a son was born of such a union, they had him brought up in their own house, and when he ascended the throne, the Fujiwara minister who was his grandfather became either regent or *_kwampaku_*, was recognized as the head of the Fujiwara family, and received a large grant of state land. Under these circumstances the choice of an imperial consort or the nomination of an heir apparent being synonymous with the acquisition of complete control over administrative and financial affairs, the branches of the Fujiwara family often intrigued and fought among themselves to secure the great prize. Michinaga, youngest son of Kaneie, was a man of remarkable strength of purpose and tact. He held the office of *_kwampaku_* during the reigns of three emperors, Ichijō, Sanjō, and Goichijō; his three daughters became the consorts of three successive sovereigns; he was grandfather of a reigning emperor and an heir apparent at the same time, and his power and affluence far surpassed those of the imperial house itself. To this great noble every official paid court, except Fujiwara-no-Sanesuke, who maintained his independence and was consequently relied on by the emperor. It is on record that Michinaga once composed a stanza the purport of which was that all the world seemed to have been created for his uses, and that every desire he felt was satisfied as completely as the full moon is perfectly rounded. In truth the power of the Fujiwara family culminated in his days. A contemporary writer described the conditions of the time in a work for which he found no title more appropriate than "the Story of Grandeur" ("*Eigwa Monogatari*"). With Michinaga the power of the Fujiwara may be said to have reached its zenith, for although his sons Yorimichi and Norimichi became *_kwampaku_* in succession and retained immense influence, the gradual decline of the family really began from that time.

Why the overwhelming power of the Fujiwara should have waned may only be understood as we observe the conditions of local administration. Within Kyōto reigned luxury and pomp, but without it, unrest and discontentment. The principal cause of this sharp contrast between the capital and country was the inevitable and utter failure of the system of equal land allotment upon which the great Taikwa reformation had been constructed. Uncultivated lands, however, were suffered to remain in the possession of local officials and farmers who reclaimed them. Originally the term of service for the governor of a province (*_kuni_*) was fixed at four years, but in the reign of the Empress Kōken it was extended to six. Reappointment was generally an object of keen desire to these officials. They employed every possible means to compass it, since to remain in administrative control of a province for a long period signified opportunities of appropriating extensive lands and ultimately acquiring large territorial possessions. In the case of the headman of a district (*_kōri_*), the office was originally held for life, but even that limit soon fell into neglect, and the post was handed down from father to son through many generations. To check the abuses arising out of such a state of affairs, itinerant inspectors were appointed in the reign of the Empress Gensho, who were chosen from among the ablest of the provincial governors. In a report addressed by one of them to the throne in 762, it is declared that "No such thing as justice is now executed by any provincial governor in the realm." From this time on, provincial governors not only continued to tread the old wonted paths, but their selfish arbitrariness became more unbridled in proportion as the prestige of the administration in the capital grew feebler and the official organization more lax.

Nor was the illegal practice of land-appropriation confined to rural districts, for even in the metropolis men began to obtain territorial possessions. As the living in Kyōto grew more and more luxurious, and it became difficult for the princes and higher officials to maintain their dignity by means of their regular salaries and allowances, which were paid in kind but seldom in land, they set themselves to reclaim extensive tracts of waste lands. Such lands were called *_shōyen_*, a term originally limited to lands granted to princes and ministers of state for the purpose of defraying expenditures incurred in connection with their positions, but now extended so as to apply also to land reclaimed and appropriated by these nobles. Even as early as the reigns of Kwammu and Saga the area of such estates was very great. The system of periodical redistribution had in the meantime fallen into desuetude. People were often forced to sell their lands or were evicted for their debts. It was in vain to prohibit by edict after edict the monopolization of land by the wealthy classes. Cunning people even evaded the public obligations devolving on landowners by nominally transferring their lands to powerful nobles or to temples, and themselves taking the position of stewards or superintendents. In that capacity they were called either "intendants" or "retainers," the ostensible holders of the land being known as "landlords." By degrees all the fertile districts and all the newly reclaimed lands were in that manner absorbed into the estates of the great nobles or of the temples,

and since they were thus exempted from the control of the provincial governors as well as from the necessity of paying taxes, not only the power of the local authorities, but also the revenues of the central government gradually suffered diminution.

During the reign of the Emperor Kwammu the plan was inaugurated of reducing to the rank of subjects and giving family names to such of the imperial princes as were of inferior descent on the mother's side. Kwammu's son, Saga, who had so many children that the revenue of the imperial household did not suffice to maintain them, followed the precedent established by his father, giving the name Minamoto to several of his sons. Thenceforth the device passed into a custom, and imperial princes were frequently appointed to official positions in the central or local government under the family names of Minamoto or Taira. Those who obtained the posts of provincial governors acquired large influence in the districts administered by them, their descendants becoming military chiefs with great followings of relatives and retainers. The Minamoto clan comprised no less than fourteen families, among them the descendants of the Emperor Seiwa being the most numerous and important. It was from this clan that the great Yoritomo, the first feudal ruler of Japan, subsequently sprang. The Taira, on the other hand, consisted of four families, principally descendants of the Emperor Kwammu. To them belonged the notorious tyrant Kiyomori, of whose career we shall soon be told.

The significance of the rise of the two clans, Minamoto and Taira, lies in the fact that they succeeded in gradually controlling the military forces of the nation, on the one hand, and, on the other, holding a great share of the landed estates of the country. The process of land-appropriation was similar to the one already described. The manner in which the force of arms passed from the state into the hands of the private clans must now be explained. Under the elaborate system of the Taikō laws, garrisons of fixed strength were stationed in all the provinces, and in the metropolis were guards of five kinds. Men for service in the garrisons and guards were levied by conscription from among the people, those upon whom the lot fell being required to join the nearest garrison, while a part were sent to Kiushū to defend the western coast, and another part, to the guardposts in Kyōto. Equestrian archery, the use of the sword, and the manipulation of long spears, were the arts taught to the soldiers, and for the defense of the coasts catapults also were used. The entire military organization was imposing and complete, but its real value was questionable, from the beginning. The metropolitan troops grew more and more effeminate as years of peace succeeded each other. Nor were the provincial forces of more service. As time went by, bandits and marauders pillaged the provinces in the interior, while the coasts of Nankaidō and Chūgoku were infested by pirates. It was under these circumstances that, early in the ninth century, a new bureau called the _kebūshi-chō_ with extensive police and administrative powers, was created in Kyōto, which soon began to dominate over other offices and whose branches were later established in every province for local purposes. A century later it was found

necessary to appoint inspector-generals, ōryōshi, for the eastern provinces, which were particularly restless. In the hands of these new officials, then,--the central and local kebūshi and the eastern ōryōshi--rested the real powers which neither rank nor title could resist. The new, vigorous clans of Minamoto and Taira eagerly sought after these offices, and succeeded more and more completely, as time went on, not only in controlling them, but also in acquiring a military influence far larger than they at first represented.

As local unrest grew, people who had armed themselves either for defense or for aggrandisement now came with their arms and land under the wings of the powerful clans, and became their "men." The leaders of the latter received them, fed them, and made with them a personal contract of mutual loyalty and protection. Either with the chivalrous relations between master and follower or with the compact and efficient organization of their society, the outside world had nothing else to compare. The feudal formation thus created was bound to transfigure the organization of the nation. The leaders who possessed large numbers of men and wide tracts of land were called daimyō ("great name"), and their followers, iyenoko ("servitors") or rōdō ("retainers"). The general name for the man of the sword was samurai, or "one who serves." As the military class increased in numbers, it became expedient to distinguish one house from another, and many appellations were consequently formed by suffixing to the name of a clan the name of the place where the person resided or of the hereditary office which he held. In this way originated many of the house names now used in Japan. At the same time, almost all the provinces were parceled out among the military class, especially the eastern provinces, which were the headquarters of the Minamoto. It is true that appointment of provincial governors continued to be made, but their functions were purely nominal, the so-called "governors" often idly remaining in the capital. The control of local administration now rested with the real holders of the land.

A few events illustrative of the conditions we have described may here be cited. In 939 a family of the Taira clan raised arms in the eastern provinces against the imperial authority. Taira-no-Takamochi, a great-grandson of the Emperor Kwammu, had been appointed vice-governor of the province of Kazusa. There his family gradually grew in numbers and influence, some of them becoming provincial governors. Among Takamochi's grandsons was a daring but fierce soldier, Masakado. Though of imperial descent, he obeyed the custom of the time, namely, that every samurai must obtain a livelihood by entering the service of the Fujiwara. Masakado became a vassal of Fujiwara-no-Tadahira, through whose influence he hoped to obtain the office of kebūshi. But his aspiration was not satisfied, and being incensed by failure, he returned to the province of Shimōsa, gathered a number of disaffected warriors to his standard, and made organized attacks upon the governors of the neighboring provinces. He established his headquarters at Ishii, in the district of Sashima, nominated certain of his followers to be officers of his court, after the model of the governmental system of Kyōto, and

on the strength of being descended from a sovereign, proclaimed himself emperor. In the whole course of Japanese history this is the only instance of a rebellion directed against the throne. Simultaneously with this disturbance in the eastern provinces, Fujiwara-no-Sumitomo, who held the third post in the government of Iyo province in the island of Shikoku, also rebelled. These two rebellions shook the whole empire. Yet the imperial court remained for a long time ignorant of the dangers that were impending. When finally the news reached Kyōto, it caused much consternation. A general was quickly dispatched against the rebels in the east, but before his arrival Masakado's cousin, Taira-no-Sadamori, and Fujiwara-no-Hidesato, the ōryōshi of Shimotsuke, defeated and killed Masakado. In the west, Sumitomo was able for a brief period to retain the ascendancy, but he too was ultimately defeated and taken prisoner by Ono-no-Yoshifuru and Minamoto-no-Tsunemoto, who had been sent against him. Tsunemoto was a grandson of the Emperor Seiwa and founder of the renowned clan of Minamoto. The precedent thus established, namely, that of one military clan applying itself to quell the rebellion of another, was followed in after years, with the inevitable result that the military clans became the chief factors in the state.

Ninety years later, Taira-no-Tadatsune, vice-governor of the province of Kazusa, forcibly took possession of the provinces of Kazusa and Shimōsa, but was defeated by Minamoto-no-Yorinobu, a grandson of Tsunemoto. Soon afterward local chiefs raised an insurrection in the remote northern province of Mutsu, and maintained their authority for nine years. This was followed soon after by a three-year revolt of the Kiyowara family, which threw the provinces of Mutsu and Dewa into a state of tumult. These troubles were quelled, respectively, by Yoriyoshi, the son, and Yoshiie, the grandson, of Yorinobu. Thus the influence of the Minamoto clan became paramount among the military men of the eastern provinces.

All this while, courtiers and officials of Kyōto despised administrative duties, whether civil or military, so that in the event of a disturbance or of a feud among themselves, they were driven to rely upon the military classes, thus involuntarily but surely strengthening the influence of the men whom they professed to contemn. Although the Fujiwara remained in Kyōto and filled all the important posts in the general government, their sway was only apparent. The reins of state affairs were in reality held by the military classes dispersed throughout the provinces. There were also certain singular circumstances at court which not only hastened this revolution, but also brought the military forces from the provinces into a clash in the streets of Kyōto. These circumstances, which we shall briefly describe below, were in the main owing to two causes, namely, the undue wealth and power of the Buddhist priests, and the struggle for power among different political factions in the palace. The former was largely due to the devotion of the imperial house, particularly the Emperor Shirakawa (1073-1087), who greatly depleted the treasury by erecting thousands of temples and images, and ordering the performance of rites and the giving of alms with unprecedented profusion. The priests, who had already grown rich and powerful, began to be engaged in quarrels among themselves and with

the outside world, for which purpose the greater monasteries maintained considerable military forces.

These sacerdotal soldiers were called *_sōhei_*. The principle of maintaining them was adopted at many temples, but nowhere did they exhibit such truculence as in the case of Enryaku-ji near Kyōto. When the lord high abbot of a temple was appointed, it was the custom that the priests of the temple, if they objected to the appointment, or if, subsequently, they had cause of complaint against his ministration, should appeal to the imperial court for his removal. On such occasions, it became customary for the complainants to wear armor and carry bow and spear when they submitted their grievance. They did not shrink even from attacking the residence of the prime minister. During the reign of Shirakawa, the military priests developed such lawless independence that on more than one occasion they entered Kyōto in turbulent force, dragging with them sacred cars, the sight of which restrained the hand of the martial defenders of the court. Not only against the government, but also among themselves, the temples openly used arms and caused bloodshed. It was said that there were found among these fighting priests men originally belonging to the military class, who, failing to obtain promotion in the regular routine of feudal administration, adopted the cowl as a means of working out their ambitious designs. This state of things aggrieved the Emperor Shirakawa, but he appears to have been unable to check it. On one occasion, lamenting the arbitrary conduct of the Buddhists, he said: "There are but three things in my dominions that do not obey me: the waters of the Kamo River, the dice of the 'sugoroku' game, and the priests of Buddha." Finally, the sovereign was driven to invite the Minamoto clan to defend him against the rebellious proceedings of the priests, and from that time dates an era of feuds between the followers of religion and those of the sword.

It was the same Emperor Shirakawa who instituted the peculiar system of the Camera administration (*_Insei_*), which powerfully tended to break down the last remains of the Taikwa reformation. After a reign of fourteen years he resigned in 1087, only to retain the administrative power in his hands, with his special court and special ministers. The reigning emperor and his government had few functions to discharge, as the entire control of the state affairs rested in the Camera of the ex-emperor. Shirakawa sat in the Camera till 1130, and was succeeded for twenty-eight years by the ex-Emperor Toba. All this while Buddhist soldiers behaved with the greatest lawlessness, constantly disturbing the peace of the capital, and the military class simultaneously became turbulent and vicious.

Among these scenes of tumult and violence, the court itself was torn by disputes and its corruption became a subject of public scandal. Toba had many female favorites, of whom Bifukumonin enjoyed the largest share of his affections. Being on bad terms with his eldest son, the reigning sovereign, Toba took advantage of the birth of a son by Bifukumonin to bring about the abdication of the emperor and cause his favorite's child to succeed to the throne at the age of two years. This was the Emperor

Konoye. His uncle, Fujiwara-no-Tadamichi, was appointed regent. The ex-Emperor Sutoku, being still young, was much incensed at having been obliged to abdicate, and when Konoye died after a reign of fourteen years, Sutoku desired ardently that his son, Prince Shigehito, should succeed to the throne. The Regent Tadamichi had a brother named Yoronaga, and their father's partial treatment of him had produced a feud between the brothers.

Yoronaga, active, learned, and able, then held the post of second minister of state, and strongly supported the design of the ex-Emperor Sutoku. Bifukumonin and Tadamichi, on their side, acting in concert with Toba, opposed the accession of Prince Shigehito, and alleged in objection that the untimely death of the late Emperor Konoye had resulted from sorcery practiced by Sutoku. The candidate to whom they gave their support was Goshirakawa, brother of Konoye, who was counted a youth of inferior capacity. Sutoku's anger against these proceedings was intense. Being informed just then of the death of Toba, he proceeded to the latter's palace, but the guards refused to admit him, pretending that the deceased had desired his exclusion. This insult incensed Sutoku beyond endurance. Repairing to the residence of Yoronaga, he took council with him, and finally, retiring to the Shirakawa palace, declared open war against his opponents, being bravely succored by Minamoto-no-Tameyoshi, Taira-no-Tadamasa, and their followers. Bifukumonin and Tadamichi placed the young Emperor Goshirakawa in the Higashi Sanjō palace. They counted among their chief allies Yoshitomo, the eldest son of Tameyoshi, Minamoto-no-Yorimasa, and Kiyomori, the nephew of Tadamasa. One sanguinary engagement sufficed to break the power of Sutoku. He became a priest, and was ultimately exiled to the island of Sanuki. Yoronaga died of an accidentally inflicted arrow-wound, and Tameyoshi and Tadamasa, together with many other men of note, were slain. The name of the era being thereafter changed to Hōgen, this affair was spoken of by posterity as the Hōgen Insurrection. The battle that ended the long struggle lasted for only one day, but its character and circumstances can never be forgotten. It was veritably an internecine fight; Sutoku against his brother Goshirakawa; Tadamichi against his brother Yoronaga; Tameyoshi against his son Yoshitomo; Tadamasa against his nephew Kiyomori. Men spoke in after years of this unnatural contest as the battle that destroyed human relations and ignored all the principles of morality.

The Hōgen disturbance had not long been settled when fresh troubles arose. Among the councilors of state at that era, Fujiwara-no-Michinori, who had stood high in the estimation of the Emperor Goshirakawa, was a conspicuously able politician. Even after the accession of the Emperor Nijō, Michinori continued to enjoy the imperial confidence. But he had many enemies. In connection with some private affair he had given deep umbrage to Fujiwara-no-Nobuyori, an official holding the office of _chūnagon kebūshi_ (councilor of state and chief police official), who had been a favorite of the Emperor Goshirakawa after the latter's abdication. Minamoto-no-Yoshitomo also was disaffected. Believing that his services in the Hōgen disturbance had been more meritorious than

those of Taira-no-Kiyomori, he nevertheless saw the latter rewarded with much greater liberality; and having offered his own daughter in marriage to a son of Michinori, the proposal had been abruptly declined, Michinori choosing Kiyomori's daughter in preference. Nobuyori and Yoshitomo ultimately raised the standard of revolt, in the first year of the Heiji era (1159 A. D.), and having secured the coöperation of the ex-Emperor Goshirakawa by intimidation, forced their way into the palace and obtained possession of the person of the reigning sovereign. Nobuyori then procured for himself the posts of chief minister of state and generalissimo, promoted Yoshitomo, and caused Michinori to be put to death. The revolution was short-lived. Nobuyori had not administered the affairs of state for ten days before the emperor made his escape to the mansion of Taira-no-Kiyomori and the ex-emperor fled to the temple Ninnaji. Thereupon Kiyomori with his son Shigemori attacked the insurgents and utterly routed them. Nobuyori was captured and slain. Yoshitomo succeeded in effecting his escape to Owari, but was finally put to death by the Taira adherents. All the other leaders of the rebellion and those who had prominently participated in it, were exiled. This affair is known as the Heiji Insurrection. The power of the Minamoto clan had been greatly broken in the Hōgen disturbance, when Tameyoshi and his followers fell, and the loss of Yoshitomo and his adherents in the Heiji trouble brought the great clan almost to complete ruin. Among the few of its scions who survived was Yoritomo, son of Yoshimoto. He was exiled to the eastern provinces, thence to emerge at a later date and win one of the greatest names in Japanese history.

After the quelling of the Heiji disturbance, the Taira family attained preëminent prosperity and power. The fortunes of this great house had been materially advanced by Tadanori, a brave and able captain, who enjoyed the favor of the ex-Emperor Toba. His son Kiyomori, also a man of daring and decision, raised the family's prestige still higher by his services at the Hōgen crisis, and carried it to its zenith by the conspicuous ability of his action in the Heiji disturbance. On the other hand, the rival family of Minamoto having been reduced to insignificance by the death of its chief, Yoshitomo, and by the events that immediately ensued, the whole military power of the empire came into the hands of the Taira. Kiyomori was promoted to the position of _gondainagon_ (vice-councilor of state), an event that attracted much attention. The Taira family, though of imperial lineage, had been looked down upon by the high court nobles on account of its military career, and it was considered a notable occurrence that Kiyomori should have been nominated to a post of such consequence. This was, in truth, the first instance of a military noble's participation in the administration of state affairs, and it may be regarded as the dawn of an era when they were to fall entirely under military control.

A sister of Kiyomori's wife bore a son to the ex-Emperor Goshirakawa. Kiyomori's favor at court was so great that he succeeded in getting this child named heir apparent, and he ultimately ascended the throne in 1169 as the Emperor Takakura. Throughout his reign the ex-Emperor Goshirakawa

was the actual ruler. Meanwhile, Kiyomori had steadily risen in imperial favor, until in 1167 he became chief minister of state. Shortly afterward, however, he resigned that post, and taking the tonsure, became a priest under the name of Jōkai. None the less he remained at his previous place of residence, Rokuhara, in Kyōto attending to the management of state affairs as before. From that time dates the custom subsequently followed by the military class of making Rokuhara the seat of administration.

When the influence of Kiyomori reached its zenith, he conceived the design of securing permanent official supremacy for himself and his heirs by contriving that the consort of the sovereign should be taken from his family, as had been the habit in the case of the Fujiwara. In pursuance of that project, he induced the emperor to marry his daughter. Shigemori, his son, held the important offices of lord keeper of the privy seal and generalissimo of the left, while almost the whole of his kinsmen and followers occupied prominent positions in the central and local government. The number of provinces over which the sway of the clan extended was more than thirty, and it came to be a saying of the time that a person not belonging to the Taira family was no one. The members of the Fujiwara clan could not compete with those of the Taira. Even the regent, Motofusa, and the chief minister of state, Motomichi, saw themselves reduced to comparative insignificance. Naturally such conspicuous ascendancy caused offense in many quarters, and the Court Councilor Fujiwara-no-Narichika, a favorite official of the ex-Emperor Goshirakawa, in combination with several others, elaborated a plot to overthrow the Taira sway. But the scheme was detected, and its authors and promoters were all put to death by order of Kiyomori. Having been informed that the ex-emperor had countenanced the plot, Kiyomori conceived for him a strong hatred, which was greatly accentuated when, on the death of the Taira chief's son Shigemori, the ex-emperor, after consultation with Motofusa, caused the estates of the deceased nobleman to be confiscated. Too haughty to brook such a slight Kiyomori set out from his mansion at Fukuhara, and entering Kyōto, caused the ex-emperor to be seized and confined in the Toba palace, and thirty-nine of his majesty's high officials to be dismissed at the same time.

Toward the reigning sovereign the demeanor of the Taira was so arrogant and his methods so arbitrary, that the emperor finally abdicated in favor of the crown prince, who reigned under the name of Antoku. This sovereign was the son of the retiring emperor and his mother was Kiyomori's daughter, so that the Taira then stood toward the imperial house in the same relation as that formerly occupied by the Fujiwara, with the tremendous difference, however, that the former also possessed the whole military power of the time, which gave them unprecedented influence and supremacy. Nevertheless, even among the members of a family so puissant, there were to be found some feeble nobles who had no skill in military exercises nor could boast any accomplishment except the art of composing stanzas, playing on musical instruments, or practicing some effeminate pastime.

Among the members of the Minamoto family at the time of which we write was one Yorimasa, who, incensed by the arbitrary proceedings of the Taira officials, persuaded Prince Mochihito, son of the ex-Emperor Goshirakawa and brother-in-law of the Emperor Takakura, to form an alliance with the priests of Onjō-ji and Kōfuku-ji, their object being to expel Kiyomori from court and to rescue the ex-emperor from his confinement in the Toba palace. In 1180, the prince dispatched Yukiiye, younger brother of the late Yoshitomo, to the remnants of the Minamoto in the eastern provinces, carrying an edict which summoned them to rise and overthrow the Taira family. Fortunately for the latter, the plot was discovered and at once suppressed. But the seed sown by this abortive rebellion proved beyond Kiyomori's control, for, in the same year, 1180, the exile, Minamoto-no-Yoritomo, who was destined to become the founder of the feudal government of Japan, raised a force of troops in the small island of Izu in obedience to the mandate of Prince Mochihito. Many partisans flocked to his standard from Kwantō, the former seat of Minamoto influence. Almost simultaneously, another Minamoto chief, Yoshinaka, also took the field in the prince's cause, his headquarters being at Kiso, in Shinano, where he collected a large body of soldiers. Kiyomori lost no time in dispatching a powerful army against the rebels, but his forces suffered defeat and were driven back. Henceforth, many puissant warriors of the Hokuriku region threw in their lot with the Minamoto, and the force at the latter's disposal assumed formidable dimensions. Even the great temples in the vicinity of the capital opened communications with the insurgents, which so exasperated Kiyomori that he reduced the temples to ashes and confiscated all their lands. These extreme measures served to check temporarily the active exercise of priestly power, but did not affect the prestige of the Minamoto, whose strength continued to grow rapidly. Kiyomori finally saw himself compelled to relax the ex-emperor's confinement, and even to allow him to resume an active part in the administration of state affairs. But in the year 1182 the great Taira chief was stricken by a fatal malady, and expired after a brief illness. He was succeeded by his son Munemori, who did not spare to direct all the strength of the clan against the Minamoto. But fortune shone on the latter's arms in several encounters, until, in 1183, Minamoto-no-Yoshinaka inflicted a signal defeat on the Taira forces in a pitched battle, and dividing his own army into two bodies, pushed, via the Tosan and Hokuriku routes, as far as the temple Enryaku-ji in the immediate vicinity of Kyōto, where he was secretly visited at night by the ex-Emperor Goshirakawa. The Emperor Antoku now fled westward, carrying with him the three insignia, and escorted by Munemori and the Taira forces. The imperial train reached Dazaifu, in Kiushū, where the Taira wielded great influence. Munemori was joined by all the principal warriors of the locality, and being further reinforced by many others from the island of Shikoku, found himself once more at the head of a powerful army. In Kyōto, however, another emperor was enthroned, whose coronation was conducted, for the first time in Japanese history, without the transfer of the insignia. There were thus two sovereigns simultaneously ruling, one at Kyōto and the other in Kiushū.

[Illustration: _THE ABDUCTION OF GOSHIRAKAWA, EMPEROR OF JAPAN,
BY FUJIWARA-NO-NOBUYORI IN THE YEAR 1159 A. D._]

_The illustrations or rather pictures made for the book "Heiji Monogatari," i. e., "Stories from the Year Heiji," are partially lost. The picture shown here is an illustration belonging to the chapter Sandjoden-Yakiuti (the destruction of the castle of Sandjoden by fire.) [At midnight of the ninth day of the twelfth month of the year Heiji (1159 A. D.) Fujiwara-no-Nobuyori surprised and attacked the castle Sandjoden (where the former Emperor Goshirakawa resided) with 500 cavalrymen under the General Minamoto-no-Yoshitomo. The Emperor in his fright attempted to escape, but Nobuyori, Yoshitomo, Mitsuyasu, Mitsumoto, and Suesane forced him to return in his carriage to the imperial palace.] Concerning the Monk Keion, who painted this picture, we possess very meager information, but it is hardly likely that he was born later than twenty years after the "Heiji rebellion."

Copied from the 14th number of the monthly "Kokkura" (Flora of the Land), published by order of the Society Kokkura-sha in Tokyo by Yamamoto and translated by Dr. Kitasato.

As Dr. Kitasato adds, the disturbances of the year Heiji developed from the following causes: The Emperor Goshirakawa, who had reigned since 1156, abdicated the throne in favor of his little son Nijo (1159-1166), but as regent retained the government in his own hands, living until the year 1192. At this time two families of the highest nobility, Shinsei and Nobuyori, were in political opposition. Nobuyori, jealous because Goshirakawa showed preferences to Shinsei, attacked the ex-emperor in his castle of Sandjoden, brought him as prisoner into the imperial palace, and murdered his opponent Shinsei. This rising is known as the "Heiji rebellion." The author of the "Heiji Monogatari" is supposed to be Hamura-Tokinaga, who lived in the thirteenth century A. D._

[Illustration: JAPAN]

The forces of the Taira and the Minamoto fought many battles in the Kiushū and Chūgoku districts, the gains and losses being tolerably even on both sides. But by degrees the military magnates along the Sanyō, Nankai, and Saikai lines joined the Taira army, and its strength became so irresistible that it marched back toward Kyōto, escorting Antoku. Thus the Taira saw themselves once more established at Fukuhara, to which Kiyomori had for a brief period removed the capital from Kyōto. They organized their lines of defense, making Fukuhara their base, and Ikuta and Ichinotani their eastern and western outposts, respectively.

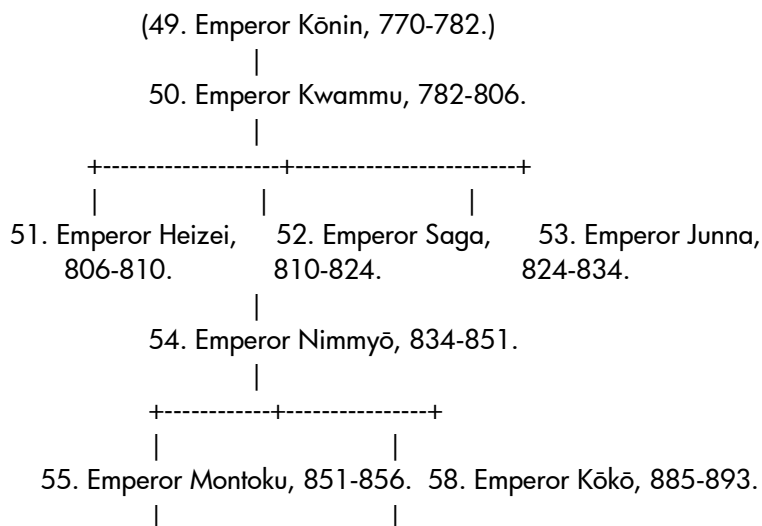
Meanwhile Yoshinaka, the Minamoto leader, had become so insolent as to be imprecated and dreaded by friend and vassal alike. He also quarreled

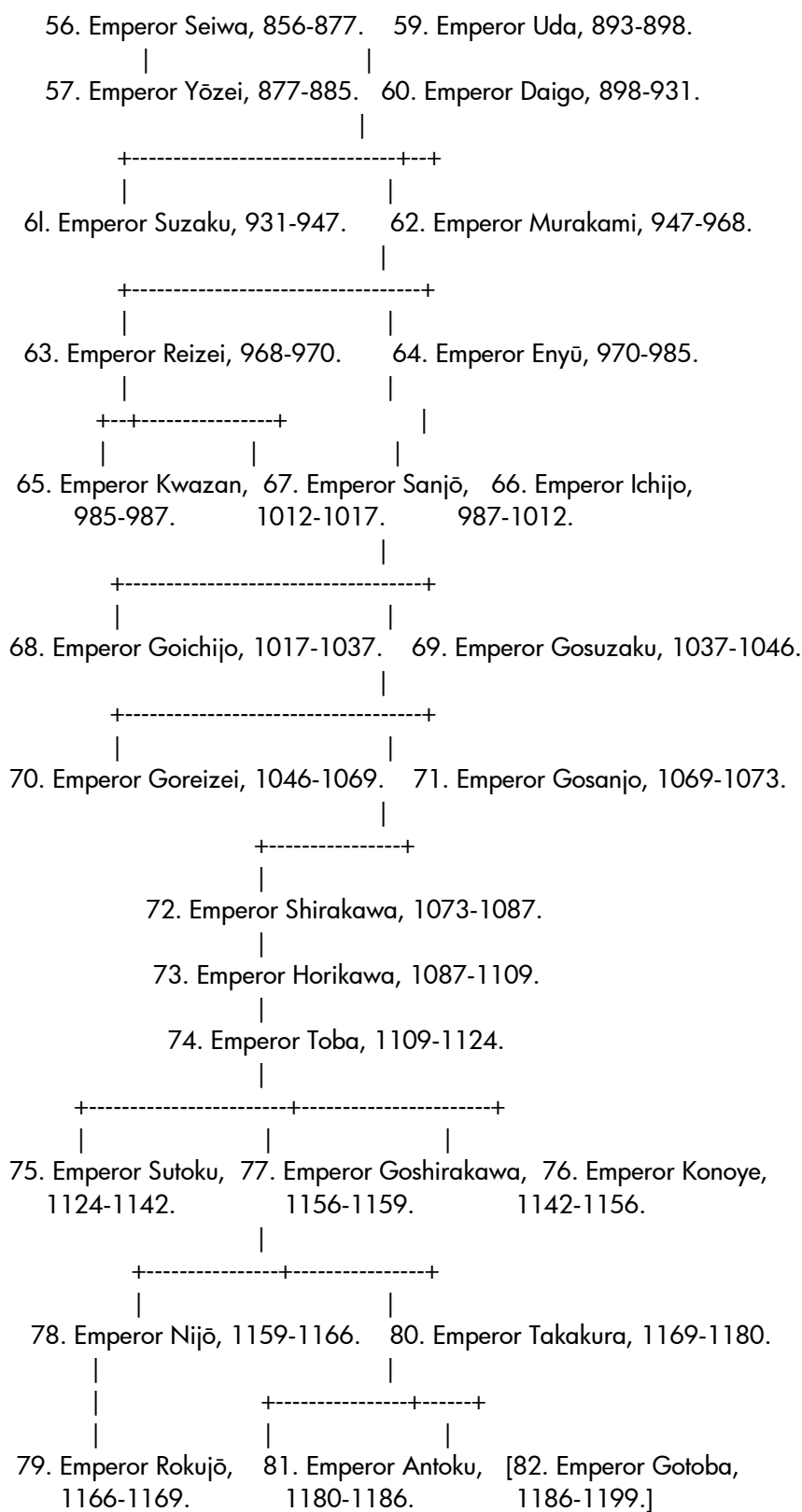
with Yoritomo, who had hitherto confined his military operations to the eastern provinces, but who now sent his two brothers, Noriyori and Yoshitsune, to attack Yoshinaka. The latter was defeated at Seta in Ise, and killed in the midst of a rice-field by a stray arrow. The victors then marched on in triumph to Ichinotani to attack the Taira. The first conflict was successful for the Minamoto. The Taira lost many a stout soldier. Munemori and the remnant of his troops retreated to Yashima, in Sanuki, continuing as before to carry with them the child emperor, Antoku. Yoshitsune's forces pursued the retreating army to Sanuki, where a fierce fight ended in the second defeat of the Taira. The latter receded still further to the bay of Dannoura in Nagato. There the decisive battle was fought, and for the third time the Taira were utterly routed. Nearly all their warriors were killed.

When the issue of the battle had ceased to be doubtful, the empress-dowager plunged into the sea with the infant emperor in her arms and bearing the sword and seal. Antoku was drowned but the Minamoto soldiers rescued his mother. The seal was afterward recovered from the sea, but the sword, which was itself a copy, was irrevocably lost. Thenceforth the sword called Hirugoza-no-tsurugi was employed for ceremonial and official purposes. The Taira chief Munemori and his son were captured and subsequently executed. Thus, after some twenty years of power and prosperity, the great Taira clan was broken and destroyed. Often in subsequent centuries men talked of the meteor-like rise of the Taira, of the extraordinary heights of autocracy and affluence to which the illustrious family attained, and of the terrible and tragic scenes that marked its rapid and final fall. "The vain house of the Taira did not endure" (ogoru Heike wa hisashikarazu), is a familiar Japanese adage suggestive at once of the moral import of the tragedy and of the swift and extreme vicissitudes of fortune which characterized those lawless ages.

FOOTNOTE:

[1] Table showing lineage and chronology of sovereigns.





GOthic HORROR

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Shadowings*, by Lafcadio Hearn

I

LONG before I had arrived at what catechisms call the age of reason, I was frequently taken, much against my will, to church. The church was very old; and I can see the interior of it at this moment just as plainly as I saw it forty years ago, when it appeared to me like an evil dream. There I first learned to know the peculiar horror that certain forms of Gothic architecture can inspire.... I am using the word "horror" in a classic sense,--in its antique meaning of ghostly fear.

On the very first day of this experience, my child-fancy could place the source of the horror. The wizened and pointed shapes of the windows immediately terrified me. In their outline I found the form of apparitions that tormented me in sleep;--and at once I began to imagine some dreadful affinity between goblins and Gothic churches. Presently, in the tall doorways, in the archings of the aisles, in the ribbings and groinings of the roof, I discovered other and wilder suggestions of fear. Even the façade of the organ,--peaking high into the shadow above its gallery,--seemed to me a frightful thing.... Had I been then suddenly obliged to answer the question, "What are you afraid of?" I should have whispered, "_Those points!_" I could not have otherwise explained the matter: I only knew that I was afraid of the "points."

Of course the real enigma of what I felt in that church could not present itself to my mind while I continued to believe in goblins. But long after the age of superstitious terrors, other Gothic experiences severally revived the childish emotion in so startling a way as to convince me that childish fancy could not account for the feeling. Then my curiosity was aroused; and I tried to discover some rational cause for the horror. I read many books, and asked many questions; but the mystery seemed only to deepen.

Books about architecture were very disappointing. I was much less impressed by what I could find in them than by references in pure fiction to the awfulness of Gothic art,--particularly by one writer's confession that the interior of a Gothic church, seen at night, gave him the idea of being inside the skeleton of some monstrous animal; and by a far-famed comparison of the windows of a cathedral to eyes, and of its door to a great mouth, "devouring the people." These imaginations explained little; they could not be developed beyond the phase of vague intimation: yet they stirred such emotional response that I felt sure they had touched some truth. Certainly the architecture of a Gothic cathedral offers strange resemblances to the architecture of bone; and the general impression that it makes upon the mind is an impression of life. But this impression or sense of life I found to be indefinable,--not a sense of any life organic, but of a life latent and

dæmonic. And the manifestation of that life I felt to be in the
pointing of the structure.

Attempts to interpret the emotion by effects of altitude and gloom and vastness appeared to me of no worth; for buildings loftier and larger and darker than any Gothic cathedral, but of a different order of architecture,--Egyptian, for instance,--could not produce a like impression. I felt certain that the horror was made by something altogether peculiar to Gothic construction, and that this something haunted the tops of the arches.

"Yes, Gothic architecture is awful," said a religious friend, "because it is the visible expression of Christian faith. No other religious architecture symbolizes spiritual longing; but the Gothic embodies it. Every part climbs or leaps; every supreme detail soars and points like fire...." "There may be considerable truth in what you say," I replied;--"but it does not relate to the riddle that baffles me. Why should shapes that symbolize spiritual longing create horror? Why should any expression of Christian ecstasy inspire alarm?..."

* * * * *

Other hypotheses in multitude I tested without avail; and I returned to the simple and savage conviction that the secret of the horror somehow belonged to the points of the archings. But for years I could not find it. At last, at last, in the early hours of a certain tropical morning, it revealed itself quite unexpectedly, while I was looking at a glorious group of palms.

Then I wondered at my stupidity in not having guessed the riddle before.

II

The characteristics of many kinds of palm have been made familiar by pictures and photographs. But the giant palms of the American tropics cannot be adequately represented by the modern methods of pictorial illustration: they must be seen. You cannot draw or photograph a palm two hundred feet high.

The first sight of a group of such forms, in their natural environment of tropical forest, is a magnificent surprise,--a surprise that strikes you dumb. Nothing seen in temperate zones,--not even the huger growths of the Californian slope,--could have prepared your imagination for the weird solemnity of that mighty colonnade. Each stone-grey trunk is a perfect pillar,--but a pillar of which the stupendous grace has no counterpart in the works of man. You must strain your head well back to follow the soaring of the prodigious column, up, up, up through abysses of green twilight, till at last--far beyond a break in that infinite interweaving of limbs and lianas which is the roof of the forest--you catch one dizzy glimpse of the capital: a parasol of emerald feathers

outspread in a sky so blinding as to suggest the notion of azure electricity.

* * * * *

Now what is the emotion that such a vision excites,--an emotion too powerful to be called wonder, too weird to be called delight? Only when the first shock of it has passed,--when the several elements that were combined in it have begun to set in motion widely different groups of ideas,--can you comprehend how very complex it must have been. Many impressions belonging to personal experience were doubtless revived in it, but also with them a multitude of sensations more shadowy,--accumulations of organic memory; possibly even vague feelings older than man,--for the tropical shapes that aroused the emotion have a history more ancient than our race.

One of the first elements of the emotion to become clearly distinguishable is the æsthetic; and this, in its general mass, might be termed the sense of terrible beauty. Certainly the spectacle of that unfamiliar life,--silent, tremendous, springing to the sun in colossal aspiration, striving for light against Titans, and heedless of man in the gloom beneath as of a groping beetle,--thrills like the rhythm of some single marvellous verse that is learned in a glance and remembered forever. Yet the delight, even at its vividest, is shadowed by a queer disquiet. The aspect of that monstrous, pale, naked, smooth-stretching column suggests a life as conscious as the serpent's. You stare at the towering lines of the shape,--vaguely fearing to discern some sign of stealthy movement, some beginning of undulation. Then sight and reason combine to correct the suspicion. Yes, motion is there, and life enormous--but a life seeking only sun,--life, rushing like the jet of a geyser, straight to the giant day.

III

During my own experience I could perceive that certain feelings commingled in the wave of delight,--feelings related to ideas of power and splendor and triumph,--were accompanied by a faint sense of religious awe. Perhaps our modern æsthetic sentiments are so interwoven with various inherited elements of religious emotionalism that the recognition of beauty cannot arise independently of reverential feeling. Be this as it may, such a feeling defined itself while I gazed;--and at once the great grey trunks were changed to the pillars of a mighty aisle; and from altitudes of dream there suddenly descended upon me the old dark thrill of Gothic horror.

Even before it died away, I recognized that it must have been due to some old cathedral-memory revived by the vision of those giant trunks uprising into gloom. But neither the height nor the gloom could account for anything beyond the memory. Columns tall as those palms, but supporting a classic entablature, could evoke no sense of disquiet

resembling the Gothic horror. I felt sure of this,--because I was able, without any difficulty, to shape immediately the imagination of such a façade. But presently the mental picture distorted. I saw the architrave elbow upward in each of the spaces between the pillars, and curve and point itself into a range of prodigious arches;--and again the sombre thrill descended upon me. Simultaneously there flashed to me the solution of the mystery. I understood that the Gothic horror was a _horror of monstrous motion_,--and that it had seemed to belong to the points of the arches because the idea of such motion was chiefly suggested by the extraordinary angle at which the curves of the arching touched.

* * * * *

To any experienced eye, the curves of Gothic arching offer a striking resemblance to certain curves of vegetal growth;--the curves of the palm-branch being, perhaps, especially suggested. But observe that the architectural form suggests more than any vegetal comparison could illustrate! The meeting of two palm-crests would indeed form a kind of Gothic arch; yet the effect of so short an arch would be insignificant. For nature to repeat the strange impression of the real Gothic arch, it were necessary that the branches of the touching crests should vastly exceed, both in length of curve and strength of spring, anything of their kind existing in the vegetable world. The effect of the Gothic arch depends altogether upon the intimation of energy. An arch formed by the intersection of two short sprouting lines could suggest only a feeble power of growth; but the lines of the tall mediæval arch seem to express a crescent force immensely surpassing that of nature. And the horror of Gothic architecture is not in the mere suggestion of a growing life, but in the suggestion of an energy supernatural and tremendous.

* * * * *

Of course the child, oppressed by the strangeness of Gothic forms, is yet incapable of analyzing the impression received: he is frightened without comprehending. He cannot divine that the points and the curves are terrible to him because they represent the prodigious exaggeration of a real law of vegetal growth. He dreads the shapes because they seem alive; yet he does not know how to express this dread. Without suspecting why, he feels that this silent manifestation of power, everywhere pointing and piercing upward, is not natural. To his startled imagination, the building stretches itself like a phantasm of sleep,--makes itself tall and taller with intent to frighten. Even though built by hands of men, it has ceased to be a mass of dead stone: it is infused with Something that thinks and threatens;--it has become a shadowing malevolence, a multiple goblinry, a monstrous fetish!

THE HOUSE AND ITS FURNITURE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Private Life of the Romans*, by
Harold Whetstone Johnston

REFERENCES: Marquardt, 213-250, 607-645; Göll, II, 213-417; Guhl and Koner, 556-580, 676-688, 705-725; Ramsay, 516-521; Pauly-Wissowa, _atrium_, _compluvium_; Smith, Harper, Rich, under _domus_, _murus_, _tegula_, and the other Latin words used in the text; Lübker, 507-509; Baumeister, 1365 f., 631, 927 f., 1373 f.; Mau-Kelsey, 239-348, 361-373, 446-474; Overbeck, 244-376, 520-537; Gusman, 253-316.

§186. Domus.--The house with which we are concerned is the residence (_domus_) of the single household, as opposed to lodging houses or apartment houses (_insulae_) intended for the accommodation of several families, and the residence, moreover, of the well-to-do citizen, as opposed on the one hand to the mansion of the millionaire and on the other to the hovels of the very poor. At the same time it must be understood that the Roman house did not show as many distinct types as does the American house of the present time. The Roman was naturally conservative, he was particularly reluctant to introduce foreign ideas, and his house in all times and of all classes preserved certain main features essentially unchanged. The proportion of these might vary with the size and shape of the lot at the builder's disposal, the number of apartments added would depend upon the means and tastes of the owner, but the kernel, so to speak, is always the same, and this makes the general plan much less complex, the description much less confusing.

§187. Our sources of information are unusually abundant. Vitruvius, an architect and engineer of the time of Caesar and Augustus, has left a work on building, giving in detail his own principles of construction; the works of many of the Roman writers contain either set descriptions of parts of houses or at least numerous hints and allusions that are collectively very helpful; and finally the ground plans of many houses have been uncovered in Rome and elsewhere, and in Pompeii we have even the walls of some houses left standing. There are still, however, despite the fullness and authority of our sources, many things in regard to the arrangement and construction of the house that are uncertain and disputed (§12, end).

§188. The Development of the House.--The primitive Roman house came from the Etruscans. It goes back to the simple farm life of early times, when all members of the household, father, mother, children, and dependents, lived in one large room together. In this room the meals were cooked, the table spread, all indoor work performed, the sacrifices offered to the Lares (§27), and at night a space cleared in which to spread the hard beds or pallets. The primitive house had no chimney, the smoke escaping through a hole in the middle of the roof.

Rain could enter where the smoke escaped, and from this fact the hole was called the *_impluvium_*; just beneath it in later times a basin (*_compluvium_*) was hollowed out in the floor to catch the water for domestic purposes. There were no windows, all natural light coming through the *_impluvium_* or, in pleasant weather, through the open door. There was but one door, and the space opposite it seems to have been reserved as much as possible for the father and mother. Here was the hearth, where the mother prepared the meals, and near it stood the implements she used in spinning and weaving; here was the strong box (*_arca_*), in which the master kept his valuables, and here their couch was spread.

[Illustration: FIGURE 35. CINERARY URN]

[Illustration: FIGURE 36. PLAN OF HOUSE]

§189. The outward appearance of such a house is shown in the Etruscan cinerary urns (Fig. 35; see also Smith, I, 668; Schreiber, LIII, 5; Baumeister, Fig. 146) found in various places in Italy. The ground plan is a simple rectangle, as shown in Figure 36, without partitions. This may be regarded as historically and architecturally the kernel of the Roman house; it is found in all of which we have any knowledge. Its very name (*_ātrium_*), denoting originally the whole house, was also preserved, as is shown in the names of certain very ancient buildings in Rome used for religious purposes, the *_ātrium Vestae_*, the *_ātrium Libertātis_*, etc., but afterwards applied to the characteristic single room. The name was once supposed to mean "the black (*_āter_*) room," but many scholars recognize in it the original Etruscan word for house.

[Illustration: FIGURE 37. PLAN OF HOUSE]

§190. The first change in the primitive house came in the form of a shed or "lean-to" on the side of the *_ātrium_* opposite the door. It was probably intended at first for merely temporary purposes, being built of wooden boards (*_tabulae_*), and having an outside door and no connection with the *_ātrium_*. It could not have been long, however, until the wall between was broken through, and this once done and its convenience demonstrated, the partition wall was entirely removed, and the second form of the Roman house resulted (Fig. 37). This improvement also persisted, and the *_tablinum_* is found in all the houses from the humblest to the costliest of which we have any knowledge.

[Illustration: FIGURE 38. PLAN OF HOUSE]

§191. The next change was made by widening the *_ātrium_*, but in order that the roof might be more easily supported walls were erected along the lines of the old *_ātrium_* for about two-thirds of its depth. These may have been originally mere pillars, as nowadays in our cellars, not continuous walls. At any rate, the *_ātrium_* at the end next the

tablinum was given the full width between the outside walls, and the additional spaces, one on each side, were called _ālae_. The appearance of such a house as seen from the entrance door must have been much like that of an Anglican or Roman Catholic church. The open space between the supporting walls corresponded to the nave, the two _ālae_ to the transepts, while the bay-like _tablinum_ resembled the chancel. The space between the outside walls and those supporting the roof was cut off into rooms of various sizes, used for various purposes (Fig. 38). So far as we know they received light only from the _ātrium_, for no windows are assigned to them by Roman writers, and none are found in the ruins, but it is hardly probable that in the country no holes were made for light and air, however considerations of privacy and security may have influenced builders in the towns. From this ancient house we find preserved in its successors all opposite the entrance door: the _ātrium_ with its _ālae_ and _tablinum_, the _impluvium_ and _compluvium_. These are the characteristic features of the Roman house, and must be so regarded in the description which follows of later developments under foreign influence.

[Illustration: FIGURE 39. PLAN OF HOUSE]

§192. The Greeks seem to have furnished the idea next adopted by the Romans, a court at the rear of the _ātrium_, open to the sky, surrounded by rooms, and set with flowers, trees, and shrubs. The open space had columns around it, and often a fountain in the middle (Fig. 39). This court was called the _peristylum_ or _peristylum_. According to Vitruvius its breadth should have exceeded its depth by one-third, but we do not find these or any other proportions strictly observed in the houses that are known to us. Access to the _peristylum_ from the _ātrium_ could be had through the _tablinum_, though this might be cut off from it by folding doors, and by a narrow passage[1] by its side. The latter would be naturally used by servants and by others who did not wish to pass through the master's room. Both passage and _tablinum_ might be closed on the side of the _ātrium_ by portières. The arrangement of the various rooms around the court seems to have varied with the notions of the builder, and no one plan for them can be laid down. According to the means of the owner there were bedrooms, dining-rooms, libraries, drawing-rooms, kitchen, scullery, closets, private baths, together with the scanty accommodations necessary even for a large number of slaves. But no matter whether these rooms were many or few they all faced the court, receiving from it light and air, as did the rooms along the sides of the _ātrium_. There was often a garden behind the court.

[Footnote 1: This passage is called _faucēs_ in the older books. Mau has shown that the _faucēs_ was on the entrance side of the _ātrium_. He calls the passage by the _tablinum_ the _andrōn_.]

[Illustration: FIGURE 40. PLAN OF HOUSE]

§193. The next change took place in the city and town house only, because it was due to conditions of town life that did not obtain in the country. In ancient as well as in modern times business was likely to spread from the center of the town into residence districts, and it often became desirable for the owner of a dwelling-house to adapt it to the new conditions. This was easily done in the case of the Roman house on account of the arrangement of the rooms. Attention has already been called to the fact that the rooms all opened to the interior of the house, that no windows were placed in the outer walls, and that the only door was in front. If the house faced a business street, it is evident that the owner could, without interfering with the privacy of his house or decreasing its light, build rooms in front of the *_ātrium_* for commercial purposes. He reserved, of course, a passageway to his own door, narrower or wider according to the circumstances. If the house occupied a corner, such rooms might be added on the side as well as in front (Fig. 40), and as they had no necessary connection with the interior they might be rented as living-rooms, as such rooms often are in our own cities. It is probable that rooms were first added in this way for business purposes by an owner who expected to carry on some enterprise of his own in them, but even men of good position and considerable means did not hesitate to add to their incomes by renting to others these disconnected parts of their houses. All the larger houses uncovered in Pompeii are arranged in this manner. One occupying a whole square and having rented rooms on three sides is described in §208. Such a detached house was called an *_insula_*.

§194. The Vestibulum.--Having traced the development of the house as a whole and described briefly its permanent and characteristic parts, we may now examine these more closely and at the same time call attention to other parts introduced at a later time. It will be convenient to begin with the front of the house. The city house was built even more generally than now on the street line. In the poorer houses the door opening into the *_ātrium_* was in the front wall, and was separated from the street only by the width of the threshold. In the better sort of houses, those described in the last section, the separation of the *_ātrium_* from the street by the row of stores gave opportunity for arranging a more imposing entrance. A part at least of this space was left as an open court, with a costly pavement running from the street to the door, adorned with shrubs and flowers, with statuary even, and trophies of war, if the owner was rich and a successful general. This courtyard was called the *_vestibulum_*. The derivation of the word is disputed, but it probably comes from *_ve-*, "apart," "separate," and *_stāre_* (cf. *_prōstibulum_* from *_prōstāre_*), and means "a private standing place"; other explanations are suggested in the dictionaries. The important thing to notice is that it does not correspond at all to the part of a modern house called after it the vestibule. In this *_vestibulum_* the clients gathered, before daybreak perhaps (§182), to wait for admission to the *_ātrium_*, and here the *_sportula_* was doled out to them. Here, too, was arranged the wedding procession (§86), and here was marshaled the train that escorted the boy to the forum the

day that he put away childish things (§128). Even in the poorer houses the same name was given to the little space between the door and the edge of the sidewalk.

[Illustration: FIGURE 41. MOSAIC DOG]

§195. The Ostium.--The entrance to the house was called the *_ōstium_*. This includes the doorway and the door itself, and the word is applied to either, though *_forēs_* and *_iānua_* are the more precise words for the door. In the poorer houses (§194) the *_ōstium_* was directly on the street, and there can be no doubt that it originally opened directly into the *_ātrium_*; in other words, the ancient *_ātrium_* was separated from the street only by its own wall. The refinement of later times led to the introduction of a hall or passageway between the *_vestibulum_* and the *_ātrium_*, and the *_ōstium_* opened into this hall and gradually gave its name to it. The threshold (*_līmen_*) was broad, the door being placed well back, and often had the word *_salvē_* worked on it in mosaic. Over the door were words of good omen, *_Nihil intret malū_*, for example, or a charm against fire. In the great houses where an *_ōstīārius_* or *_iānitor_* (§150) was kept on duty, his place was behind the door, and sometimes he had here a small room. A dog was often kept chained in the *_ōstium_*, or in default of one a picture was painted on the wall or worked in mosaic on the floor (Fig. 41) with the warning beneath it: *_Cavē canem!_* The hallway was closed on the side of the *_ātrium_* with a curtain (*_vēlūm_*). This hallway was not so long that through it persons in the *_ātrium_* could not see passers-by in the street.

[Illustration: FIGURE 42. IMPLUVIUM IN TUSCAN ATRIUM]

[Illustration: FIGURE 43. SECTION OF TUSCAN ATRIUM]

§196. The Atrium.--The *_ātrium_* (§188) was the kernel of the Roman house, and to it was given the appropriate name *_cavum aedium_*. It is possible that this later name belonged strictly to the unroofed portion only, but the two words came to be used indiscriminately. The old view that the *_cavum aedium_* was a middle court between the *_ātrium_* and the *_peristylum_* is still held by a few scholars, but is not supported by the monumental evidence (§187). The most conspicuous features of the *_ātrium_* were the *_impluvium_* and the *_compluvium_* (§188). The water collected in the latter was carried into cisterns; over the former a curtain could be drawn when the light was too intense, as over a photographer's skylight nowadays. We find that the two words were carelessly used for each other by Roman writers. So important was the *_impluvium_* to the *_ātrium_*, that the latter was named from the manner in which the former was constructed. Vitruvius tells us that there were four styles. The first was called the *_ātrium Tūscanicum_*. In this the roof was formed by two pairs of beams crossing each other at right angles, the inclosed space being left uncovered and thus forming the *_impluvium_* (Figs. 42, 43). The name (§188) as well as the simple construction shows that this was the

earliest form of the *atrium*, and it is evident that it could not be used for rooms of very large dimensions. The second was called the *atrium tetrastylon*. The beams were supported at their intersections by pillars or columns. The third, *atrium Corinthium*, differed from the second only in having more than four supporting pillars. It is probable that these two similar styles came in with the widening of the *atrium* (§191). The fourth was called the *atrium displuviatum*. In this the roof sloped toward the outer walls, as shown in the cinerary urn mentioned in §189, and the water was carried off by gutters on the outside, the *compluvium* collecting only so much as actually fell into it from the heavens. We are told that there was another style of *atrium*, the *testudinatum*, which was covered all over and had neither *impluvium* nor *compluvium*. We do not know how this was lighted; perhaps by windows in the *alae*.

[Illustration: FIGURE 44. SMALL HOUSE AT POMPEII]

§197. The Change in the Atrium.--The *atrium* as it was in the early days of the Republic has been described in §188. The simplicity and purity of the family life of that period lent a dignity to the one-room house that the vast palaces of the late Republic and Empire failed utterly to inherit. By Cicero's time the *atrium* had ceased to be the center of domestic life; it had become a state apartment used only for display. We do not know the successive steps in the process of change. Probably the rooms along the sides (§191) were first used as bedrooms, for the sake of greater privacy. The need of a detached room for the cooking must have been felt as soon as the *peristylum* was adopted (it may well be that the court was originally a kitchen garden), and then of a dining-room convenient to it. Then other rooms were added about this court and these were made sleeping-apartments for the sake of still greater privacy. Finally these rooms were needed for other purposes (§192) and the sleeping-rooms were moved again, this time to an upper story. When this second story was added we do not know, but it presupposes the small and costly lots of a city. Even the most unpretentious houses in Pompeii have in them the remains of staircases (Fig. 44).

[Illustration: FIGURE 45. ATRIUM IN HOUSE OF SALLUST IN POMPEII]

§198. The *atrium* was now fitted up with all the splendor and magnificence that the owner's means would permit. The opening in the roof was enlarged to admit more light, and the supporting pillars (§196) were made of marble or costly woods. Between these pillars and along the walls statues and other works of art were placed. The *compluvium* became a marble basin, with a fountain in the center, and was often richly carved or adorned with figures in relief. The floors were mosaic, the walls painted in brilliant colors or paneled with marbles of many hues, and the ceilings were covered with ivory and gold. In such a hall (Fig. 45) the host greeted his guests (§185), the patron received his clients (§182), the husband welcomed his wife (§89), and here his body lay in state when the pride of life was over.

[Illustration: FIGURE 46. RUINS OF THE HOUSE OF THE POET IN POMPEII]

§199. Still some memorials of the older day were left in even the most imposing _ātrium_. The altar to the Lares and Penates remained near the place where the hearth had been, though the regular sacrifices were made in a special chapel in the _peristylum_. In even the grandest houses the implements for spinning were kept in the place where the matron had once sat among her maidservants (§§86, 105), as Livy tells us in the story of Lucretia. The cabinets retained the masks of simpler and may be stronger men (§107), and the marriage couch stood opposite the _ōstium_ (hence its other name, _lectus adversus_), where it had been placed on the wedding night (§89), though no one slept in the _ātrium_. In the country much of the old-time use of the _ātrium_ survived even Augustus, and the poor, of course, had never changed their style of living. What use was made of the small rooms along the sides of the _ātrium_, after they had ceased to be bedchambers, we do not know; they served perhaps as conversation rooms, private parlors, and drawing-rooms.

§200. The Alae.--The manner in which the _ālae_, or wings, were formed has been explained (§191); they were simply the rectangular recesses left on the right and left of the _ātrium_, when the smaller rooms on the sides were walled off. It must be remembered that they were entirely open to the _ātrium_, and formed a part of it, perhaps originally furnishing additional light from windows in their outer walls. In them were kept the _imāginēs_, as the wax busts of those ancestors who had held curule offices were called, arranged in cabinets in such a way that, by the help of cords running from one to another and of inscriptions under each of them, their relation to each other could be made clear and their great deeds kept in mind. Even when Roman writers or those of modern times speak of the _imāginēs_ as in the _ātrium_, it is the _ālae_ that are intended.

[Illustration: FIGURE 47. VIEW FROM THE ATRIUM]

§201. The Tablinum.--The probable origin of the _tablinum_, has been explained above (§190), and its name has been derived from the material (_tabulae_, "planks") of the "lean-to," perhaps a summer kitchen, from which it developed. Others think that the room received its name from the fact that in it the master kept his account books (_tabulae_) as well as all his business and private papers. He kept here also the money chest or strong box (_arca_), which in the olden time had been chained to the floor of the _ātrium_, and made the room in fact his office or study. By its position it commanded the whole house, as the rooms could be entered only from the _ātrium_ or _peristylum_, and the _tablinum_ was right between them. The master could secure entire privacy by closing the folding doors which cut off the private court, or by pulling the curtains across the opening into the great hall. On the other hand, if the _tablinum_ was left open, the guest entering the _ōstium_ must have had a charming vista,

commanding at a glance all the public and semi-public parts of the house (Fig. 47). Even when the *_tablinum_* was closed, there was free passage from the front of the house to the rear through the short corridor (§192) by the side of the *_tablinum_*. It should be noticed that there was only one such passage, though the older authorities assert that there were two.

[Illustration: FIGURE 48. THE PERISTYLE FROM HOUSE IN POMPEII]

[Illustration: FIGURE 49. ROOF OF PERISTYLE]

§202. The Peristyle.--The *_peristylum_* or *_peristylum_* was adopted, as we have seen (§192), from the Greeks, but despite the way in which the Roman clung to the customs of his fathers it was not long in becoming the more important of the two main sections of the house. We must think of a spacious court (Fig. 48) open to the sky, but surrounded by a continuous row of buildings, or rather rooms, for the buildings soon became one, all facing it and having doors and latticed windows opening upon it. All these buildings had covered porches on the side next the court (Fig. 49), and these porches forming an unbroken colonnade on the four sides were strictly the peristyle, though the name came to be used of the whole section of the house, including court, colonnade, and surrounding rooms. The court was much more open to the sun than the *_ātrium_*, and all sorts of rare and beautiful plants and flowers bloomed and flourished in it, protected by the walls from cold winds. Fountains and statuary adorned the middle part; the colonnade furnished cool or sunny promenades, no matter what the time of day or the season of the year. Loving the open air and the charms of nature as the Romans did, it is no wonder that they soon made the peristyle the center of their domestic life in all the houses of the better class, and reserved the *_ātrium_* for the more formal functions which their political and public position demanded (§197). It must be remembered that there was often a garden behind the peristyle, and there was also very commonly a direct connection with the street.

[Illustration: FIGURE 50. KITCHEN RANGE]

[Illustration: FIGURE 51. LATRINA]

§203. Private Rooms.--The rooms surrounding the court varied so much with the means and tastes of the owners of the houses that we can hardly do more than give a list of those most frequently mentioned in literature. It is important to remember that in the town house all these rooms received their light by day from the court (§193), while in the country there may well have been windows and doors in the exterior wall (§191). First in importance comes the kitchen (*_culīna_*), placed on the side of the court opposite the *_tablinum_*. It was supplied with an open fireplace for roasting and boiling, and with a stove (Fig. 50) not unlike the charcoal affairs still used in Europe. Near it was the bakery, if the mansion required one, supplied

with an oven. Near it, too, was the bathhouse (*_lātrīna_*) with the necessary closet, in order that all might use the same connection with the sewer (Fig. 51). If the house had a stable, it was also put near the kitchen, as nowadays in Latin countries.

[Illustration: FIGURE 52. DINING-ROOM IN COURT]

§204. The dining-room (*_trīclīnium_*) may be mentioned next. It was not necessarily in immediate juxtaposition to the kitchen, because the army of slaves (§149) made its position of little importance so far as convenience was concerned. It was customary to have several *trīclīnia* for use at different seasons of the year, in order that the room might be warmed by the sun in winter, and in summer escape its rays. Vitruvius thought that its length should be twice its breadth, but the ruins show no fixed proportions. The Romans were so fond of the air and the sky that the court must have often served as a dining-room, and Horace has left us a charming picture of the master dining under an arbor attended by a single slave. Such an outdoor dining-room is found in the so-called House of Sallust at Pompeii (Fig. 52).

[Illustration: FIGURE 53. BEDROOM]

§205. The sleeping-rooms (*_cubicula_*) were not considered so important by the Romans as by us, for the reason, probably, that they were used merely to sleep in and not for living-rooms as well. They were very small and the furniture was scant (Fig. 53) in even the best houses. Some of these seem to have had anterooms in connection with the *_cubicula_*, which were probably occupied by attendants (§150), and in even the ordinary houses there was often a recess for the bed. Some of the bedrooms seem to have been used merely for the midday siesta (§122), and these were naturally situated in the coolest part of the court; they were called *_cubicula diurna_*. The others were called by way of distinction *_cubicula nocturna_* or *_dormitōria_*, and were placed so far as possible on the west side of the court in order that they might receive the morning sun. It should be remembered that in the best houses the bedrooms were preferably in the second story of the peristyle.

§206. A library (*_bibliothēca_*) had a place in the house of every Roman of education. Collections of books were large as well as numerous, and were made then as now by persons even who cared nothing about their contents. The books or rolls, which will be described later, were kept in cases or cabinets around the walls, and in one library discovered in Herculaneum an additional rectangular case occupied the middle of the room. It was customary to decorate the room with statues of Minerva and the Muses, and also with the busts and portraits of distinguished men. Vitruvius recommends an eastern aspect for the *_bibliothēca_*, probably to guard against dampness.

[Illustration: FIGURE 54. CHAPEL IN HOUSE]

§207. Besides these rooms, which must have been found in all good houses, there were others of less importance, some of which were so rare that we scarcely know their uses. The *sacrarium* was a private chapel (Fig. 54) in which the images of the gods were kept, acts of worship performed, and sacrifices offered. The Lar or tutelary divinity of the house seems, however, to have retained his ancient place in the *atrium*. The *oeci* were halls or saloons, corresponding perhaps to our parlors and drawing-rooms, used occasionally, it may be, for banquet halls. The *exedrae* were rooms supplied with permanent seats which seem to have been used for lectures and similar entertainments. The *solarium* was a place to bask in the sun, sometimes a terrace, often the flat roof of the house, which was then covered with earth and laid out like a garden and made beautiful with flowers and shrubs. Besides these there were, of course, sculleries, pantries, and storerooms. The slaves had to have their quarters (*cellae servorum*), in which they were packed as closely as possible. Cellars under the houses seem to have been rare, though some have been found at Pompeii.

[Illustration: FIGURE 55. HOUSE OF PANSA]

§208. The House of Pansa.--Finally we may describe a house that actually existed, taking as an illustration one that must have belonged to a wealthy and influential man, the so-called House of Pansa at Pompeii (Fig. 55; and see also Overbeck's *Pompeii*, p. 325; Harper, p. 549; Becker, II, p. 214; Smith, I, p. 681; Schreiber, LIII, 16; the various plans are slightly different). The house occupied an entire square, facing a little east of south. Most of the rooms on the front and sides were rented out for shops or stores; in the rear was a garden. The rooms that did not belong to the house proper are shaded in the plan here given. The *vestibulum*, marked 1 in the plan, is the open space between two of the shops (§193). Behind it is the *ostium* (1'), with a figure of a dog (§195) in mosaic, opening into the *atrium* (2, 2) with three rooms on each side, the *alae* (2', 2') being in the regular place, the *compluvium* (3) in the middle, the *tablinum* (4) opposite the *ostium*, and the passage on the eastern side (5). The *atrium* is of the *Tuscanicum* style (§196), and is paved with concrete; the *tablinum* and the passage have mosaic floors. From these, steps lead down into the court, which is lower than the *atrium*, measures 65 by 50 feet, and is surrounded by a colonnade with sixteen pillars. There are two rooms on the side next the *atrium*, one of these (6) has been called the *bibliotheca* (§206), because a manuscript was found in it, but its purpose is uncertain; the other (6') was possibly a dining-room. The court has two projections (7', 7') much like the *alae*, which have been called *exedrae* (§207); it will be noticed that one of these has the convenience of an exit (§202) to the street. The rooms on the west and the small room on the east can not be definitely named. The large room on the east (T) is the main dining-room (§204), the remains of the dining couches being marked on the plan. The kitchen is at the northwest corner (13), with the stable (14) next to it (§203, end);

off the kitchen is a paved yard (15) with a gateway into the street by which a cart could enter. East of the kitchen and yard is a narrow passage connecting the peristyle with the garden (§202). East of this are two rooms, the larger of which (9) is one of the most imposing rooms of the house, 33 by 24 feet in size, with a large window guarded by a low balustrade, and opening into the garden. This was probably an *_oecus_* (§207). In the center of the court is a basin about two feet deep, the rim of which was once decorated with figures of water plants and fish. Along the whole north end of the house ran a long veranda (16, 16), overlooking the garden (11, 11) in which was a sort of summer house (12). The house had an upper story, but the stairs leading to it are in the rented rooms, suggesting that the upper floor was not occupied by Pansa's family.

[Illustration: FIGURE 56. SECTION OF THE HOUSE OF PANSA IN POMPEII]

§209. Of the rooms facing the street it will be noticed that one, lightly shaded in the plan, is connected with the *_ātrium_*; it was probably used for some business conducted by Pansa himself (§193, end), possibly with a slave (§144) or a freedman (§175) in immediate charge of it. Of the others the suites on the east side (A, B) seem to have been rented out as living apartments. The others were shops and stores. The four connected rooms on the west, near the front, seem to have been a large bakery; the room marked C was the salesroom, with a large room opening off of it containing three stone mills, troughs for kneading the dough, a water tap with sink, and a recessed oven. The uses of the others are uncertain. The section plan (Fig. 56) represents the appearance of the house if all were cut away on one side of a line drawn from front to rear through the middle of the house. It is, of course, largely conjectural, but gives a clear idea of the general way in which the division walls and roof must have been arranged.

[Illustration: FIGURE 57. WALL OF ROMULUS]

§210. The Walls.--The materials of which the wall (*_pariēs_*) was composed varied with the time, the place, and the cost of transportation. Stone and unburned bricks (*_laterēs crūdī_*) were the earliest materials used in Italy, as almost everywhere else, timber being employed for merely temporary structures, as in the addition (§190) from which the *_tablinum_* developed. For private houses in very early times and for public buildings in all times, walls of dressed stone (*_opus quadrātum_*) were laid in regular courses, precisely as in modern times (Fig. 57). Over the wall was spread a coating of fine marble stucco for decorative purposes, which gave it a finish of dazzling white. For less pretentious houses, not for public buildings, the sun-dried bricks were largely used up to about the beginning of the first century B.C. These, too, were covered with the stucco, for protection against the weather as well as for decoration, but even the hard stucco has not preserved walls of this perishable material to our times. In classical times a new material had come into use, better

than either brick or stone, cheaper, more durable, more easily worked and transported, which was employed almost exclusively for private houses, and very generally for public buildings. Walls constructed in the new way (*opus caementicium*) are variously called "rubble-work" or "concrete" in our books of reference, but neither term is quite descriptive; the *opus caementicium* was not laid in courses, as is our rubble-work, while on the other hand larger stones were used in it than in the concrete of which walls for buildings are now constructed.

[Illustration: FIGURE 58. METHOD OF CASTING CONCRETE WALLS]

§211. *Paries Caementicius*.--The materials varied with the place. At Rome lime and volcanic ashes (*lapis Puteolānus*) were used with pieces of stone as large or larger than the fist. Brickbats sometimes took the place of stone, and sand (§146) that of the volcanic ashes; potsherds crushed fine were better than the sand. The harder the stones the better the concrete; the very best was made with pieces of lava, the material with which the roads were generally paved. The method of forming the concrete walls was the same as that of modern times, familiar to us all in the construction of sidewalks. It will be easily understood from the illustration (Fig. 58). Upright posts, about 5 by 6 inches thick, and from 10 to 15 feet in height, were fixed about 3 feet apart along the line of both faces of the intended wall. On the outside of these were nailed horizontally boards, 10 or 12 inches wide, overlapping each other. Into the intermediate space the semi-fluid concrete was poured, receiving the imprint of posts and boards. When the concrete had hardened, the frame-work was removed and placed on top of it and the work continued until the wall had reached the required height. Walls made in this way varied in thickness from a seven-inch partition wall in an ordinary house to the eighteen-foot walls of the Pantheon of Agrippa. They were far more durable than stone walls, which might be removed stone by stone with little more labor than was required to put them together; the concrete wall was a single slab of stone throughout its whole extent, and large parts of it might be cut away without diminishing the strength of the rest in the slightest degree.

[Illustration: FIGURE 59. WALL FACINGS]

[Illustration: FIGURE 60. BRICK FOR FACING WALL]

§212. *Wall Facings*.--Impervious to the weather though these walls were, they were usually faced with stone or kiln-burned brick (*laterēs cocti*). The stone employed was usually the soft tufa, not nearly so well adapted to stand the weather as the concrete itself. The earliest fashion was to take bits of stone having one smooth face but of no regular size or shape and arrange them with the smooth faces against the frame-work as fast as the concrete was poured in; when the frame-work was removed the wall presented the appearance shown at A in Fig. 59. Such a wall was called *opus incertum*. In later times the tufa was used in small blocks having the smooth face square and of a

uniform size. A wall so faced looked as if covered with a net (B in Fig. 59) and was therefore called *_opus reticulatum_*. A section at a corner is shown at C. In either case the exterior face of the wall was usually covered with a fine limestone or marble stucco, which gave a hard finish, smooth and white. The burned bricks were triangular in shape, but their arrangement and appearance can be more easily understood from the illustration (Fig. 60) than from any description that could be given here. It must be noticed that there were no walls made of *_lateres cocti_* alone, even the thin partition walls having a core of concrete.

§213. Floors and Ceilings.--In the poorer houses the floor (*_solum_*) of the first story was made by smoothing the ground between the walls, covering it thickly with small pieces of stone, bricks, tile, and potsherds, and pounding all down solidly and smoothly with a heavy rammer (*_fistuca_*). Such a floor was called *_pavimentum_*, and the name came gradually to be used of floors of all kinds. In houses of a better sort the floor was made of stone slabs fitted smoothly together. The more pretentious houses had concrete floors, made as has been described. Floors of upper stories were sometimes made of wood, but concrete was used here, too, poured over a temporary flooring of wood. Such a floor was very heavy, and required strong walls to support it; examples are preserved of the thickness of eighteen inches and a span of twenty feet. A floor of this kind made a perfect ceiling for the room below, requiring only a finish of stucco. Other ceilings were made much as they are now, laths being nailed on the stringers or rafters and covered with mortar and stucco.

[Illustration: FIGURE 61. HUT OF ROMULUS]

[Illustration: FIGURE 62. TILE FOR ROOF]

[Illustration: FIGURE 63. TILE ROOF]

§214. Roofs.--The construction of the roofs (*_tecta_*) differed very little from the modern method, as may be seen in the illustration shown in §196. They varied as much as ours do in shape, some being flat, others sloping in two directions, others in four. In the most ancient times the covering was a thatch of straw, as in the so-called hut of Romulus (*_casa Rōmuli_*) on the Palatine Hill preserved even under the Empire as a relic of the past (Fig. 61). Shingles followed the straw, only to give place in turn to tiles. These were at first flat, like our shingles, but were later made with a flange on each side (Fig. 62) in such a way that the lower part of one would slip into the upper part of the one below it on the roof. The tiles (*_tēgulae_*) were laid side by side and the flanges covered by other tiles, called *_imbricēs_* (Fig. 63) inverted over them. Gutters also of tile ran along the eaves to conduct the water into cisterns, if it was needed for domestic purposes. The appearance of the completed roof is shown in Fig. 49, §202.

[Illustration: FIGURE 64. DOOR OF ROMAN HOUSE]

§215. The Doors.--The Roman doorway, like our own, had four parts: the threshold (*_līmen_*), the two jambs (*_postēs_*), and the lintel (*_līmen superum_*). The lintel was always of a single piece of stone and peculiarly massive. The doors were exactly like those of modern times, except in the matter of hinges, for while the Romans had hinges like ours they did not use them on their doors. The door-hinge was really a cylinder of hard wood, a little longer than the door and of a diameter a little greater than the thickness of the door, terminating above and below in pivots. These pivots turned in sockets made to receive them in the threshold and lintel. To this cylinder the door was mortised, their combined weight coming upon the lower pivot. The cut (Fig. 64) makes this clear, and reminds one of an old-fashioned homemade gate. The comedies are full of references to the creaking of these doors.

§216. The outer door of the house was properly called *_iānua_*, an inner door *_ōstium_*, but the two words came to be used indiscriminately, and the latter was even applied to the whole entrance (§195). Double doors were called *_forēs_*, and the back door, usually opening into a garden (§208), was called the *_posticum_*. The doors opened inwards and those in the outer wall were supplied with bolts (*_pessulī_*) and bars (*_serae_*). Locks and keys by which the doors could be fastened from without were not unknown, but were very heavy and clumsy. Finally it should be noticed that in the interiors of private houses doors were not nearly so common as now, the Romans preferring portières (*_vēla_*, *_aulaea_*).

[Illustration: FIGURE 65. WINDOW]

§217. The Windows.--In the principal rooms of the house the windows opened on the court, as has been seen, and it may be set down as a rule that in rooms situated on the first floor and used for domestic purposes there were no windows opening on the street. In the upper floors there must have been windows on the street in such apartments as had no outlook on the court, as in those for example above the rented rooms in the House of Pansa (§208). Country houses may also have had outside windows in the first story (§203). All the windows (*_fenestrae_*) were small (Fig. 65), hardly larger than three feet by two. Some were provided with shutters, which were made to slide backward and forward in a frame-work on the outside of the wall. These shutters were sometimes in two parts moving in opposite directions, and when closed were said to be *_iūnctae_*. Other windows were latticed, and others still were covered with a fine network to keep out mice and other objectionable animals. Glass was known to the Romans of the Empire but was too expensive for general use. Talc and other translucent materials were also employed in window frames as a protection against cold, but only in very rare instances.

[Illustration: FIGURE 66. STOVE FOR HEATING]

§218. Heating.--Even in the mild climate of Italy the houses must often have been too cold for comfort. On merely chilly days the occupants probably contented themselves with moving into rooms warmed by the direct rays of the sun (§204), or with wearing wraps or heavier clothing. In the more severe weather of actual winter they used charcoal stoves or braziers of the sort that is still used in the countries of southern Europe. They were merely metal boxes (Fig. 66) in which hot coals could be put, with legs to keep the floors from injury and handles by which they could be carried from room to room. They were called *_foculi_*. The wealthy had furnaces resembling ours under their houses, the heat being carried to the rooms by tile pipes; in some instances the partitions and floors seem to have been made of hollow tiles, through which the hot air circulated, warming the rooms without being admitted to them. These furnaces had chimneys, but furnaces were seldom used.

§219. Water Supply.--All the important towns of Italy had abundant supplies of water piped from hills and brought sometimes from a considerable distance. The Romans' aqueducts were among their most stupendous and most successful works of engineering. Mains were laid down the middle of the streets and from these the water was piped into the houses. There was often a tank in the upper part of the house, from which the water was distributed as it was needed. It was not usually carried into many of the rooms, but there was always a jet or fountain in the court (§202), in the bathhouse, the garden, and the closet. The bathhouse had a separate heating apparatus of its own, which kept the room or rooms at the desired temperature and furnished hot water as required.

§220. Decoration.--The outside of the house was left severely plain, the walls being merely covered with stucco, as we have seen (§212). The interior was decorated to suit the tastes and means of the owner, not even the poorer houses lacking charming effects in this direction. At first the stucco-finished walls were merely marked off into rectangular panels (*_abaci_*), which were painted deep, rich colors, reds and yellows predominating. Then in the middle of these panels simple center-pieces were painted and the whole surrounded with the most brilliant arabesques. Then came elaborate pictures, figures, interiors, landscapes, etc., of large size and most skillfully executed, all painted directly upon the wall, as in some of our public buildings to-day. Illustrations of these decorations may be found in Baumeister II, L, and LI, and in colors in Gusman IX-XI, Kelsey XI. A little later the walls began to be covered with panels of thin slabs of marble with a baseboard and cornice. Beautiful effects were produced by combining marbles of different tints, and the Romans ransacked the world for striking colors. Later still came raised figures of stucco work, enriched with gold and colors, and mosaic work, chiefly of minute pieces of colored glass which had a jewel-like effect.

[Illustration: FIGURE 67. MOSAIC THRESHOLD]

[Illustration: FIGURE 68. CARVED DOORWAY]

§221. The doors and doorways gave opportunities for treatment equally artistic. The doors were richly paneled and carved, or were plated with bronze, or made of solid bronze. The threshold was often of mosaic (see the example from Pompeii in Fig. 67). The *postēs* were sheathed with marble elaborately carved, as in the example from Pompeii, shown in Fig. 68. The floors were covered with marble tiles arranged in geometrical figures with contrasting colors, much as they are now in public buildings, or with mosaic pictures only less beautiful than those upon the walls. The most famous of these, "Darius at the Battle of Issus," is shown in black and white in all our reference books (best in Baumeister under *Mosaik*, Fig. 1000, and in colors in Overbeck after p. 612). It measures sixteen feet by eight, but despite its size has no less than one hundred and fifty separate pieces to each square inch. The ceilings were often barrel-vaulted and painted brilliant colors, or were divided into panels (*lacūs*, *lacūnae*), deeply sunk, by heavy intersecting beams of wood or marble, and then decorated in the most elaborate manner with raised stucco work, or gold or ivory, or with bronze plates heavily gilded.[2]

[Footnote 2: The magnificence of some of the great houses, even in Republican times, may be inferred from the prices paid for them. Cicero paid about \$140,000 for his; the consul Messala the same price for his; Clodius \$600,000 for his, the most costly known to us. All these were on the Palatine Hill, where ground was costly, too.]

§222. Furniture.--Our knowledge of Roman furniture is largely indirect, because only such articles have come down to us as were made of stone or metal. Fortunately the secondary sources are abundant and good. Many articles are incidentally described in works of literature, many are shown in the wall paintings mentioned above (§220), and some have been restored from casts taken in the hardened ashes of Pompeii and Herculaneum. In general we may say that the Romans had very few articles of furniture in their houses, and that they cared less for comfort, not to say luxurious ease, than they did for costly materials, fine workmanship, and artistic forms. The mansions on the Palatine were enriched with all the spoils of Greece and Asia, but it may be doubted whether there was a comfortable bed within the walls of Rome.

§223. Principal Articles.--Many of the most common and useful articles of modern furniture were entirely unknown to the Romans. No mirrors hung on their walls, they had no desks or writing tables, no dressers or chiffoniers, no glass-doored cabinets for the display of bric-a-brac, tableware, or books, no mantels, no hat-racks even. The principal articles found in even the best houses were couches or beds, chairs, tables, and lamps. If to these we add chests or cabinets, an occasional brazier (§218), and still rarer water-clock, we shall have

everything that can be called furniture except tableware and kitchen utensils. Still it must not be thought that their rooms presented a desolate or dreary appearance. When one considers the decorations (§§220, 221), the stately pomp of the *atrium* (§198), and the rare beauty of the peristyle (§202), it is evident that a very few articles of real artistic excellence were more in keeping with them than would have been the litter and jumble that we now think necessary in our rooms.

[Illustration: FIGURE 69. THE LECTUS]

§224. The Couches.--The couch (*lectus*, *lectulus*) was found everywhere in the Roman house, a sofa by day, a bed by night. In its simplest form it consisted of a frame of wood with straps across the top on which was laid a mattress. At one end there was an arm, as in the case of our sofas; sometimes there was an arm at each end, and a back besides. It was always provided with pillows and rugs or coverlets. The mattress was originally stuffed with straw, but this gave place to wool and even feathers. In some of the bedrooms of Pompeii the frame seems to have been lacking, the mattress being laid on a support built up from the floor (§205). The couches used for beds seem to have been larger than those used as sofas, and they were so high that stools (Fig. 69) or even steps were necessary accompaniments. As a sofa the *lectus* was used in the library for reading and writing, the student supporting himself on the left arm and holding the book or writing with the right hand. In the dining-room it had a permanent place, as will be described later. Its honorary position in the great hall has been already mentioned (§199). It will be seen that the *lectus* could be made highly ornamental. The legs and arms were carved or made of costly woods, or inlaid or plated with tortoise-shell or the precious metals. We even read of frames of solid silver. The coverings were often made of the finest fabrics, dyed the most brilliant colors and worked with figures of gold.

[Illustration: FIGURE 70. THE SELLA]

[Illustration: FIGURE 71. CURULE CHAIRS]

§225. The Chairs.--The primitive form of seat (*sedile*) among the Romans as elsewhere was the stool or bench with four perpendicular legs and no back. The remarkable thing is that it did not give place to something better as soon as means permitted. The stool (*sella*) was the ordinary seat for one person (Fig. 70), used by men and women resting or working, and by children and slaves at their meals as well. The bench (*subsellium*) differed from the stool only in accommodating more than one person. It was used by senators in the *cūria*, by the jurors in the courts, and by boys in the school (§120), as well as in private houses. A special form of the *sella* was the famous curule chair (*sella curūlis*), having curved legs of ivory (Fig. 71). The curule chair folded up like our camp-stools for convenience of carriage and had straps across the top to support the cushion which

formed the seat.

[Illustration: FIGURE 72. THE SOLIUM]

[Illustration: FIGURE 73. CATHEDRA]

§226. The first improvement upon the *_sella_* was the *_solium_*, a stiff, straight, high-backed chair with solid arms, looking as if cut from a single block of wood (Fig. 72), and so high that a footstool was as necessary with it as with a bed (§224). Poets represented gods and kings as seated in such a chair, and it was kept in the *_ātrium_* for the use of the patron when he received his clients (§§182, 198). Lastly, we find the *_cathedra_*, a chair without arms, but with a curved back (Fig. 73) sometimes fixed at an easy angle (*_cathedra supīna_*), the only approximation to a comfortable seat that the Romans knew. It was at first used by women only, being regarded as too luxurious for men, but finally came into general use. Its employment by teachers in the schools of rhetoric (§115) gave rise to the expression *_ex cathedrā_*, applied to authoritative utterances of every kind, and its use by bishops explains our word cathedral. Neither the *_solium_* nor the *_cathedra_* was upholstered, but with them both were used cushions and coverings as with the *_lecti_*, and they afforded like opportunities for skillful workmanship and lavish decoration.

[Illustration: FIGURE 74. MENSA DELPHICA]

[Illustration: FIGURE 75. ADJUSTABLE TABLE]

§227. Tables.--The table (*_mēnsa_*) was the most important article of furniture in the Roman house whether we consider its manifold uses, or the prices often paid for certain kinds. They varied in form and construction as much as our own, many of which are copied directly from Roman models. All sorts of materials were used for their supports and tops, stone, wood, solid or veneered, the precious metals, probably in thin plates only. The most costly, so far as we know, were the round tables made from cross-sections of the citrus-tree, found in Africa. The wood was beautifully marked and single pieces could be had from three to four feet in diameter. For one of these Cicero paid \$20,000, Asinius Pollio \$44,000, King Juba \$52,000, and the family of the Cethegi possessed one valued at \$60,000. Special names were given to tables of certain forms. The *_monopodium_* was a table or stand with but one support, used especially to hold a lamp or toilet articles. The *_abacus_* was a table with a rectangular top having a raised rim and used for plate and dishes, in the place of the modern sideboard. The *_delphica_* (sc. *_mēnsa_*) had three legs, as shown in Fig. 74. Tables were frequently made with adjustable legs, so that the height might be altered; the mechanism is clearly shown in the cut (Fig. 75). On the other hand the permanent tables in the *_trīclīnia_* (§204) were often built up from the floor of solid masonry or concrete, having tops of polished stone or mosaic. The table gave a better opportunity than even the couch or chair for artistic workmanship, especially in

the matter of carving and inlaying the legs and top.

[Illustration: FIGURE 76. VARIOUS FORMS OF LAMPS]

§228. The Lamps.--The Roman lamp (*_lucerna_*) was essentially simple enough, merely a vessel that would hold oil or melted grease with a few threads twisted loosely together for a wick and drawn out through a hole in the cover or top (Fig. 76). The light thus furnished must have been very uncertain and dim. There was no glass to keep the flame steady, much less was there a chimney or central draft. As works of art, however, they were exceedingly beautiful, those of the cheapest material being often of graceful form and proportions, while to those of costly material the skill of the artist in many cases must have given a value far above that of the rare stones or precious metals of which they were made.

[Illustration: FIGURE 77. BASES FOR LAMPS]

[Illustration: FIGURE 78. CANDELABRA]

§229. Some of these lamps (cf. Fig. 76) were intended to be carried in the hand, as shown by the handles, others to be suspended from the ceiling by chains. Others still were kept on tables expressly made for them, as the *_monopodia_* (§227) commonly used in the bedrooms, or the tripods shown in Fig. 77. For lighting the public rooms there were, besides these, tall stands, like those of our piano lamps, examples of which may be seen in the last cut (Fig. 78). On some of these, several lamps perhaps were placed at a time. The name of these stands (*_candelābra_*) shows that they were originally intended to hold wax or tallow candles (*_candelāe_*), and the fact that these candles were supplanted in the houses of the rich by the smoking and ill-smelling lamp is good proof that the Romans were not skilled in the art of making them. Finally it may be noticed that a supply of torches (*_facēs_*) of dry, inflammable wood, often soaked in oil or smeared with pitch, was kept near the outer door for use upon the streets.

[Illustration: FIGURE 79. STRONG BOX]

§230. Chests and Cabinets.--Every house was supplied with chests (*_ārcae_*) of various sizes for the purpose of storing clothes and other articles not always in use, and for the safe keeping of papers, money, and jewelry. The material was usually wood, often bound with iron and ornamented with hinges and locks of bronze. The smaller *_ārcae_*, used for jewel cases, were often made of silver or even gold. Of most importance, perhaps, was the strong box kept in the *_tablinum_* (§201), in which the *_pater familiās_* stored his ready money. It was made as strong as possible so that it could not easily be opened by force, and was so large and heavy that it could not be carried away entire. As an additional precaution it was sometimes chained to the floor. This, too, was often richly carved and mounted, as is seen in the illustration from Pompeii (Fig. 79).

§231. The cabinets (*_armāria_*) were designed for similar purposes and made of similar materials. They were often divided into compartments and were always supplied with hinges and locks. Two of the most important uses of these cabinets have been mentioned already: in the library (§206) for the preserving of books against mice and men, and in the *_ālae_* (§200) for the keeping of the *_imāginēs_*, or death-masks of wax. It must be noticed that they lacked the convenient glass doors of the cabinets or cases that we use for books and similar things, but they were as well adapted to decorative purposes as the other articles of furniture that have been mentioned.

§232. Other Articles.--The heating stove, or brazier, has been already described (§218). It was at best a poor substitute for the poorest modern stove. The place of our clock was taken in the court or garden by the sun-dial (*_sōlārium_*), such as is often seen nowadays in our parks, which measured the hours of the day by the shadow of a stick or pin. It was introduced into Rome from Greece in 268 B.C. About a century later the water-clock (*_clepsydra_*) was also borrowed from the Greeks, a more useful invention because it marked the hours of the night as well as of the day and could be used in the house. It consisted essentially of a vessel filled at a regular time with water, which was allowed to escape from it at a fixed rate, the changing level marking the hours on a scale. As the length of the Roman hours varied with the season of the year and the flow of the water with the temperature, the apparatus was far from accurate. Shakspeare's striking of the clock in "Julius Caesar" (II, i, 192) is an anachronism. Of the other articles sometimes reckoned as furniture, the tableware and kitchen utensils, some account will be given elsewhere.

[Illustration: FIGURE 80. A STREET IN POMPEII]

[Illustration: FIGURE 81. A PUBLIC FOUNTAIN]

[Illustration: FIGURE 82. STEPPING-STONES]

§233. The Street.--It is evident from what has been said that a residence street in a Roman town must have been severely plain and monotonous in its appearance. The houses were all of practically the same style, they were finished alike in stucco (§212), the windows were few and in the upper stories only, there were no lawns or gardens, there was nothing in short to lend variety or to please the eye, except perhaps the decorations of the *_vestibula_* (§194), or the occasional extension of one story over another (*_maeniānum_*, Fig. 80), or a public fountain (Fig. 81). The street itself was paved, as will be explained hereafter, and was supplied with a footway on either side raised from twelve to eighteen inches above its surface. The inconvenience of such a height to persons crossing from one footway to the other was relieved by stepping-stones (*_pondera_*) of the same height firmly fixed at suitable distances from each other across the street. These stepping-stones were placed at convenient points on each

street, not merely at the intersections of two or more streets. They were usually oval in shape, had flat tops, and measured about three feet by eighteen inches, the longer axis being parallel with the walk. The spaces between them were often cut into deep ruts by the wheels of vehicles, the distance between the ruts showing that the wheels were about three feet apart. The arrangement of the stepping-stones is shown clearly in Fig. 82, but it is hard to see how the draft-cattle managed to work their way between them.

DIET AND HYGIENE FOR BRAIN WORKERS.

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Dora Cathrine Cristine Liebel Roper

Proper growth and activity of the brain and nervous system are promoted by a healthy flow of blood. Pure air and sufficient food properly combined and proportioned are essential. Choose more of the lighter forms of protein and starchy foods, as fish, eggs, almonds, green peas, bacon, a moderate amount of lamb and beef, rice, sago, wheat, and vegetable gelatines. Foods rich in minerals are celery, apples, tomatoes, greens, oranges, and practically all the fresh fruits and vegetables, especially the small berries. Melons and starchy vegetables in large quantities are suitable for muscular workers. Use as little as possible of so-called pure chemical substances, such as refined sugar and flour.

Avoid poisonous beverages, tobacco and all forms of drugs. Sleep at least nine hours in a well ventilated room, facing east or south. Avoid constipation. Combine mental work with moderate amounts of useful and enjoyable exercise and physical work. Protect the eyes from strong artificial light. Keep the feet warm. Relax before and after meals. A certain amount of manual labor is absolutely necessary for the brain-worker. It favors deep breathing and creates a demand for more air and water, and thus improves digestion, oxidation and nutrition. The body poisons are carried off quicker and nervous headaches and despondency are avoided. Short walks out of doors before retiring are very beneficial for people who suffer with cold hands and feet.

Dress by an open fire or in a sunny room. A chill before breakfast produces indigestion and a desire for unnecessary hot foods. Never sleep by night lamps or any other artificial light. They are injurious to the eyes and absorb oxygen.

Avoid fresh breads, inferior cakes and pastry. Do not eat unless you are hungry. Do not over-indulge in athletic or any other kind of exercise. Remember that natural feeding, pure air and sufficient sleep call for natural breathing and

natural exercise. Unnatural feeding and late hours create disease or nervousness.

Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The International Jewish Cook Book* by Florence Kreisler Greenbaum

HECHT (PICKEREL)

This fish is best prepared "scharf." Clean your fish thoroughly and salt the day previous; wrap it in a clean towel and lay it on ice until wanted. Line a kettle with celery and parsley roots; cut up an onion, add a lump of fresh butter, and pack the fish in the kettle, head first, either whole or cut up; sprinkle a little salt and white pepper over all and add about a dozen peppercorns; put on enough water to just cover, and add a whole lemon cut in slices. Do not let the fish boil quickly. Add about a dozen pounded almonds. By this time the fish will be ready to turn, then beat up the yolks of two eggs in a bowl, to be added to the sauce after the fish is boiled. Try the fish with a fork and if the meat loosens readily it is done. Take up each piece carefully, if it has been cut up, and arrange on a large platter, head first and so on, make the fish appear whole, and garnish with the slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley; then mince up some parsley and garnish top of the fish, around the lemon slices. Thicken the gravy by adding the beaten yolks, add a tablespoon of cold water to the yolks before adding to the boiling sauce; stir, remove from the fire at once and pour over the fish. If you prefer the sauce strained, then strain before adding the yolks of the eggs and almonds.

Haddock, sea-bass, pike, perch, weakfish and porgies may be cooked "scharf."

FISH WITH HORSERADISH SAUCE

Clean three pounds of fresh salmon, bone, salt and let stand several hours. Place in fish kettle with boiling salt water (one teaspoon of salt to one quart of water), and let boil one-half hour or until well cooked. Lift out carefully, place on hot platter and pour over one-fourth cup of melted butter and sprinkle well with one tablespoon of parsley. Serve in a separate bowl the following sauce; a large spoonful with each portion of fish: Peel one-half pound of horseradish root, grate and mix well with one pint of cream beaten stiff. The fish must be hot and the sauce cold.

BAKED CHOPPED HERRING

Soak herring one hour in water and then one and a half in sweet milk,

skin, bone and chop; cut up a medium-sized onion, fry in butter until golden brown, add a cup of cream, two egg yolks and one-fourth cup of white bread crumbs, then put in a little more cream. Butter pan, sprinkle with crumbs or cracker dust, then put in herring, pepper slightly. Bake in moderate oven three-quarters of an hour.

MARINIRTE (PICKLED) HERRING

Take new Holland herring, remove the heads and scales, wash well, open them and take out the milch and lay the herring and milch in milk or water over night. Next day lay the herring in a stone jar with alternate layers of onions cut up, also lemon cut in slices, a few cloves, whole peppers and a few bay leaves, some capers and whole mustard seed. Take the milch and rub it through a hair sieve, the more of them you have the better for the sauce; stir in a spoon of brown sugar and vinegar and pour it over the herring.

SALT HERRING

Soak salt herring over night in cold water, that the salt may be drawn out. Drain and serve with boiled potatoes, or bone and place in kettle of cold water, let come to a boil and let simmer a few minutes until tender, drain and pour melted butter over them and serve hot with boiled or fried potatoes.

SOUSED HERRING

Split and half three herrings, roll and tie them up. Place them in a pie plate, pour over them a cup of vinegar, add whole peppers, salt, cloves to taste and two bay leaves. Bake in a slow oven until soft (about twenty minutes).

HORSERADISH SAUCE, No. 1

Grate a good-sized stick of horseradish; take some soup stock and a tablespoon of fat, salt and pepper to taste, a little grated stale bread, a few pounded almonds. Let all boil up and then add the meat.

HORSERADISH SAUCE, No. 2

Heat one tablespoon of fat in a frying-pan, when hot cut up one-quarter of an onion in it, and fry light brown, then brown one tablespoon cracker meal or flour and add two tablespoons of grated horseradish; let this brown a bit, then add some soup stock, one tablespoon of brown sugar, two cloves, two bay leaves, salt, pepper and two tablespoons of vinegar. Let cook a few minutes then add one more tablespoon of horseradish and if necessary a little more sugar or vinegar. Lay the

meat in this sauce and cover on back of stove until ready to serve. If gas stove is used, place over the simmering flame.

BAKED HASH

Mix together one cup of chopped meat, one cup of cold mashed potatoes, one-half an onion, minced, one well-beaten egg and one-half cup of soup stock. Season rather highly with salt, if unsalted meat is used, paprika and celery salt, turn into greased baking dish and bake for twenty minutes in a well-heated oven. The same mixture may be fried, but will not taste as good.

VEGETABLE HASH

Hash may be made with one or many vegetables and with or without the addition of meat and fish. Potato is the most useful vegetable for hash, because it combines well with meat or other vegetables. The vegetables must be chopped fine, well seasoned with salt and pepper, and parsley, onion, chives or green pepper if desired, and moistened with stock, milk or water, using a quarter of a cup to a pint of hash. Melt one-half tablespoon of butter or savory drippings in a pan; put in the hash, spreading it evenly and dropping small pieces of butter or drippings over the top. Cover the pan; let the hash cook over a moderate fire for half an hour; fold over like an omelet and serve. If properly cooked there will be a rich brown crust formed on the outside of the hash.

HUCKLEBERRY DUMPLINGS

Take a loaf of stale bread; cut off the crust and soak in cold water, then squeeze dry. Beat three eggs light, yolks and whites together add one quart berries and mix all together with a little brown sugar and a pinch of salt. Boil steadily one hour, serve with hard sauce.

HUCKLEBERRY PIE

Clean, pick and wash two cups of huckleberries, then drain them. Beat yolk of one egg and two tablespoons of sugar until light, add one tablespoon of milk, then the drained berries. Line one pie-plate with rich pastry or cookie dough, pour on it the berry mixture, put in the oven and bake light brown; remove from the oven, spread with a meringue made of the white of the egg beaten stiff, and two tablespoons of sugar added. Brown nicely. The white can be beaten with the yolk and sugar, if preferred.

Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Mrs. Beeton's Dictionary of Every-Day Cookery*, by Isabella Mary Beeton

HERB POWDER, for Flavouring when Fresh Herbs are not obtainable.

Ingredients.—1 oz. of dried lemon-thyme, 1 oz. of dried winter savory, 1 oz. of dried sweet marjoram and basil, 2 oz. of dried parsley, 1 oz. of dried lemon-peel. **_Mode._**—Prepare and dry the herbs, pick the leaves from the stalks, pound them, and sift them through a hair sieve; mix in the above proportions, and keep in glass bottles, carefully excluding the air. This we think a far better method of keeping herbs, as the flavour and fragrance do not evaporate so much as when they are merely put in paper bags. Preparing them in this way, you have them ready for use at a moment's notice. Mint, sage, parsley, &c., dried, pounded, and each put into separate bottles, will be found very useful in winter.

HERBS, to Dry, for Winter Use.

On a very dry day, gather the herbs, just before they begin to flower. If this is done when the weather is damp, the herbs will not be so good a colour. (It is very necessary to be particular in little matters like this, for trifles constitute perfection, and herbs nicely dried will be found very acceptable when frost and snow are on the ground. It is hardly necessary, however, to state that the flavour and fragrance of fresh herbs are incomparably finer.) They should be perfectly freed from dirt and dust, and be divided into small bunches, with their roots cut off. Dry them quickly in a very hot oven, or before the fire, as by this means most of their flavour will be preserved, and be careful not to burn them; tie them up in paper bags, and keep in a dry place. This is a very general way of preserving dried herbs; but we would recommend the plan described in a former recipe. **_Seasonable._**—From the month of July to the end of September is the proper time for storing herbs for winter use.

HIDDEN MOUNTAIN, The (a pretty Supper Dish).

Ingredients.—6 eggs, a few slices of citron, sugar to taste, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of cream, a layer of any kind of jam. **_Mode._**—Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately; then mix them and beat well again, adding a few thin slices of citron, the cream, and sufficient pounded sugar to sweeten it nicely. When the mixture is well beaten, put it into a buttered pan, and fry the same as a pancake; but it should be three times the thickness of an ordinary pancake. Cover it with jam, and garnish with slices of citron and holly-leaves. This dish is served cold. **_Time._**—About 10 minutes to fry the mixture. **_Average cost_**, with the jam, 1_s. 4_d. **_Sufficient_** for 3 or 4 persons. **_Seasonable_** at

any time.

HODGE-PODGE.

Ingredients.—2 lbs. of shin of beef, 3 quarts of water, 1 pint of table-beer, 2 onions, 2 carrots, 2 turnips, 1 head of celery; pepper and salt to taste; thickening of butter and flour. _Mode._—Put the meat, beer, and water in a stewpan; simmer for a few minutes, and skim carefully. Add the vegetables and seasoning; stew gently till the meat is tender. Thicken with the butter and flour, and serve with turnips and carrots, or spinach and celery. _Time._—3 hours, or rather more. _Average cost_, 3_d._ per quart. _Seasonable_ at any time. _Sufficient_ for 12 persons.

HONEY CAKE.

Ingredients.—½ breakfast-cupful of sugar, 1 breakfast-cupful of rich sour cream, 2 breakfast-cupfuls of flour, ½ teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, honey to taste. _Mode._—Mix the sugar and cream together; dredge in the flour, with as much honey as will flavour the mixture nicely; stir it well that all the ingredients may be thoroughly mixed; add the carbonate of soda, and beat the cake well for another 5 minutes; put it into a buttered tin, bake it from ½ to ¾ hour, and let it be eaten warm. _Time._—½ to ¾ hour. _Average cost_, 8_d._ _Sufficient_ for 3 or 4 persons. _Seasonable_ at any time.

HOT SPICE (a Delicious Adjunct to Chops, Steaks, Gravies, &c.)

Ingredients.—3 drachms each of ginger, black pepper, and cinnamon, 7 cloves, ½ oz. mace, ¼ oz. of cayenne, 1 oz. grated nutmeg, 1½ oz. white pepper. _Mode._—Pound the ingredients, and mix them thoroughly together, taking care that everything is well blended. Put the spice in a very dry glass bottle for use. The quantity of cayenne may be increased, should the above not be enough to suit the palate.

Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of The Stag Cook Book, by Carroll Mac Sheridan

HASH

R. L. (Rube) Goldberg

All joking aside, my favorite dish is hash.

I have never actually been in the kitchen to see hash pass through the various stages of its epicurean development, but I imagine hash is

manufactured something like this:

First the father must eat a big lunch, the mother must fill herself up on cake in the afternoon and the children must have spoiled stomachs. This condition of affairs ruins the evening meal completely and there is plenty of meat left over for hash the next day.

The cook takes the beef or veal or whatever it is and throws it into the electric fan. The flying bits of meat are caught on ping pong rackets by experts and knocked back into a pot that contains a large quantity of mashed potatoes. Then the fire is lighted and the cook can go out to an afternoon movie.

The beauty of hash is that, no matter how it tastes, you think it is all right. There is no standard flavor for hash. Hash is fundamentally accidental, so it has no traditions to live up to.

HAWAIIAN CROQUETTES Á LA "THE BIRD OF PARADISE"

Richard Walton Tully

It was about fifteen years ago that I first visited the Hawaiian Islands in search of material for my play, "The Bird of Paradise," and during the course of my sojourn I made many friends among the natives, often living weeks at a time with them in out-of-the-way villages. Although their food was radically different from ours in many of its contents and modes of making, it was always palatable, and often strikingly delicious. However, most of the native dishes contained ingredients which we cannot obtain here, but I did learn how to make what some of my friends have nick-named Hawaiian Croquettes à la "Bird of Paradise," the materials for which are easily procured. And it is a dish so wonderfully appetizing that I constantly prepare it for guests of epicurean tastes.

First grate the meat of half a cocoanut, and add to it a cup of (cow's) milk, mixing thoroughly, and straining through cloth. Melt two tablespoonsful of butter over a low flame, rubbing into it with the back of a spoon five tablespoonsful of flour, stirring until very smooth. Then add slowly the strained cocoanut and milk liquid, stirring constantly until very thick. Season meanwhile with one and a half teaspoonsful of salt; one of paprika, and one of grated onion. Finally add two cups of cold, boiled, shredded mullet, or any other firm white fish, and two cups of cold, boiled, chopped lobster, and after stirring allow to cool.

Shape into croquettes, or balls, allowing a rounded tablespoonful to each ball; roll in fine cracker crumbs; dip into an egg which has been slightly beaten and to which one-quarter of a cup of water has been added; again roll in cracker crumbs.

Have a deep pan of fat, hot enough to fry a piece of bread a golden

brown while you count forty, and cook the croquettes therein for about a minute; then drain on paper, and serve with olives.

HYPERION.

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Keats: Poems Published in 1820*, by John Keats, Edited by M. Robertson

A FRAGMENT.

BOOK I.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest. 10
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unscathed; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bow'd head seem'd list'ning to the Earth, 20
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seem'd no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touch'd his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a Goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel. 30
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestal'd haply in a palace court,

When sages look'd to Egypt for their lore.
 But oh! how unlike marble was that face:
 How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
 Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
 There was a listening fear in her regard,
 As if calamity had but begun;
 As if the vanward clouds of evil days
 Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear 40
 Was with its stored thunder labouring up.
 One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
 Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
 Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain:
 The other upon Saturn's bended neck
 She laid, and to the level of his ear
 Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
 In solemn tenour and deep organ tone:
 Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
 Would come in these like accents; O how frail 50
 To that large utterance of the early Gods!
 "Saturn, look up!--though wherefore, poor old King?
 I have no comfort for thee, no not one:
 I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest thou?'
 For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
 Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God;
 And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
 Has from thy sceptre pass'd; and all the air
 Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
 Thy thunder, conscious of the new command, 60
 Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house;
 And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
 Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
 O aching time! O moments big as years!
 All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
 And press it so upon our weary griefs
 That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
 Saturn, sleep on:--O thoughtless, why did I
 Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
 Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes? 70
 Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep."

As when, upon a tranced summer-night,
 Those green-rob'd senators of mighty woods,
 Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
 Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
 Save from one gradual solitary gust
 Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
 As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
 So came these words and went; the while in tears
 She touch'd her fair large forehead to the ground, 80
 Just where her falling hair might be outspread
 A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.

One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
 Her silver seasons four upon the night,
 And still these two were postured motionless,
 Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern;
 The frozen God still couchant on the earth,
 And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet:
 Until at length old Saturn lifted up
 His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone, 90
 And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
 And that fair kneeling Goddess; and then spake,
 As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard
 Shook horrid with such aspen-malady:
 "O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,
 Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face;
 Look up, and let me see our doom in it;
 Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape
 Is Saturn's; tell me, if thou hear'st the voice
 Of Saturn; tell me, if this wrinkling brow, 100
 Naked and bare of its great diadem,
 Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had power
 To make me desolate? whence came the strength?
 How was it nurtur'd to such bursting forth,
 While Fate seem'd strangled in my nervous grasp?
 But it is so; and I am smother'd up,
 And buried from all godlike exercise
 Of influence benign on planets pale,
 Of admonitions to the winds and seas,
 Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting, 110
 And all those acts which Deity supreme
 Doth ease its heart of love in.--I am gone
 Away from my own bosom: I have left
 My strong identity, my real self,
 Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit
 Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search!
 Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them round
 Upon all space: space starr'd, and lorn of light;
 Space region'd with life-air; and barren void;
 Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell.-- 120
 Search, Thea, search! and tell me, if thou seest
 A certain shape or shadow, making way
 With wings or chariot fierce to repossess
 A heaven he lost erewhile: it must--it must
 Be of ripe progress--Saturn must be King.
 Yes, there must be a golden victory;
 There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
 Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
 Upon the gold clouds metropolitan,
 Voices of soft proclaim, and silver stir 130
 Of strings in hollow shells; and there shall be
 Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
 Of the sky-children; I will give command:

Thea! Thea! Thea! where is Saturn?"

This passion lifted him upon his feet,
And made his hands to struggle in the air,
His Druid locks to shake and ooze with sweat,
His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease.
He stood, and heard not Thea's sobbing deep;
A little time, and then again he snatch'd 140
Utterance thus.--"But cannot I create?
Cannot I form? Cannot I fashion forth
Another world, another universe,
To overbear and crumble this to nought?
Where is another chaos? Where?"--That word
Found way unto Olympus, and made quake
The rebel three.--Thea was startled up,
And in her bearing was a sort of hope,
As thus she quick-voic'd spake, yet full of awe.

"This cheers our fallen house: come to our friends, 150
O Saturn! come away, and give them heart;
I know the covert, for thence came I hither."
Thus brief; then with beseeching eyes she went
With backward footing through the shade a space:
He follow'd, and she turn'd to lead the way
Through aged boughs, that yielded like the mist
Which eagles cleave upmounting from their nest.

Meanwhile in other realms big tears were shed,
More sorrow like to this, and such like woe,
Too huge for mortal tongue or pen of scribe: 160
The Titans fierce, self-hid, or prison-bound,
Groan'd for the old allegiance once more,
And listen'd in sharp pain for Saturn's voice.
But one of the whole mammoth-brood still kept
His sov'reignty, and rule, and majesty;--
Blazing Hyperion on his orb'd fire
Still sat, still snuff'd the incense, teeming up
From man to the sun's God; yet unsecure:
For as among us mortals omens drear 170
Fright and perplex, so also shuddered he--
Not at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's hated screech,
Or the familiar visiting of one
Upon the first toll of his passing-bell,
Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp;
But horrors, portion'd to a giant nerve,
Oft made Hyperion ache. His palace bright
Bastion'd with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touch'd with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glar'd a blood-red through all its thousand courts,
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries; 180
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds

Flush'd angrily: while sometimes eagle's wings,
 Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
 Darken'd the place; and neighing steeds were heard,
 Not heard before by Gods or wondering men.
 Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
 Of incense, breath'd aloft from sacred hills,
 Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
 Savour of poisonous brass and metal sick:
 And so, when harbour'd in the sleepy west, 190
 After the full completion of fair day,--
 For rest divine upon exalted couch
 And slumber in the arms of melody,
 He pac'd away the pleasant hours of ease
 With stride colossal, on from hall to hall;
 While far within each aisle and deep recess,
 His winged minions in close clusters stood,
 Amaz'd and full of fear; like anxious men
 Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,
 When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers. 200
 Even now, while Saturn, rous'd from icy trance,
 Went step for step with Thea through the woods,
 Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
 Came slope upon the threshold of the west;
 Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope
 In smoothest silence, save what solemn tubes,
 Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
 And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies;
 And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
 In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye, 210
 That inlet to severe magnificence
 Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.

He enter'd, but he enter'd full of wrath;
 His flaming robes stream'd out beyond his heels,
 And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
 That scar'd away the meek ethereal Hours
 And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared,
 From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
 Through bowers of fragrant and enwreathed light,
 And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades, 220
 Until he reach'd the great main cupola;
 There standing fierce beneath, he stamp'd his foot,
 And from the basements deep to the high towers
 Jarr'd his own golden region; and before
 The quavering thunder thereupon had ceas'd,
 His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,
 To this result: "O dreams of day and night!
 O monstrous forms! O effigies of pain!
 O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom!
 O lank-eared Phantoms of black-weeded pools! 230
 Why do I know ye? why have I seen ye? why

Is my eternal essence thus distraught
 To see and to behold these horrors new?
 Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall?
 Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
 This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
 This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
 These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,
 Of all my lucent empire? It is left
 Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine. 240
 The blaze, the splendor, and the symmetry,
 I cannot see--but darkness, death and darkness.
 Even here, into my centre of repose,
 The shady visions come to domineer,
 Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp.--
 Fall!--No, by Tellus and her briny robes!
 Over the fiery frontier of my realms
 I will advance a terrible right arm
 Shall scare that infant thunderer, rebel Jove,
 And bid old Saturn take his throne again."-- 250
 He spake, and ceas'd, the while a heavier threat
 Held struggle with his throat but came not forth;
 For as in theatres of crowded men
 Hubbub increases more they call out "Hush!"
 So at Hyperion's words the Phantoms pale
 Bestirr'd themselves, thrice horrible and cold;
 And from the mirror'd level where he stood
 A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh.
 At this, through all his bulk an agony
 Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown, 260
 Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular
 Making slow way, with head and neck convuls'd
 From over-strained might. Releas'd, he fled
 To the eastern gates, and full six dewy hours
 Before the dawn in season due should blush,
 He breath'd fierce breath against the sleepy portals,
 Clear'd them of heavy vapours, burst them wide
 Suddenly on the ocean's chilly streams.
 The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode
 Each day from east to west the heavens through, 270
 Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds;
 Not therefore veiled quite, blindfold, and hid,
 But ever and anon the glancing spheres,
 Circles, and arcs, and broad-belting colure,
 Glow'd through, and wrought upon the muffling dark
 Sweet-shaped lightnings from the nadir deep
 Up to the zenith,--hieroglyphics old,
 Which sages and keen-eyed astrologers
 Then living on the earth, with labouring thought
 Won from the gaze of many centuries: 280
 Now lost, save what we find on remnants huge
 Of stone, or marble swart; their import gone,

Their wisdom long since fled.--Two wings this orb
 Possess'd for glory, two fair argent wings,
 Ever exalted at the God's approach:
 And now, from forth the gloom their plumes immense
 Rose, one by one, till all outspreaded were;
 While still the dazzling globe maintain'd eclipse,
 Awaiting for Hyperion's command.
 Fain would he have commanded, fain took throne 290
 And bid the day begin, if but for change.
 He might not:--No, though a primeval God:
 The sacred seasons might not be disturb'd.
 Therefore the operations of the dawn
 Stay'd in their birth, even as here 'tis told.
 Those silver wings expanded sisterly,
 Eager to sail their orb; the porches wide
 Open'd upon the dusk demesnes of night
 And the bright Titan, phrenzied with new woes,
 Unus'd to bend, by hard compulsion bent 300
 His spirit to the sorrow of the time;
 And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
 Upon the boundaries of day and night,
 He stretch'd himself in grief and radiance faint.
 There as he lay, the Heaven with its stars
 Look'd down on him with pity, and the voice
 Of Coelus, from the universal space,
 Thus whisper'd low and solemn in his ear.
 "O brightest of my children dear, earth-born
 And sky-engendered, Son of Mysteries 310
 All unrevealed even to the powers
 Which met at thy creating; at whose joys
 And palpitations sweet, and pleasures soft,
 I, Coelus, wonder, how they came and whence;
 And at the fruits thereof what shapes they be,
 Distinct, and visible; symbols divine,
 Manifestations of that beauteous life
 Diffus'd unseen throughout eternal space:
 Of these new-form'd art thou, oh brightest child!
 Of these, thy brethren and the Goddesses! 320
 There is sad feud among ye, and rebellion
 Of son against his sire. I saw him fall,
 I saw my first-born tumbled from his throne!
 To me his arms were spread, to me his voice
 Found way from forth the thunders round his head!
 Pale wox I, and in vapours hid my face.
 Art thou, too, near such doom? vague fear there is:
 For I have seen my sons most unlike Gods.
 Divine ye were created, and divine
 In sad demeanour, solemn, undisturb'd, 330
 Unruffled, like high Gods, ye liv'd and ruled:
 Now I behold in you fear, hope, and wrath;
 Actions of rage and passion; even as

I see them, on the mortal world beneath,
In men who die.--This is the grief, O Son!
Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and fall!
Yet do thou strive; as thou art capable,
As thou canst move about, an evident God;
And canst oppose to each malignant hour
Ethereal presence:--I am but a voice; 340
My life is but the life of winds and tides,
No more than winds and tides can I avail:--
But thou canst.--Be thou therefore in the van
Of circumstance; yea, seize the arrow's barb
Before the tense string murmur.--To the earth!
For there thou wilt find Saturn, and his woes.
Meantime I will keep watch on thy bright sun,
And of thy seasons be a careful nurse."--
Ere half this region-whisper had come down,
Hyperion arose, and on the stars 350
Lifted his curved lids, and kept them wide
Until it ceas'd; and still he kept them wide:
And still they were the same bright, patient stars.
Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,
Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
And plung'd all noiseless into the deep night.

H. S. T.

Requiescat

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poems*, by Elinor Jenkins

We were bereft ere we were well aware
Of all our precious fears, and had instead
A hopeless safety, a secure despair.
We know that fate dealt kindly with our dead,
Tenderer to that fair face we held so dear
Than unto many another's best beloved.
Whate'er befall, we know him far removed
From all the weary labours of last year,
And even in paying this most bitter price
We know the cause worthy the sacrifice.
Now he is safe from any further ill,
Nor toils in peril while at ease we sit,
Yet bides our loss in thinking of him still,--
Of sombre eyes, by sudden laughter lit,
Darkened till all the eternal stars shall wane;
And lost the incommunicable lore
Of cunning fingers ne'er to limn again

And restless hands at rest for ever more.

Poetry from *The Project Gutenberg Etext of *The Little Book of Modern Verse**
Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse

The Heart's Country.
[Florence Wilkinson]

Hill people turn to their hills;
Sea-folk are sick for the sea:
Thou art my land and my country,
And my heart calls out for thee.

The bird beats his wings for the open,
The captive burns to be free;
But I -- I cry at thy window,
For thou art my liberty.

The House and the Road.
[Josephine Preston Peabody]

The little Road says, Go,
The little House says, Stay:
And O, it's bonny here at home,
But I must go away.

The little Road, like me,
Would seek and turn and know;
And forth I must, to learn the things
The little Road would show!

And go I must, my dears,
And journey while I may,
Though heart be sore for the little House
That had no word but Stay.

Maybe, no other way
Your child could ever know
Why a little House would have you stay,
When a little Road says, Go.

THE HANDBOOK OF HYMEN

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Heart of the West*, by O. Henry

'Tis the opinion of myself, Sanderson Pratt, who sets this down, that the educational system of the United States should be in the hands of the weather bureau. I can give you good reasons for it; and you can't tell me why our college professors shouldn't be transferred to the meteorological department. They have been learned to read; and they could very easily glance at the morning papers and then wire in to the main office what kind of weather to expect. But there's the other side of the proposition. I am going on to tell you how the weather furnished me and Idaho Green with an elegant education.

We was up in the Bitter Root Mountains over the Montana line prospecting for gold. A chin-whiskered man in Walla-Walla, carrying a line of hope as excess baggage, had grubstaked us; and there we was in the foothills pecking away, with enough grub on hand to last an army through a peace conference.

Along one day comes a mail-rider over the mountains from Carlos, and stops to eat three cans of greengages, and leave us a newspaper of modern date. This paper prints a system of premonitions of the weather, and the card it dealt Bitter Root Mountains from the bottom of the deck was "warmer and fair, with light westerly breezes."

That evening it began to snow, with the wind strong in the east. Me and Idaho moved camp into an old empty cabin higher up the mountain, thinking it was only a November flurry. But after falling three foot on a level it went to work in earnest; and we knew we was snowed in. We got in plenty of firewood before it got deep, and we had grub enough for two months, so we let the elements rage and cut up all they thought proper.

If you want to instigate the art of manslaughter just shut two men up in a eighteen by twenty-foot cabin for a month. Human nature won't stand it.

When the first snowflakes fell me and Idaho Green laughed at each other's jokes and praised the stuff we turned out of a skillet and called bread. At the end of three weeks Idaho makes this kind of a edict to me. Says he:

"I never exactly heard sour milk dropping out of a balloon on the bottom of a tin pan, but I have an idea it would be music of the spears compared to this attenuated stream of asphyxiated thought that emanates out of your organs of conversation. The kind of half-masticated noises that you emit every day puts me in mind of a cow's cud, only she's lady enough to keep hers to herself, and you ain't."

"Mr. Green," says I, "you having been a friend of mine once, I have some hesitations in confessing to you that if I had my choice for society between you and a common yellow, three-legged cur pup, one of the inmates of this here cabin would be wagging a tail just at present."

This way we goes on for two or three days, and then we quits speaking to one another. We divides up the cooking implements, and Idaho cooks his grub on one side of the fireplace, and me on the other. The snow is up to the windows, and we have to keep a fire all day.

You see me and Idaho never had any education beyond reading and doing "if John had three apples and James five" on a slate. We never felt any special need for a university degree, though we had acquired a species of intrinsic intelligence in knocking around the world that we could use in emergencies. But, snowbound in that cabin in the Bitter Roots, we felt for the first time that if we had studied Homer or Greek and fractions and the higher branches of information, we'd have had some resources in the line of meditation and private thought. I've seen them Eastern college fellows working in camps all through the West, and I never noticed but what education was less of a drawback to 'em than you would think. Why, once over on Snake River, when Andrew McWilliams' saddle horse got the botts, he sent a buckboard ten miles for one of these strangers that claimed to be a botanist. But that horse died.

One morning Idaho was poking around with a stick on top of a little shelf that was too high to reach. Two books fell down to the floor. I started toward 'em, but caught Idaho's eye. He speaks for the first time in a week.

"Don't burn your fingers," says he. "In spite of the fact that you're only fit to be the companion of a sleeping mud-turtle, I'll give you a square deal. And that's more than your parents did when they turned you loose in the world with the sociability of a rattle-snake and the bedside manner of a frozen turnip. I'll play you a game of seven-up, the winner to pick up his choice of the book, the loser to take the other."

We played; and Idaho won. He picked up his book; and I took mine. Then each of us got on his side of the house and went to reading.

I never was as glad to see a ten-ounce nugget as I was that book. And Idaho took at his like a kid looks at a stick of candy.

Mine was a little book about five by six inches called "Herkimer's Handbook of Indispensable Information." I may be wrong, but I think that was the greatest book that ever was written. I've got it to-day; and I can stump you or any man fifty times in five minutes with the information in it. Talk about Solomon or the New York /Tribune/! Herkimer had cases on both of 'em. That man must have put in fifty

years and travelled a million miles to find out all that stuff. There was the population of all cities in it, and the way to tell a girl's age, and the number of teeth a camel has. It told you the longest tunnel in the world, the number of the stars, how long it takes for chicken pox to break out, what a lady's neck ought to measure, the veto powers of Governors, the dates of the Roman aqueducts, how many pounds of rice going without three beers a day would buy, the average annual temperature of Augusta, Maine, the quantity of seed required to plant an acre of carrots in drills, antidotes for poisons, the number of hairs on a blond lady's head, how to preserve eggs, the height of all the mountains in the world, and the dates of all wars and battles, and how to restore drowned persons, and sunstroke, and the number of tacks in a pound, and how to make dynamite and flowers and beds, and what to do before the doctor comes--and a hundred times as many things besides. If there was anything Herkimer didn't know I didn't miss it out of the book.

I sat and read that book for four hours. All the wonders of education was compressed in it. I forgot the snow, and I forgot that me and old Idaho was on the outs. He was sitting still on a stool reading away with a kind of partly soft and partly mysterious look shining through his tan-bark whiskers.

"Idaho," says I, "what kind of a book is yours?"

Idaho must have forgot, too, for he answered moderate, without any slander or malignity.

"Why," says he, "this here seems to be a volume by Homer K. M."

"Homer K. M. what?" I asks.

"Why, just Homer K. M.," says he.

"You're a liar," says I, a little riled that Idaho should try to put me up a tree. "No man is going 'round signing books with his initials. If it's Homer K. M. Spoopendyke, or Homer K. M. McSweeney, or Homer K. M. Jones, why don't you say so like a man instead of biting off the end of it like a calf chewing off the tail of a shirt on a clothes-line?"

"I put it to you straight, Sandy," says Idaho, quiet. "It's a poem book," says he, "by Homer K. M. I couldn't get colour out of it at first, but there's a vein if you follow it up. I wouldn't have missed this book for a pair of red blankets."

"You're welcome to it," says I. "What I want is a disinterested statement of facts for the mind to work on, and that's what I seem to find in the book I've drawn."

"What you've got," says Idaho, "is statistics, the lowest grade of

information that exists. They'll poison your mind. Give me old K. M.'s system of surmises. He seems to be a kind of a wine agent. His regular toast is 'nothing doing,' and he seems to have a grouch, but he keeps it so well lubricated with booze that his worst kicks sound like an invitation to split a quart. But it's poetry," says Idaho, "and I have sensations of scorn for that truck of yours that tries to convey sense in feet and inches. When it comes to explaining the instinct of philosophy through the art of nature, old K. M. has got your man beat by drills, rows, paragraphs, chest measurement, and average annual rainfall."

So that's the way me and Idaho had it. Day and night all the excitement we got was studying our books. That snowstorm sure fixed us with a fine lot of attainments apiece. By the time the snow melted, if you had stepped up to me suddenly and said: "Sanderson Pratt, what would it cost per square foot to lay a roof with twenty by twenty-eight tin at nine dollars and fifty cents per box?" I'd have told you as quick as light could travel the length of a spade handle at the rate of one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles per second. How many can do it? You wake up 'most any man you know in the middle of the night, and ask him quick to tell you the number of bones in the human skeleton exclusive of the teeth, or what percentage of the vote of the Nebraska Legislature overrules a veto. Will he tell you? Try him and see.

About what benefit Idaho got out of his poetry book I didn't exactly know. Idaho boosted the wine-agent every time he opened his mouth; but I wasn't so sure.

This Homer K. M., from what leaked out of his libretto through Idaho, seemed to me to be a kind of a dog who looked at life like it was a tin can tied to his tail. After running himself half to death, he sits down, hangs his tongue out, and looks at the can and says:

"Oh, well, since we can't shake the growler, let's get it filled at the corner, and all have a drink on me."

Besides that, it seems he was a Persian; and I never hear of Persia producing anything worth mentioning unless it was Turkish rugs and Maltese cats.

That spring me and Idaho struck pay ore. It was a habit of ours to sell out quick and keep moving. We unloaded our grubstaker for eight thousand dollars apiece; and then we drifted down to this little town of Rosa, on the Salmon river, to rest up, and get some human grub, and have our whiskers harvested.

Rosa was no mining-camp. It laid in the valley, and was as free of uproar and pestilence as one of them rural towns in the country. There was a three-mile trolley line champing its bit in the environs; and me and Idaho spent a week riding on one of the cars, dropping off at

nights at the Sunset View Hotel. Being now well read as well as travelled, we was soon /pro re nata/ with the best society in Rosa, and was invited out to the most dressed-up and high-toned entertainments. It was at a piano recital and quail-eating contest in the city hall, for the benefit of the fire company, that me and Idaho first met Mrs. De Ormond Sampson, the queen of Rosa society.

Mrs. Sampson was a widow, and owned the only two-story house in town. It was painted yellow, and whichever way you looked from you could see it as plain as egg on the chin of an O'Grady on a Friday. Twenty-two men in Rosa besides me and Idaho was trying to stake a claim on that yellow house.

There was a dance after the song books and quail bones had been raked out of the Hall. Twenty-three of the bunch galloped over to Mrs. Sampson and asked for a dance. I side-stepped the two-step, and asked permission to escort her home. That's where I made a hit.

On the way home says she:

"Ain't the stars lovely and bright to-night, Mr. Pratt?"

"For the chance they've got," says I, "they're humping themselves in a mighty creditable way. That big one you see is sixty-six million miles distant. It took thirty-six years for its light to reach us. With an eighteen-foot telescope you can see forty-three millions of 'em, including them of the thirteenth magnitude, which, if one was to go out now, you would keep on seeing it for twenty-seven hundred years."

"My!" says Mrs. Sampson. "I never knew that before. How warm it is! I'm as damp as I can be from dancing so much."

"That's easy to account for," says I, "when you happen to know that you've got two million sweat-glands working all at once. If every one of your perspiratory ducts, which are a quarter of an inch long, was placed end to end, they would reach a distance of seven miles."

"Lawsy!" says Mrs. Sampson. "It sounds like an irrigation ditch you was describing, Mr. Pratt. How do you get all this knowledge of information?"

"From observation, Mrs. Sampson," I tells her. "I keep my eyes open when I go about the world."

"Mr. Pratt," says she, "I always did admire a man of education. There are so few scholars among the sap-headed plug-uglies of this town that it is a real pleasure to converse with a gentleman of culture. I'd be gratified to have you call at my house whenever you feel so inclined."

And that was the way I got the goodwill of the lady in the yellow house. Every Tuesday and Friday evening I used to go there and tell

her about the wonders of the universe as discovered, tabulated, and compiled from nature by Herkimer. Idaho and the other gay Lutherans of the town got every minute of the rest of the week that they could.

I never imagined that Idaho was trying to work on Mrs. Sampson with old K. M.'s rules of courtship till one afternoon when I was on my way over to take her a basket of wild hog-plums. I met the lady coming down the lane that led to her house. Her eyes was snapping, and her hat made a dangerous dip over one eye.

"Mr. Pratt," she opens up, "this Mr. Green is a friend of yours, I believe."

"For nine years," says I.

"Cut him out," says she. "He's no gentleman!"

"Why ma'am," says I, "he's a plain incumbent of the mountains, with asperities and the usual failings of a spendthrift and a liar, but I never on the most momentous occasion had the heart to deny that he was a gentleman. It may be that in haberdashery and the sense of arrogance and display Idaho offends the eye, but inside, ma'am, I've found him impervious to the lower grades of crime and obesity. After nine years of Idaho's society, Mrs. Sampson," I winds up, "I should hate to impute him, and I should hate to see him imputed."

"It's right plausible of you, Mr. Pratt," says Mrs. Sampson, "to take up the curmudgeons in your friend's behalf; but it don't alter the fact that he has made proposals to me sufficiently obnoxious to ruffle the ignominy of any lady."

"Why, now, now, now!" says I. "Old Idaho do that! I could believe it of myself, sooner. I never knew but one thing to deride in him; and a blizzard was responsible for that. Once while we was snow-bound in the mountains he became a prey to a kind of spurious and uneven poetry, which may have corrupted his demeanour."

"It has," says Mrs. Sampson. "Ever since I knew him he has been reciting to me a lot of irreligious rhymes by some person he calls Ruby Ott, and who is no better than she should be, if you judge by her poetry."

"Then Idaho has struck a new book," says I, "for the one he had was by a man who writes under the /nom de plume/ of K. M."

"He'd better have stuck to it," says Mrs. Sampson, "whatever it was. And to-day he caps the vortex. I get a bunch of flowers from him, and on 'em is pinned a note. Now, Mr. Pratt, you know a lady when you see her; and you know how I stand in Rosa society. Do you think for a moment that I'd skip out to the woods with a man along with a jug of wine and a loaf of bread, and go singing and cavorting up and down

under the trees with him? I take a little claret with my meals, but I'm not in the habit of packing a jug of it into the brush and raising Cain in any such style as that. And of course he'd bring his book of verses along, too. He said so. Let him go on his scandalous picnics alone! Or let him take his Ruby Ott with him. I reckon she wouldn't kick unless it was on account of there being too much bread along. And what do you think of your gentleman friend now, Mr. Pratt?"

"Well, 'm," says I, "it may be that Idaho's invitation was a kind of poetry, and meant no harm. May be it belonged to the class of rhymes they call figurative. They offend law and order, but they get sent through the mails on the grounds that they mean something that they don't say. I'd be glad on Idaho's account if you'd overlook it," says I, "and let us extricate our minds from the low regions of poetry to the higher planes of fact and fancy. On a beautiful afternoon like this, Mrs. Sampson," I goes on, "we should let our thoughts dwell accordingly. Though it is warm here, we should remember that at the equator the line of perpetual frost is at an altitude of fifteen thousand feet. Between the latitudes of forty degrees and forty-nine degrees it is from four thousand to nine thousand feet."

"Oh, Mr. Pratt," says Mrs. Sampson, "it's such a comfort to hear you say them beautiful facts after getting such a jar from that minx of a Ruby's poetry!"

"Let us sit on this log at the roadside," says I, "and forget the inhumanity and ribaldry of the poets. It is in the glorious columns of ascertained facts and legalised measures that beauty is to be found. In this very log we sit upon, Mrs. Sampson," says I, "is statistics more wonderful than any poem. The rings show it was sixty years old. At the depth of two thousand feet it would become coal in three thousand years. The deepest coal mine in the world is at Killingworth, near Newcastle. A box four feet long, three feet wide, and two feet eight inches deep will hold one ton of coal. If an artery is cut, compress it above the wound. A man's leg contains thirty bones. The Tower of London was burned in 1841."

"Go on, Mr. Pratt," says Mrs. Sampson. "Them ideas is so original and soothing. I think statistics are just as lovely as they can be."

But it wasn't till two weeks later that I got all that was coming to me out of Herkimer.

One night I was waked up by folks hollering "Fire!" all around. I jumped up and dressed and went out of the hotel to enjoy the scene. When I see it was Mrs. Sampson's house, I gave forth a kind of yell, and I was there in two minutes.

The whole lower story of the yellow house was in flames, and every masculine, feminine, and canine in Rosa was there, screeching and barking and getting in the way of the firemen. I saw Idaho trying to

get away from six firemen who were holding him. They was telling him the whole place was on fire down-stairs, and no man could go in it and come out alive.

"Where's Mrs. Sampson?" I asks.

"She hasn't been seen," says one of the firemen. "She sleeps upstairs. We've tried to get in, but we can't, and our company hasn't got any ladders yet."

I runs around to the light of the big blaze, and pulls the Handbook out of my inside pocket. I kind of laughed when I felt it in my hands --I reckon I was some daffy with the sensation of excitement.

"Herky, old boy," I says to it, as I flipped over the pages, "you ain't ever lied to me yet, and you ain't ever throwed me down at a scratch yet. Tell me what, old boy, tell me what!" says I.

I turned to "What to do in Case of Accidents," on page 117. I run my finger down the page, and struck it. Good old Herkimer, he never overlooked anything! It said:

Suffocation from Inhaling Smoke or Gas.--There is nothing better than flaxseed. Place a few seed in the outer corner of the eye.

I shoved the Handbook back in my pocket, and grabbed a boy that was running by.

"Here," says I, giving him some money, "run to the drug store and bring a dollar's worth of flaxseed. Hurry, and you'll get another one for yourself. Now," I sings out to the crowd, "we'll have Mrs. Sampson!" And I throws away my coat and hat.

Four of the firemen and citizens grabs hold of me. It's sure death, they say, to go in the house, for the floors was beginning to fall through.

"How in blazes," I sings out, kind of laughing yet, but not feeling like it, "do you expect me to put flaxseed in a eye without the eye?"

I jabbed each elbow in a fireman's face, kicked the bark off of one citizen's shin, and tripped the other one with a side hold. And then I busted into the house. If I die first I'll write you a letter and tell you if it's any worse down there than the inside of that yellow house was; but don't believe it yet. I was a heap more cooked than the hurry-up orders of broiled chicken that you get in restaurants. The fire and smoke had me down on the floor twice, and was about to shame Herkimer, but the firemen helped me with their little stream of water, and I got to Mrs. Sampson's room. She'd lost conscientiousness from the smoke, so I wrapped her in the bed clothes and got her on my shoulder. Well, the floors wasn't as bad as they said, or I never

could have done it--not by no means.

I carried her out fifty yards from the house and laid her on the grass. Then, of course, every one of them other twenty-two plaintiff's to the lady's hand crowded around with tin dippers of water ready to save her. And up runs the boy with the flaxseed.

I unwrapped the covers from Mrs. Sampson's head. She opened her eyes and says:

"Is that you, Mr. Pratt?"

"S-s-sh," says I. "Don't talk till you've had the remedy."

I runs my arm around her neck and raises her head, gentle, and breaks the bag of flaxseed with the other hand; and as easy as I could I bends over and slips three or four of the seeds in the outer corner of her eye.

Up gallops the village doc by this time, and snorts around, and grabs at Mrs. Sampson's pulse, and wants to know what I mean by any such sandblasted nonsense.

"Well, old Jalap and Jerusalem oakseed," says I, "I'm no regular practitioner, but I'll show you my authority, anyway."

They fetched my coat, and I gets out the Handbook.

"Look on page 117," says I, "at the remedy for suffocation by smoke or gas. Flaxseed in the outer corner of the eye, it says. I don't know whether it works as a smoke consumer or whether it hikes the compound gastro-hippopotamus nerve into action, but Herkimer says it, and he was called to the case first. If you want to make it a consultation, there's no objection."

Old doc takes the book and looks at it by means of his specs and a fireman's lantern.

"Well, Mr. Pratt," says he, "you evidently got on the wrong line in reading your diagnosis. The recipe for suffocation says: 'Get the patient into fresh air as quickly as possible, and place in a reclining position.' The flaxseed remedy is for 'Dust and Cinders in the Eye,' on the line above. But, after all--"

"See here," interrupts Mrs. Sampson, "I reckon I've got something to say in this consultation. That flaxseed done me more good than anything I ever tried." And then she raises up her head and lays it back on my arm again, and says: "Put some in the other eye, Sandy dear."

And so if you was to stop off at Rosa to-morrow, or any other day,

you'd see a fine new yellow house with Mrs. Pratt, that was Mrs. Sampson, embellishing and adorning it. And if you was to step inside you'd see on the marble-top centre table in the parlour "Herkimer's Handbook of Indispensable Information," all rebound in red morocco, and ready to be consulted on any subject pertaining to human happiness and wisdom.

HUMORESQUE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Humoresque*, by Fannie Hurst

On either side of the Bowery, which cuts through like a drain to catch its sewage, Every Man's Land, a reeking march of humanity and humidity, steams with the excrement of seventeen languages, flung in _patois_ from tenement windows, fire escapes, curbs, stoops, and cellars whose walls are terrible and spongy with fungi.

By that impregnable chemistry of race whereby the red blood of the Mongolian and the red blood of the Caucasian become as oil and water in the mingling, Mulberry Street, bounded by sixteen languages, runs its intact Latin length of pushcarts, clotheslines, naked babies, drying vermicelli; black-eyed women in rhinestone combs and perennially big with child; whole families of buttonhole-makers, who first saw the blue-and-gold light of Sorrento, bent at home work round a single gas flare; pomaded barbers of a thousand Neapolitan amours. And then, just as suddenly, almost without osmosis and by the mere stepping down from the curb, Mulberry becomes Mott Street, hung in grillwork balconies, the moldy smell of poverty touched up with incense. Orientals whose feet shuffle and whose faces are carved out of satinwood. Forbidden women, their white, drugged faces behind upper windows. Yellow children, incongruous enough in Western clothing. A draughty areaway with an oblique of gaslight and a black well of descending staircase. Show-windows of jade and tea and Chinese porcelains.

More streets emanating out from Mott like a handful of crooked rheumatic fingers, then suddenly the Bowery again, cowering beneath Elevated trains, where men burned down to the butt end of soiled lives pass in and out and out and in of the knee-high swinging doors, a veiny-nosed, acid-eaten race in themselves.

Allen Street, too, still more easterly, and half as wide, is straddled its entire width by the steely, long-legged skeleton of Elevated traffic, so that its third-floor windows no sooner shudder into silence from the rushing shock of one train than they are shaken into chatter by the passage of another. Indeed, third-floor dwellers of Allen Street, reaching out, can almost touch the serrated edges of the Elevated structure, and in summer the smell of its hot rails becomes an actual taste in the mouth. Passengers, in turn, look in upon this horizontal of

life as they whiz by. Once, in fact, the blurry figure of what might have been a woman leaned out, as she passed, to toss into one Abraham Kantor's apartment a short-stemmed pink carnation. It hit softly on little Leon Kantor's crib, brushing him fragrantly across the mouth and causing him to pucker up.

Beneath, where even in August noonday, the sun cannot find its way by a chink, and babies lie stark naked in the cavernous shade, Allen Street presents a sort of submarine and greenish gloom, as if its humanity were actually moving through a sea of aqueous shadows, faces rather bleached and shrunk from sunlessness as water can bleach and shrink. And then, like a shimmering background of orange-finned and copper-flanked marine life, the brass-shops of Allen Street, whole rows of them, burn flamelessly and without benefit of fuel.

To enter Abraham Kantor's--Brasses, was three steps down, so that his casement show-window, at best filmed over with the constant rain of dust ground down from the rails above, was obscure enough, but crammed with copied loot of khedive and of czar. The seven-branch candlestick so biblical and supplicating of arms. An urn, shaped like Rebecca's, of brass, all beaten over with little pocks. Things--cups, trays, knockers, ikons, gargoyles, bowls, and teapots. A symphony of bells in graduated sizes. Jardinières with fat sides. A pot-bellied samovar. A swinging-lamp for the dead, star-shaped. Against the door, an octave of tubular chimes, prisms of voiceless harmony and of heatless light.

Opening this door, they rang gently, like melody heard through water and behind glass. Another bell rang, too, in tilted singsong from a pulley operating somewhere in the catacomb rear of this lambent vale of things and things and things. In turn, this pulley set in toll still another bell, two flights up in Abraham Kantor's tenement, which overlooked the front of whizzing rails and a rear wilderness of gibbet-looking clothes-lines, dangling perpetual specters of flapping union suits in a mid-air flaky with soot.

Often at lunch, or even the evening meal, this bell would ring in on Abraham Kantor's digestive well-being, and while he hurried down, napkin often bib-fashion still about his neck, and into the smouldering lanes of copper, would leave an eloquent void at the head of his well-surrounded table.

This bell was ringing now, jingling in upon the slumber of a still newer Kantor, snuggling peacefully enough within the ammoniac depths of a cradle recently evacuated by Leon, heretofore impinged upon you.

On her knees before an oven that billowed forth hotly into her face, Mrs. Kantor, fairly fat and not yet forty, and at the immemorial task of plumping a delicately swelling layer-cake with broom-straw, raised her face, reddened and faintly moist.

"Isadore, run down and say your papa is out until six. If it's a

customer, remember the first asking-price is the two middle figures on the tag, and the last asking-price is the two outside figures. See once, with your papa out to buy your little brother his birthday present, and your mother in a cake, if you can't make a sale for first price."

Isadore Kantor, aged eleven and hunched with a younger Kantor over an oilcloth-covered table, hunched himself still deeper in a barter for a large crystal marble with a candy stripe down its center.

"Izzie, did you hear me?"

"Yes'm."

"Go down this minute--do you hear? Rudolph, stop always letting your big brother get the best of you in marbles. Iz-zie!"

"In a minute."

"Don't let me have to ask you again, Isadore Kantor!"

"Aw, ma, I got some 'rithmetic to do. Let Esther go!"

"Always Esther! Your sister stays right in the front room with her spelling."

"Aw, ma, I got spelling, too."

"Every time I ask that boy he should do me one thing, right away he gets lessons! With me, that lessons-talk don't go no more. Every time you get put down in school, I'm surprised there's a place left lower where they can put you. Working-papers for such a boy like you!"

"I'll woik--"

"How I worried myself! Violin lessons yet--thirty cents a lesson out of your papa's pants while he slept! That's how I wanted to have in the family a profession--maybe a musician on the violin! Lessons for you out of money I had to lie to your papa about! Honest, when I think of it--my own husband--it's a wonder I don't potch you just for remembering it. Rudolph, will you stop licking that cake-pan? It's saved for your little brother Leon. Ain't you ashamed even on your little brother's birthday to steal from him?"

"Ma, gimme the spoon?"

"I'll give you the spoon, Isadore Kantor, where you don't want it. If you don't hurry down, the way that bell is ringing, not one bite do you get out of your little brother's birthday cake tonight!"

"I'm goin', ain't I?"

"Always on my children's birthdays a meanness sets into this house! Rudolph, will you put down that bowl! Izzie--for the last time I ask you--for the last time--"

Erect now, Mrs. Kantor lifted an expressive hand, letting it hover.

"I'm goin', ma; for golly sakes, I'm goin'!" said her recalcitrant one, shuffling off toward the staircase, shuffling, shuffling.

Then Mrs. Kantor resumed her plumbing, and through the little apartment, its middle and only bedroom of three beds and a crib lighted vicariously by the front room and kitchen, began to wind the warm, the golden-brown fragrance of cake in the rising.

By six o'clock the shades were drawn against the dirty dusk of Allen Street and the oilcloth-covered table dragged out center and spread by Esther Kantor, nine in years, in the sturdy little legs bulging over shoe-tops, in the pink cheeks that sagged slightly of plumpness, and in the utter roundness of face and gaze, but mysteriously older in the little-mother lore of crib and knee-dandling ditties and in the ropy length and thickness of the two brown plaits down her back.

There was an eloquence to that waiting, laid-out table, the print of the family already gathered about it; the dynastic high chair, throne of each succeeding Kantor; an armchair drawn up before the paternal mustache-cup; the ordinary kitchen chair of Mannie Kantor, who spilled things, an oilcloth sort of bib dangling from its back; the little chair of Leon Kantor, cushioned in an old family album that raised his chin above the table. Even in cutlery the Kantor family was not lacking in variety. Surrounding a centerpiece of thick Russian lace were Russian spoons washed in washed-off gilt; forks of one, two, and three tines; steel knives with black handles; a hartshorn carving-knife. Thick-lipped china in stacks before the armchair. A round four-pound loaf of black bread waiting to be torn, and tonight, on the festive mat of cotton lace, a cake of pinkly gleaming icing, encircled with five pink little candles.

At slightly after six Abrahm Kantor returned, leading by a resisting wrist Leon Kantor, his stemlike little legs, hit midship, as it were, by not sufficiently cut-down trousers and so narrow and birdlike of face that his eyes quite obliterated the remaining map of his features, like those of a still wet nestling. All except his ears. They poised at the sides of Leon's shaved head of black bristles, as if butterflies had just lighted there, whispering, with very spread wings, their message, and presently would fly off again. By some sort of muscular contraction he could wiggle these ears at will, and would do so for a penny or a whistle, and upon one occasion for his brother Rudolph's dead rat, so devised as to dangle from string and window before the unhappy passer-by. They were quivering now, these ears, but because the entire little face was twitching back tears and gulp of sobs.

"Abrahm--Leon--what is it?" Her hands and her forearms instantly out from the business of kneading something meaty and floury, Mrs. Kantor rushed forward, her glance quick from one to the other of them. "Abrahm, what's wrong?"

"I'll feedle him! I'll feedle him!"

The little pulling wrist still in clutch, Mr. Kantor regarded his wife, the lower half of his face, well covered with reddish bristles, undershot, his free hand and even his eyes violently lifted. To those who see in a man a perpetual kinship to that animal kingdom of which he is supreme, there was something undeniably anthropoidal about Abrahm Kantor, a certain simian width between the eyes and long, rather agile hands with hairy backs.

"Hush it!" cried Mr. Kantor, his free hand raised in threat of descent, and cowering his small son to still more undersized proportions. "Hush it or, by golly! I'll--"

"Abrahm--Abrahm--what is it?"

Then Mr. Kantor gave vent in acidity of word and feature.

"_Schlemmil!_" he cried. "_Momser! Ganef! Nebich!_" by which, in smiting mother tongue, he branded his offspring with attributes of apostate and ne'er-do-well, of idiot and thief.

"Abrahm!"

"Schlemmil!" repeated Mr. Kantor, swinging Leon so that he described a large semicircle that landed him into the meaty and waiting embrace of his mother. "Take him! You should be proud of such a little _momser_ for a son! Take him, and here you got back his birthday dollar. A feedle! Honest--when I think on it--a feedle!"

Such a rush of outrage seemed fairly to strangle Mr. Kantor that he stood, hand still upraised, choking and inarticulate above the now frankly howling huddle of his son.

"Abrahm, you should just once touch this child! How he trembles! Leon--mamma's baby--what is it? Is this how you come back when papa takes you out to buy your birthday present? Ain't you ashamed?"

Mouth distended to a large and blackly hollow O, Leon, between terrifying spells of breath-holding, continued to howl.

"All the way to Naftel's toy-store I drag him. A birthday present for a dollar his mother wants he should have, all right, a birthday present! I give you my word till I'm ashamed for Naftel, every toy in his shelves is pulled down. Such a cow--that shakes with his head--"

"No--no--no!" This from young Leon, beating at his mother's skirts.

Again the upraised but never quite descending hand of his father.

"By golly! I'll 'no--no' you!"

"Abrahm--go 'way! Baby, what did papa do?"

Then Mr. Kantor broke into an actual tarantella of rage, his hands palms up and dancing.

"'What did papa do?' she asks. She's got easy asking. 'What did papa do?' The whole shop, I tell you. A sheep with a baa inside when you squeeze on him--games--a horn so he can holler my head off--such a knife like Izzie's with a scissors in it. 'Leon,' I said, ashamed for Naftel, 'that's a fine knife like Izzie's so you can cut up with. All right, then'--when I see how he hollers--'such a box full of soldiers to have war with.' 'Dollar seventy-five,' says Naftel. 'All right, then,' I says, when I seen how he keeps hollering. 'Give you a dollar fifteen for 'em.' I should make myself small for fifteen cents more. 'Dollar fifteen,' I says--anything so he should shut up with his hollering for what he seen in the window."

"He seen something in the window he wanted, Abrahm?"

"Didn't I tell you? A feedle! A four-dollar feedle! A moosicer, so we should have another feedler in the family for some thirty-cents lessons."

"Abrahm--you mean--he--our Leon--wanted a violin?"

"'Wanted,' she says. I could potch him again this minute for how he wanted it! _Du_--you little bum you--_chammer_--_momser_--I'll feedle you!"

Across Mrs. Kantor's face, as she knelt there in the shapeless cotton-stuff uniform of poverty, through the very tenement of her body, a light had flashed up into her eyes. She drew her son closer, crushing his puny cheek up against hers, cupping his bristly little head in her by no means immaculate palms.

"He wanted a violin! It's come, Abrahm! The dream of all my life--my prayers--it's come! I knew it must be one of my children if I waited long enough--and prayed enough. A musician! He wants a violin! He cried for a violin! My baby! Why, darlink, mamma'll sell her clothes off her back to get you a violin. He's a musician, Abrahm! I should have known it the way he's fooling always around the chimes and the bells in the store!"

Then Mr. Kantor took to rocking his head between his palms.

"Oi--oi! The mother is crazier as her son. A moosician! A _fresser_, you mean. Such an eater, it's a wonder he ain't twice too big instead of twice too little for his age."

"That's a sign, Abrahm; geniuses, they all eat big. For all we know, he's a genius. I swear to you, Abrahm, all the months before he was born I prayed for it. Each one before they came, I prayed it should be the one. I thought that time the way our Isadore ran after the organ-grinder he would be the one. How could I know it was the monkey he wanted? When Isadore wouldn't take to it I prayed my next one, and then my next one, should have the talent. I've prayed for it, Abrahm. If he wants a violin, please, he should have it."

"Not with my money."

"With mine! I've got enough saved, Abrahm. Them three extra dollars right here inside my own waist. Just that much for that cape down on Grand Street. I wouldn't have it now, the way they say the wind blows up them--"

"I tell you the woman's crazy--"

"I feel it! I know he's got talent! I know my children so well. A--a father don't understand. I'm so next to them. It's like I can tell always everything that will happen to them--it's like a pain--somewheres here--like in back of my heart."

"A pain in the heart she gets."

"For my own children I'm always a prophet, I tell you! You think I didn't know that--that terrible night after the pogrom after we got out of Kief to across the border! You remember, Abrahm, how I predicted it to you then--how our Mannie would be born too soon and--and not right from my suffering! Did it happen on the ship to America just the way I said it would? Did it happen just exactly how I predicted our Izzie would break his leg that time playing on the fire-escape? I tell you, Abrahm, I get a real pain here under my heart that tells me what comes to my children. Didn't I tell you how Esther would be the first in her confirmation-class and our baby Boris would be redheaded? At only five years, our Leon all by himself cries for a fiddle--get it for him, Abrahm--get it for him!"

"I tell you, Sarah, I got a crazy woman for a wife! It ain't enough we celebrate eight birthdays a year with one-dollar presents each time and copper goods every day higher. It ain't enough that right to-morrow I got a fifty-dollar note over me from Sol Ginsberg; a four-dollar present she wants for a child that don't even know the name of a feedle."

"Leon, baby, stop hollering. Papa will go back and get the fiddle for you now before supper. See, mamma's got money here in her waist--"

"Papa will go back for the feedle _not_--three dollars she's saved for herself he can holler out of her for a feedle!"

"Abrahm, he's screaming so he--he'll have a fit."

"He should have two fits."

"Darlink--"

"I tell you the way you spoil your children it will some day come back on us."

"It's his birthday night, Abrahm--five years since his little head first lay on the pillow next to me."

"All right--all right--drive me crazy because he's got a birthday."

"Leon baby--if you don't stop hollering you'll make yourself sick. Abrahm, I never saw him like this--he's green--"

"I'll green him. Where is that old feedle from Isadore--that seventy-five-cents one?"

"I never thought of that! You broke it that time you got mad at Isadore's lessons. I'll run down. Maybe it's with the junk behind the store. I never thought of that fiddle. Leon darlink--wait! Mamma'll run down and look. Wait, Leon, till mamma finds you a fiddle."

The raucous screams stopped then, suddenly, and on their very lustiest crest, leaving an echoing gash across silence. On willing feet of haste Mrs. Kantor wound down backward the high, ladder-like staircase that led to the brass-shop.

Meanwhile to a gnawing consciousness of dinner-hour had assembled the house of Kantor. Attuned to the intimate atmosphere of the tenement which is so constantly rent with cry of child, child-bearing, delirium, delirium tremens, Leon Kantor had howled no impression into the motley din of things. There were Isadore, already astride his chair, leaning well into center table, for first vociferous tear at the four-pound loaf; Esther, old at chores, settling an infant into the high chair, careful of tiny fingers in lowering the wooden bib.

"Papa, Izzie's eating first again."

"Put down that loaf and wait until your mother dishes up, or you'll get a potch you won't soon forget."

"Say, pop--"

"Don't 'say, pop' me! I don't want no street-bum freshness from you!"

"I mean, papa, there was an up-town swell in, and she bought one of them seventy-five-cent candlesticks for the first price."

"_Schlemmil! Chammer!_" said Mr. Kantor, rinsing his hands at the sink. "Didn't I always tell you it's the first price, times two, when you see up-town business come in? Haven't I learned it to you often enough a slummer must pay for her nosiness?"

There entered then, on poor, shuffling feet, Mannie Kantor, so marred in the mysterious and ceramic process of life that the brain and the soul had stayed back sooner than inhabit him. Seventeen in years, in the down upon his face and in growth unretarded by any great nervosity of system, his vacuity of face was not that of childhood, but rather as if his light eyes were peering out from some hinterland and wanting so terribly and so dumbly to communicate what they beheld to brain-cells closed against himself.

At sight of Mannie, Leon Kantor, the tears still wetly and dirtily down his cheeks, left off his black, fierce-eyed stare of waiting long enough to smile, darkly, it is true, but sweetly.

"Giddy-app!" he cried. "Giddy-app!"

And then Mannie, true to habit, would scamper and scamper.

Up out of the traplike stair-opening came the head of Mrs. Kantor, disheveled and a smudge of soot across her face, but beneath her arm, triumphant, a violin of one string and a broken back.

"See, Leon--what mamma got! A violin! A fiddle! Look! The bow, too, I found. It ain't much, baby, but it's a fiddle."

"Aw, ma--that's my old violin. Gimme. I want it. Where'd you find--"

"Hush up, Izzie! This ain't yours no more. See, Leon, what mamma brought you. A violin!"

"Now, you little _chammer_, you got a feedle, and if you ever let me hear you holler again for a feedle, by golly! if I don't--"

From his corner, Leon Kantor reached out, taking the instrument and fitting it beneath his chin, the bow immediately feeling, surely and lightly, for string.

"Look, Abrahm, he knows how to hold it! What did I tell you? A child that never in his life seen a fiddle, except a beggar's on the street!"

Little Esther suddenly cantered down-floor, clapping her chubby hands.

"Lookie--lookie--Leon!"

The baby ceased clattering his spoon against the wooden bib. A silence seemed to shape itself.

So black and so bristly of head, his little clawlike hands hovering over the bow, Leon Kantor withdrew a note, strangely round and given up almost sobbingly from the single string. A note of warm twining quality, like a baby's finger.

"Leon--darlink!"

Fumbling for string and for notes the instrument could not yield up to him, the birdlike mouth began once more to open widely and terribly into the orificial O.

It was then Abrahm Kantor came down with a large hollow resonance of palm against that aperture, lifting his small son and depositing him plop upon the family album.

"Take that! By golly! one more whimper out of you and if I don't make you black-and-blue, birthday or no birthday! Dish up, Sarah, quick, or I'll give him something to cry about."

The five pink candles had been lighted, burning pointedly and with slender little smoke wisps. Regarding them owlshly, the tears dried on Leon's face, his little tongue licking up at them.

"Look how solemn he is, like he was thinking of something a million miles away except how lucky he is he should have a pink birthday-cake. Uh--uh--uh! Don't you begin to holler again. Here, I'm putting the feedle next to you. Uh--uh--uh!"

To a meal plentifully ladled out directly from stove to table, the Kantor family drew up, dipping first into the rich black soup of the occasion. All except Mrs. Kantor.

"Esther, you dish up. I'm going somewhere. I'll be back in a minute."

"Where you going, Sarah? Won't it keep until--"

But even in the face of query, Sarah Kantor was two flights down and well through the lambent aisles of the copper-shop. Outside, she broke into run, along two blocks of the indescribable bazaar atmosphere of Grand Street, then one block to the right.

Before Mattel's show-window, a jet of bright gas burned into a jibberwock land of toys. There was that in Sarah Kantor's face that was actually lyrical as, fumbling at the bosom of her dress, she entered.

To Leon Kantor, by who knows what symphonic scheme of things, life was a chromatic scale, yielding up to him, through throbbing, living nerves of sheep-gut, the sheerest semitones of man's emotions.

When he tucked his Stradivarius beneath his chin the book of life seemed suddenly translated to him in melody. Even Sarah Kantor, who still brewed for him, on a small portable stove carried from city to city and surreptitiously unpacked in hotel suites, the blackest of soups, and, despite his protestation, would incase his ears of nights in an old home-made device against their flightiness, would oftentimes bleed inwardly at this sense of his isolation.

There was a realm into which he went alone, leaving her as detached as the merest ticket purchaser at the box-office.

At seventeen Leon Kantor had played before the crowned heads of Europe, the aching heads of American capital, and even the shaved head of a South Sea prince. There was a layout of anecdotal gifts, from the molar tooth of the South Sea prince set in a South Sea pearl to a blue-enameled snuff-box incrusting with the rearing-lion coat-of-arms of a very royal house.

At eighteen came the purchase of a king's Stradivarius for a king's ransom, and acclaimed by Sunday supplements to repose of nights in an ivory cradle.

At nineteen, under careful auspices of press agent, the ten singing digits of the son of Abraham Kantor were insured at ten thousand dollars the finger.

At twenty he had emerged surely and safely from the perilous quicksands which have sucked down whole Lilliputian worlds of infant prodigies.

At twenty-one, when Leon Kantor played a Sunday-night concert, there was a human queue curling entirely around the square block of the operahouse, waiting its one, two, even three and four hours for the privilege of standing room only.

Usually these were Leon Kantor's own people pouring up from the lowly lands of the East Side to the white lands of Broadway, parched for music, these burning brethren of his--old men in that line, frequently carrying their own little folding camp-chairs, not against weariness of the spirit, but of the flesh; youth with Slavic eyes and cheek-bones. These were the six-deep human phalanx which would presently slant down at him from tiers of steepest balconies and stand frankly emotional and jammed in the unreserved space behind the railing which shut them off from the three-dollar seats of the reserved.

At a very special one of these concerts, dedicated to the meager purses of just these, and held in New York's super opera-house, the Amphitheater, a great bowl of humanity, the metaphor made perfect by tiers of seats placed upon the stage, rose from orchestra to dome. A gigantic cup of a Colosseum lined in stacks and stacks of faces. From the door of his dressing-room, leaning out, Leon Kantor could see a

great segment of it, buzzing down into adjustment, orchestra twitting and tuning into it.

In the bare little room, illuminated by a sheaf of roses, just arrived, Mrs. Kantor drew him back by the elbow.

"Leon, you're in a draught."

The amazing years had dealt kindly with Mrs. Kantor. Stouter, softer, apparently even taller, she was full of small new authorities that could shut out cranks, newspaper reporters, and autograph fiends. A fitted-over-corsets black taffeta and a high comb in the graying hair had done their best with her. Pride, too, had left its flush upon her cheeks, like two round spots of fever.

"Leon, it's thirty minutes till your first number. Close that door. Do you want to let your papa and his excitement in on you?"

The son of Sarah Kantor obeyed, leaning his short, rather narrow form in silhouette against the closed door. In spite of slimly dark evening clothes worked out by an astute manager to the last detail in boyish effects, there was that about him which defied long-haired precedent. Slimly and straightly he had shot up into an unmannered, a short, even a bristly-haired young manhood, disqualifying by a close shave for the older school of hirsute virtuosity.

But his nerves did not spare him. On concert nights they seemed to emerge almost to the surface of him and shriek their exposure.

"Just feel my hands, ma. Like ice."

She dived down into her large silk what-not of a reticule.

"I've got your fleece-lined gloves here, son."

"No--no! For God's sake--not those things! No!"

He was back at the door again, opening it to a slit, peering through.

"They're bringing more seats on the stage. If they crowd me in I won't go on. I can't play if I hear them breathe. Hi--out there--no more chairs! Pa! Hancock--"

"Leon, Leon, ain't you ashamed to get so worked up? Close that door. Have you got a manager who is paid just to see to your comfort? When papa comes, I'll have him go out and tell Hancock you don't want chairs so close to you. Leon, will you mind mamma and sit down?"

"It's a bigger house than the royal concert in Madrid, ma. Why, I never saw anything like it! It's a stampede. God! this is real--this is what gets me, playing for my own! I should have given a concert like this

three years ago. I'll do it every year now. I'd rather play before them than all the crowned heads on earth. It's the biggest night of my life. They're rioting out there, ma--rioting to get in."

"Leon, Leon, won't you sit down, if mamma begs you to?"

He sat then, strumming with all ten fingers upon his knees.

"Try to get quiet, son. Count--like you always do. One--two--three--"

"Please, ma--for God's sake--please--please!"

"Look--such beautiful roses! From Sol Ginsberg, an old friend of papa's he used to buy brasses from eighteen years ago. Six years he's been away with his daughter in Munich. Such a beautiful mezzo they say, engaged already for Metropolitan next season."

"I hate it, ma, if they breathe on my neck."

"Leon darlink, did mamma promise to fix it? Have I ever let you play a concert when you wouldn't be comfortable?"

His long, slim hands suddenly prehensile and cutting a streak of upward gesture, Leon Kantor rose to his feet, face whitening.

"Do it now! Now, I tell you. I won't have them breathe on me. Do you hear me? Now! Now! Now!"

Risen also, her face soft and tremulous for him, Mrs. Kantor put out a gentle, a sedative hand upon his sleeve.

"Son," she said, with an edge of authority even behind her smile, "don't holler at me!"

He grasped her hand with his two and, immediately quiet, lay a close string of kisses along it.

"Mamma," he said, kissing again and again into the palm, "mamma--mamma."

"I know, son; it's nerves!"

"They eat me, ma. Feel--I'm like ice! I didn't mean it; you know I didn't mean it!"

"My baby," she said, "my wonderful boy, it's like I can never get used to the wonder of having you. The greatest one of them all should be mine--a plain woman's like mine!"

He teased her, eager to conciliate and to ride down his own state of quivering.

"Now, ma--now--now--don't forget Rimsky!"

"Rimsky! A man three times your age who was playing concerts before you was born! Is that a comparison? From your clippings-books I can show Rimsky who the world considers the greatest violinist. Rimsky he rubs into me!"

"All right, then, the press-clippings, but did Elsass, the greatest manager of them all, bring me a contract for thirty concerts at two thousand a concert? Now I've got you! Now!"

She would not meet his laughter. "Elsass! Believe me, he'll come to you yet! My boy should worry if he makes fifty thousand a year more or less. Rimsky should have that honor--for so long as he can hold it. But he won't hold it long. Believe me, I don't rest easy in my bed till Elsass comes after you. Not for so big a contract like Rimsky's, but bigger--not for thirty concerts, but for fifty!"

"_Brava! Brava!_ There's a woman for you. More money than she knows what to do with, and then not satisfied!"

She was still too tremulous for banter. "'Not satisfied'? Why, Leon, I never stop praying my thanks for you!"

"All right, then," he cried, laying his icy fingers on her cheek; "to-morrow we'll call a _mignon_--a regular old-fashioned Allen Street prayer-party."

"Leon, you mustn't make fun."

"Make fun of the sweetest girl in this room!"

"'Girl'! Ah, if I could only hold you by me this way, Leon. Always a boy--with me--your poor old mother--your only girl. That's a fear I suffer with, Leon--to lose you to a--girl. That's how selfish the mother of such a wonder-child like mine can get to be."

"All right! Trying to get me married off again. Nice! Fine!"

"Is it any wonder I suffer, son? Twenty-one years to have kept you by me a child. A boy that never in his life was out after midnight except to catch trains. A boy that never has so much as looked at a girl and could have looked at princesses. To have kept you all these years--mine--is it any wonder, son, I never stop praying my thanks for you? You don't believe Hancock, son, the way he keeps always teasing you that you should have a--what he calls--affair--a love-affair? Such talk is not nice, Leon--an affair!"

"Love-affair poppycock!" said Leon Kantor, lifting his mother's face and kissing her on eyes about ready to tear. "Why, I've got something, ma, right here in my heart for you that--"

"Leon, be careful your shirt-front!"

"That's so--so what you call 'tender,' for my best sweetheart that I--Oh, love-affair--poppycock!"

She would not let her tears come.

"My boy--my wonder-boy!"

"There goes the overture, ma."

"Here, darlink--your glass of water."

"I can't stand it in here; I'm suffocating!"

"Got your mute in your pocket, son?"

"Yes, ma; for God's sake, yes! Yes! Don't keep asking things!"

"Ain't you ashamed, Leon, to be in such an excitement! For every concert you get worse."

"The chairs--they'll breathe on nay neck."

"Leon, did mamma promise you those chairs would be moved?"

"Where's Hancock?"

"Say--I'm grateful if he stays out. It took me enough work to get this room cleared. You know your papa how he likes to drag in the whole world to show you off--always just before you play. The minute he walks in the room right away he gets everybody to trembling just from his own excitements. I dare him this time he should bring people. No dignity has that man got, the way he brings every one."

Even upon her words came a rattling of door, Of door-knob, and a voice through the clamor.

"Open--quick--Sarah! Leon!"

A stiffening raced over Mrs. Kantor, so that she sat rigid on her chair-edge, lips compressed, eye darkly upon the shivering door.

"Open--Sarah!"

With a narrowing glance, Mrs. Kantor laid to her lips a forefinger of silence.

"Sarah, it's me! Quick, I say!"

Then Leon Kantor sprang up, the old prehensile gesture of curving fingers shooting up.

"For God's sake, ma, let him in! I can't stand that infernal battering."

"Abraham, go away! Leon's got to have quiet before his concert."

"Just a minute, Sarah. Open quick!"

With a spring his son was at the door, unlocking and flinging it back.

"Come in, pa."

The years had weighed heavily upon Abraham Kantor in avoirdupois only. He was himself plus eighteen years, fifty pounds, and a new sleek pomposity that was absolutely oleaginous. It shone roundly in his face, doubling of chin, in the bulge of waistcoat, heavily gold-chained, and in eyes that behind the gold-rimmed glasses gave sparkingly forth his estate of well-being.

"Abraham, didn't I tell you not to dare to--"

On excited balls of feet that fairly bounced him, Abraham Kantor burst in.

"Leon--mamma--I got out here an old friend--Sol Ginsberg. You remember, mamma, from brasses--"

"Abraham--not now--"

"Go 'way with your 'not now'! I want Leon should meet him. Sol, this is him--a little grown up from such a _nebuch_ like you remember him--_nu_? Sarah, you remember Sol Ginsberg? Say--I should ask you if you remember your right hand! Ginsberg & Esel, the firm. This is his girl, a five years' contract signed yesterday--five hundred dollars an opera for a beginner--six rôles--not bad--_nu_?"

"Abraham, you must ask Mr. Ginsberg please to excuse Leon until after his concert--"

"Shake hands with him, Ginsberg. He's had his hand shook enough in his life, and by kings, to shake it once more with an old bouncer like you!"

Mr. Ginsberg, not unlike his colleague in rotundities, held out a short, a dimpled hand.

"It's a proud day," he said, "for me to shake the hands from mine old friend's son and the finest violinist livink to-day. My little daughter--"

"Yes, yes, Gina. Here, shake hands with him. Leon, they say a voice like

a fountain. Gina Berg--eh, Ginsberg--is how you stage-named her? You hear, mamma, how fancy--Gina Berg? We go hear her, eh?"

There was about Miss Gina Berg, whose voice could soar to the tirra-lirra of a lark and then deepen to mezzo, something of the actual slimness of the poor, maligned Elsa so long buried beneath the buxomness of divas. She was like a little flower that in its crannied nook keeps dewy longest.

"How do you do, Leon Kantor?"

There was a whirl through her English of three acquired languages.

"How do _you_ do?"

"We--father and I--traveled once all the way from Brussels to Dresden to hear you. It was worth it. I shall never forget how you played the 'Humoresque.' It made me laugh and cry."

"You like Brussels?"

She laid her little hand to her heart, half closing her eyes.

"I will never be so happy again as with the sweet little people of Brussels."

"I, too, love Brussels. I studied there four years with Ahrenfest."

"I know you did. My teacher, Lyndahl, in Berlin, was his brother-in-law."

"You have studied with Lyndahl?"

"He is my master."

"I--Will I some time hear you sing?"

"I am not yet great. When I am foremost like you, yes."

"Gina--Gina Berg; that is a beautiful name to make famous."

"You see how it is done? Gins--berg. Gina Berg."

"Clev--er!"

They stood then smiling across a chasm of the diffidence of youth, she fumbling at the great fur pelt out of which her face flowered so dewily.

"I--Well--we--we--are in the fourth box--I guess we had better be going--Fourth box, left."

He wanted to find words, but for consciousness of self, could not.

"It's a wonderful house out there waiting for you, Leon Kantor, and you--you're wonderful, too!"

"The--flowers--thanks!"

"My father, he sent them. Come, father--quick!"

Suddenly there was a tight tensy seemed to crowd up the little room.

"Abrahm--quick--get Hancock. That first row of chairs--has got to be moved. There he is, in the wings. See that the piano ain't dragged down too far! Leon, got your mute in your pocket? Please, Mr. Ginsberg--you must excuse--Here, Leon, is your glass of water; drink it, I say. Shut that door out there, boy, so there ain't a draught in the wings. Here, Leon, your violin. Got your neckerchief? Listen how they're shouting! It's for you--Leon--darlink--Go!"

The center of that vast human bowl which had shouted itself out, slim, boylike, and in his supreme isolation, Leon Kantor drew bow and a first thin, pellucid, and perfect note into a silence breathless to receive it.

Throughout the arduous flexuosities of the Mendelssohn E minor concerto, singing, winding from tonal to tonal climax, and out of the slow movement which is like a tourniquet twisting the heart into the spirited *_allegro molto vivace_*, it was as if beneath Leon Kantor's fingers the strings were living vein-cords, youth, vitality, and the very foam of exuberance racing through them.

That was the power of him. The vichy and the sparkle of youth, so that, playing, the melody poured round him like wine and went down seething and singing into the hearts of his hearers.

Later, and because these were his people and because they were dark and Slavic with his Slavic darkness, he played, as if his very blood were weeping, the "Kol Nidre," which is the prayer of his race for atonement.

And then the super-amphitheater, filled with those whose emotions lie next to the surface and whose pores have not been closed over with a water-tight veneer, burst into its cheers and its tears.

There were fifteen recalls from the wings, Abrahm Kantor standing counting them off on his fingers and trembling to receive the Stradivarius. Then, finally, and against the frantic negative pantomime of his manager, a scherzo, played so lacily that it swept the house in lightest laughter.

When Leon Kantor finally completed his program they were loath to let

him go, crowding down the aisles upon him, applauding up, down, around him until the great disheveled house was like the roaring of a sea, and he would laugh and throw out his arm in widespread helplessness, and always his manager in the background gesticulating against too much of his precious product for the money, ushers already slamming up chairs, his father's arms out for the Stradivarius, and, deepest in the gloom of the wings, Sarah Kantor, in a rocker especially dragged out for her, and from the depths of the black-silk reticule, darning his socks.

"Bravo--bravo! Give us the 'Humoresque'--Chopin Nocturne--Polonaise --'Humoresque.' Bravo--bravo!"

And even as they stood, hatted and coated, importuning and pressing in upon him, and with a wisp of a smile to the fourth left box, Leon Kantor played them the "Humoresque" of Dvorák, skedaddling, plucking, quirking--that laugh on life with a tear behind it. Then suddenly, because he could escape no other way, rushed straight back for his dressing-room, bursting in upon a flood of family already there: Isadore Kantor, blue-shaved, aquiline, and already graying at the temples; his five-year-old son, Leon; a soft little pouter-pigeon of a wife, too, enormous of bust, in glittering ear-drops and a wrist watch of diamonds half buried in chubby wrist; Miss Esther Kantor, pink and pretty; Rudolph; Boris, not yet done with growing-pains.

At the door Miss Kantor met her brother, her eyes as sweetly moist as her kiss.

"Leon darling, you surpassed even yourself!"

"Quit crowding, children. Let him sit down. Here, Leon, let mamma give you a fresh collar. Look how the child's perspired. Pull down that window, Boris. Rudolph, don't let no one in. I give you my word if to-night wasn't as near as I ever came to seeing a house go crazy. Not even that time in Milan, darlink, when they broke down the doors, was it like to-night--"

"Ought to seen, ma, the row of police outside--"

"Hush up, Roody! Don't you see your brother is trying to get his breath?"

From Mrs. Isadore Kantor: "You should have seen the balconies, mother. Isadore and I went up just to see the jam."

"Six thousand dollars in the house to-night, if there was a cent," said Isadore Kantor.

"Hand me my violin, please, Esther. I must have scratched it, the way they pushed."

"No, son, you didn't. I've already rubbed it up. Sit quiet, darlink!"

He was limply white, as if the vitality had flowed out of him.

"God! wasn't it--tremendous?"

"Six thousand, if there was a cent," repeated Isadore Kantor. "More than Rimsky ever played to in his life!"

"Oh, Izzie, you make me sick, always counting--counting!"

"Your sister's right, Isadore. You got nothing to complain of if there was only six hundred in the house. A boy whose fiddle has made already enough to set you up in such a fine business, his brother Boris in such a fine college, automobiles--style--and now because Vladimir Rimsky, three times his age, gets signed up with Elsass for a few thousand more a year, right away the family gets a long face--"

"Ma, please! Isadore didn't mean it that way!"

"Pa's knocking, ma! Shall I let him in?"

"Let him in, Roody. I'd like to know what good it will do to try to keep him out."

In an actual rain of perspiration, his tie slid well under one ear, Abrahm Kantor burst in, mouthing the words before his acute state of strangulation would let them out.

"Elsass--it's Elsass outside! He--wants--to sign--Leon--fifty concerts--coast to coast--two thousand--next season! He's got the papers--already drawn up--the pen outside waiting--"

"Abrahm!"

"Pa!"

In the silence that followed, Isadore Kantor, a poppiness of stare and a violent redness set in, suddenly turned to his five-year-old son, sticky with lollipop, and came down soundly and with smack against the infantile, the slightly outstanding and unsuspecting ear.

"_Momser!_" he cried. "_Chammer! Lump! Ganef_! You hear that? Two thousand! Two thousand! Didn't I tell you--didn't I tell you to practise?"

Even as Leon Kantor put pen to this princely document, Franz Ferdinand of Serbia, the assassin's bullet cold, lay dead in state, and let slip were the dogs of war.

* * * * *

In the next years, men, forty deep, were to die in piles; hayricks of fields to become human hayricks of battle-fields; Belgium disemboweled, her very entrails dragging, to find all the civilized world her champion, and between the poppies of Flanders, crosses, thousand upon thousand of them, to mark the places where the youth of her allies fell, avenging outrage. Seas, even when calmest, were to become terrible, and men's heart-beats, a bit sluggish with the fatty degeneration of a sluggish peace, to quicken and then to throb with the rat-a-tat-tat, the rat-a-tat-tat of the most peremptory, the most reverberating call to arms in the history of the world.

In June, 1917, Leon Kantor, answering that rat-a-tat-tat, enlisted.

In November, honed by the interim of training to even a new leanness, and sailing-orders heavy and light in his heart, Lieutenant Kantor, on two days' home-leave, took leave of home, which can be crudest when it is tenderest.

Standing there in the expensive, the formal, the enormous French parlor of his up-town apartment de luxe, from not one of whose chairs would his mother's feet touch floor, a wall of living flesh, mortared in blood, was throbbing and hedging him in.

He would pace up and down the long room, heavy with the faces of those who mourn, with a laugh too ready, too facetious, in his fear for them.

"Well, well, what is this, anyway, a wake? Where's the coffin? Who's dead?"

His sister-in-law shot out her plump, watch-encrusted wrist. "Don't, Leon!" she cried. "Such talk is a sin! It might come true."

"Rosie-posy-butter-ball," he said, pausing beside her chair to pinch her deeply soft cheek. "Cry-baby-roly-poly, you can't shove me off in a wooden kimono that way."

From his place before the white-and-gold mantel, staring steadfastly at the floor tiling, Isadore Kantor turned suddenly, a bit whiter and older at the temples.

"I don't get your comedy, Leon."

"'Wooden kimono'--Leon?"

"That's the way the fellows at camp joke about coffins, ma. I didn't mean anything but fun! Great Scott! Can't any one take a joke!"

"O God! O God!" His mother fell to swaying softly, hugging herself against shivering.

"Did you sign over power of attorney to pa, Leon?"

"All fixed, Izzie."

"I'm so afraid, son, you don't take with you enough money in your pockets. You know how you lose it. If only you would let mamma sew that little bag inside your uniform, with a little place for bills and a little place for the asafoetida!"

"Now, please, ma--please! If I needed more, wouldn't I take it? Wouldn't I be a pretty joke among the fellows, tied up in that smelling stuff! Orders are orders, ma, I know what to take and what not to take."

"Please, Leon, don't get mad at me, but if you will let me put in your suit-case just one little box of that salve, for your finger-tips, so they don't crack--"

Pausing as he paced to lay cheek to her hair, he patted her. "Three boxes, if you want. Now, how's that?"

"And you won't take it out so soon as my back is turned?"

"Cross my heart."

His touch seemed to set her trembling again, all her illy concealed emotions rushing up. "I can't stand it! Can't! Can't! Take my life--take my blood, but don't take my boy--don't take my boy--"

"Mamma, mamma, is that the way you're going to begin all over again, after your promise?"

She clung to him, heaving against the rising storm of sobs. "I can't help it--can't! Cut out my heart from me, but let me keep my boy--my wonderboy--"

"Oughtn't she be ashamed of herself? Just listen to her, Esther! What will we do with her? Talks like she had a guarantee I wasn't coming back. Why, I wouldn't be surprised if by spring I wasn't tuning up again for a coast-to-coast tour--"

"Spring! That talk don't fool me. Without my boy, the springs in my life are over--"

"Why, ma, you talk like every soldier who goes to war was killed! There's only the smallest percentage of them die in battle--"

"'Spring,' he says; 'spring!' Crossing the seas from me! To live through months with that sea between us--my boy maybe shot--my--"

"Mamma, please!"

"I can't help it, Leon; I'm not one of those fine mothers that can be so

brave. Cut out my heart, but leave my boy! My wonder-boy--my child I prayed for!"

"There's other mothers, ma, with sons!"

"Yes, but not wonder-sons! A genius like you could so easy get excused, Leon. Give it up. Genius it should be the last to be sent to--the slaughter-pen. Leon darlink--don't go!"

"Ma, ma--you don't mean what you're saying. You wouldn't want me to reason that way! You wouldn't want me to hide behind my--violin."

"I would! Would! You should wait for the draft. With my Roody and even my baby Boris enlisted, ain't it enough for one mother? Since they got to be in camp, all right, I say, let them be there, if my heart breaks for it, but not my wonder-child! You can get exemption, Leon, right away for the asking. Stay with me, Leon! Don't go away! The people at home got to be kept happy with music. That's being a soldier, too, playing their troubles away. Stay with me, Leon! Don't go leave me--don't--don't--"

He suffered her to lie, tear-drenched, back into his arms, holding her close in his compassion for her, his own face twisting.

"God! ma, this--this is awful! Please--you make us ashamed--all of us! I don't know what to say. Esther, come quiet her--for God's sake quiet her!"

From her place in that sobbing circle Esther Kantor crossed to kneel beside her mother.

"Mamma darling, you're killing yourself. What if every family went on this way? You want papa to come in and find us all crying? Is this the way you want Leon to spend his last hour with us--"

"Oh, God--God!"

"I mean his last hour until he comes back, darling. Didn't you just hear him say, darling, it may be by spring?"

""Spring"--'spring'--never no more springs for me--"

"Just think, darling, how proud we should be! Our Leon, who could so easily have been excused, not even to wait for the draft."

"It's not too late yet--please--Leon--"

"Our Roody and Boris both in camp, too, training to serve their country. Why, mamma, we ought to be crying for happiness. As Leon says, surely the Kantor family, who fled out of Russia to escape massacre, should know how terrible slavery can be. That's why we must help our boys,

mamma, in their fight to make the world free! Right, Leon?" trying to smile with her red-rimmed eyes.

"We've got no fight with no one! Not a child of mine was ever raised to so much as lift a finger against no one. We've got no fight with no one!"

"We have got a fight with some one! With autocracy! Only this time it happens to be Hunnish autocracy. You should know it, mamma--oh, you should know it deeper down in you than any of us, the fight our family right here has got with autocracy! We should be the first to want to avenge Belgium!"

"Leon's right, mamma darling, the way you and papa were beaten out of your country--"

"There's not a day in your life you don't curse it without knowing it! Every time we three boys look at your son and our brother Mannie, born an--an imbecile--because of autocracy, we know what we're fighting for. We know. You know, too. Look at him over there, even before he was born, ruined by autocracy! Know what I'm fighting for? Why, this whole family knows! What's music, what's art, what's life itself in a world without freedom? Every time, ma, you get to thinking we've got a fight with no one, all you have to do is look at our poor Mannie. He's the answer. He's the answer."

In a foaming sort of silence, Mannie Kantor smiled softly from his chair beneath the pink-and-gold shade of the piano-lamp. The heterogeneous sounds of women weeping had ceased. Straight in her chair, her great shelf of bust heaving, sat Rosa Kantor, suddenly dry of eye; Isadore Kantor head up. Erect now, and out from the embrace of her daughter, Sarah looked up at her son.

"What time do you leave, Leon?" she asked, actually firm of lip.

"Any minute, ma. Getting late."

This time she pulled her lips to a smile, wagging her forefinger.

"Don't let them little devils of French girls fall in love with my dude in his uniform."

Her pretense at pleasantry was almost more than he could bear.

"Hear! Hear! Our mother thinks I'm a regular lady-killer! Hear that, Esther?" pinching her cheek.

"You are, Leon--only--only, you don't know it!"

"Don't you bring down too many beaux while I'm gone, either, Miss Kantor!"

"I--won't, Leon."

Sotto voce to her: "Remember, Esther, while I'm gone, the royalties from the discaphone records are yours. I want you to have them for pin-money and--maybe a dowry?"

She turned from him. "Don't, Leon--don't--"

"I like him! Nice fellow, but too slow! Why, if I were in his shoes I'd have popped long ago."

She smiled with her lashes dewy.

There entered then, in a violet-scented little whirl, Miss Gina Berg, rosy with the sting of a winter's night, and, as usual, swathed in the high-napped furs.

"Gina!"

She was for greeting every one, a wafted kiss to Mrs. Kantor, and then, arms wide, a great bunch of violets in one outstretched hand, her glance straight, sure, and sparkling for Leon Kantor.

"Surprise--everybody--surprise!"

"Why, Gina--we read--we thought you were singing in Philadelphia to-night!"

"So did I, Esther darling, until a little bird whispered to me that Lieutenant Kantor was home on farewell leave."

He advanced to her down the great length of room, lowering his head over her hand, his puttee-clad legs clicking together. "You mean, Miss Gina--Gina--you didn't sing?"

"Of course I didn't! Hasn't every prima donna a larynx to hide behind?" She lifted off her fur cap, spilling curls.

"Well, I--I'll be hanged!" said Lieutenant Kantor, his eyes lakes of her reflected loveliness.

She let her hand linger in his. "Leon--you--really going? How--terrible! How--how--wonderful!"

"How wonderful!--your coming!"

"I--You think it was not nice of me--to come?"

"I think it was the nicest thing that ever happened in the world."

"All the way here in the train I kept saying, 'Crazy--crazy--running to tell Leon--Lieutenant--Kantor good-by--when you haven't even seen him three times in three years--'"

"But each--each of those three times we--we've remembered, Gina."

"But that's how I feel toward all the boys, Leon--our fighting boys--just like flying to them to kiss them each one good-by."

"Come over, Gina. You'll be a treat to our mother. I--Well, I'm hanged! All the way from Philadelphia!"

There was even a sparkle to talk, then, and a letup of pressure. After a while Sarah Kantor looked up at her son, tremulous, but smiling.

"Well, son, you going to play--for your old mother before--you go? It'll be many a month--spring--maybe longer, before I hear my boy again except on the discaphone."

He shot a quick glance to his sister. "Why, I--I don't know. I--I'd love it, ma, if--if you think, Esther, I'd better."

"You don't need to be afraid of me, darlink. There's nothing can give me the strength to bear--what's before me like--like my boy's music. That's my life, his music."

"Why, yes; if mamma is sure she feels that way, play for us, Leon."

He was already at the instrument, where it lay, swathed, atop the grand piano. "What'll it be, folks?"

"Something to make ma laugh, Leon--something light, something funny."

"Humoresque," he said, with a quick glance for Miss Berg.

"Humoresque," she said, smiling back at him.

He capered through, cutting and playful of bow, the melody of Dvorák's, which is as ironic as a grinning mask.

Finished, he smiled at his parent, her face still untearful.

"How's that?"

She nodded. "It's like life, son, that piece. Crying to hide its laughing and laughing to hide its crying."

"Play that new piece, Leon--the one you set to music. You know. The words by that young boy in the war who wrote such grand poetry before he was killed. The one that always makes poor Mannie laugh. Play it for him, Leon."

Her plump little unlined face innocent of fault, Mrs. Isadore Kantor ventured her request, her smile tired with tears.

"No, no--Rosa--not now! Ma wouldn't want that!"

"I do, son; I do! Even Mannie should have his share of good-by."

To Gina Berg: "They want me to play that little arrangement of mine from Allan Seegar's poem. 'I Have a Rendezvous....'"

"It--it's beautiful, Leon. I was to have sung it on my program to-night--only, I'm afraid you had better not--here--now--"

"Please, Leon! Nothing you play can ever make me as sad as it makes me glad. Mannie should have, too, his good-by."

"All right, then, ma, if--if you're sure you want it. Will you sing it, Gina?"

She had risen. "Why, yes, Leon."

She sang it then, quite purely, her hands clasped simply together and her glance mistily off, the beautiful, the heroic, the lyrical prophecy of a soldier-poet and a poet-soldier:

"But I've a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear."

In the silence that followed, a sob burst out, stifled, from Esther Kantor, this time her mother holding her in arms that were strong.

"That, Leon, is the most beautiful of all your compositions. What does it mean, son, that word, 'rondy-voo'?"

"Why, I--I don't exactly know. A rendezvous--it's a sort of meeting, an engagement, isn't it, Miss Gina? Gina? You're up on languages. As if I had an appointment to meet you some place--at the opera-house, for instance."

"That's it, Leon--an engagement."

"Have I an engagement with you, Gina?"

She let her lids droop. "Oh, how--how I hope you have, Leon."

"When?"

"In the spring?"

"That's it--in the spring."

Then they smiled, these two, who had never felt more than the merest butterfly wings of love brushing them, light as lashes. No word between them, only an unfinished sweetness, waiting to be linked up.

Suddenly there burst in Abrahm Kantor, in a carefully rehearsed gale of bluster.

"Quick, Leon! I got the car down-stairs. Just fifteen minutes to make the ferry. Quick! The sooner we get him over there the sooner we get him back! I'm right, mamma? Now, now! No waterworks! Get your brother's suit-case, Isadore. Now, now! No nonsense! Quick--quick--"

With a deftly manoeuvred round of good-bys, a grip-laden dash for the door, a throbbing moment of turning back when it seemed as though Sarah Kantor's arms could not unlock their deadlock of him, Leon Kantor was out and gone, the group of faces point-etched into the silence behind him.

The poor, mute face of Mannie, laughing softly. Rosa Kantor crying into her hands. Esther, grief-crumpled, but rich in the enormous hope of youth. The sweet Gina, to whom the waiting months had already begun their reality.

Not so Sarah Kantor. In a bedroom adjoining, its high-ceilinged vastness as cold as a cathedral to her lowness of stature, sobs dry and terrible were rumbling up from her, only to dash against lips tightly restraining them.

On her knees beside a chest of drawers, and unwrapping it from swaddling-clothes, she withdrew what at best had been a sorry sort of fiddle.

Cracked of back and solitary of string, it was as if her trembling arms, raising it above her head, would make of themselves and her swaying body the tripod of an altar.

The old twisting and prophetic pain was behind her heart. Like the painted billows of music that the old Italian masters loved to do, there wound and wreathed about her clouds of song:

But I've a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

HIS AMERICA

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Lifted Masks*, by Susan Glaspell

He hated to see the reporter go. With the closing of that door it seemed certain that there was no putting it off any longer.

But even when the man's footsteps were at last sounding on the stairway, he still clung to him.

"Father," he asked, fretfully, "why do you always talk to those fellows?"

Herman Beckman turned in his chair and stared at his son. Then he laughed. "Now, that's a fine question to come from the honour man of a law school! I hope, Fritz, that your oration to-night is going to have a little more sense in it than that."

The calling up of his oration made him reach out another clutching hand to the vanished reporter. "But it's farcical, father, to be always interviewed by a paper nobody reads."

"Nobody--_reads_?"

"Why, nobody cares anything about the _Leader_. It's dead."

Herman Beckman looked at his son sharply; something about him seemed strange. He decided that he was nervous about the commencement programme. Fritz had the one oration.

The boy had opened the drawer of his study table and was fingering some papers he had taken out.

"Sure you know it?" the man asked with affectionate parental anxiety.

"Oh, I know it all right," Fred answered grimly, and again the father decided that he was nervous about the thing. He wasn't just like himself.

The man walked to the window and stood looking across at the university buildings. Colleges had always meant much to Herman Beckman. The very day Fritz was born he determined that the boy was to go to college. It was good to witness the fulfilment of his dreams. He turned his glance to the comfortable room.

"Pretty decent comfortable sort of place, isn't it, father?" Fred asked, following his father's look and thought from the Morris chair to the student's lamp, and all those other things which nowadays seem an inevitable part of the acquirement of learning.

It made his father laugh. "Yes, my boy, I should call it decent--and comfortable." He grew thoughtful after that.

"Pretty different from the place you had, father?"

"Oh--me? My place to study was any place I could find. Sometimes on top of a load of hay, lots of times by the light of the logs. I've studied in some funny places, Fritz."

"Well, you _got_ there, father!" the boy burst out with feeling. "By Jove, there aren't many of them _know_ the things you know!"

"I know enough to know what I don't know," said the old man, a little sadly. "I know enough to know what I missed. I wanted to go to college. No one will ever know how I wanted to! I began to think I'd never feel right about it. But I have a notion that when I sit there to-night listening to you, Fritz, knowing that you're speaking for two hundred boys, half of whose fathers did go to college, I think I'm going to feel better about it then."

The boy turned away. Something in the kindly words seemed as the cut of a whip across his face.

"Well, Fritz," his father continued, getting into his coat, "I'll be going downtown. Leave you to put on an extra flourish or two." He laughed in proud parental fashion. "Anyway, I have some things to see about."

The boy stood up. "Father, I have something to tell you." He said it shortly and sharply.

The father stood there, puzzled.

"You won't like my oration to-night, father."

And still the man did not speak. The words would not have bothered him much--it was the boy's manner.

"In fact, father, you're going to be desperately disappointed in it."

The dull red was creeping into the man's cheeks. He was one to have little patience with that thing of not doing one's work. "Why am I going to be disappointed? This is no time to shirk! You should--"

"Oh, you'll not complain of the time and thought I've put on it," the boy broke in with a short, hard laugh. "But, you see, father--you see"--his armour had slipped from him--"it doesn't express--your views."

"Did I ever say I wanted you to express 'my views'? Did I bring you up to be a mouthpiece of mine? Haven't I told you to _think_?" But with a long, sharp glance at his boy anger gave way. "Come, boy"--going over and patting him on the back--"brace up now. You're acting like a seven-year-old girl afraid to speak her first piece," and his big laugh rang out, eager to reassure.

"You won't see it! You won't believe it! I don't suppose you'll believe it when you hear it!" He turned away, overwhelmed by a sudden realisation of just how difficult was the thing that lay before him.

The man started toward his son, but instead he walked over and sat down at the opposite side of the table, waiting. He was beginning to see that there was something in this which he did not understand.

At last the boy turned to him, fighting back some things, taking on other things. He gazed at the care-worn, rugged face--face of a worker and a dreamer, reading in those lines the story of that life, seeing more clearly than he had ever seen before the beauty and futility of it. Here was the idealist, the man who would give his whole lifetime to a dream he had dreamed. He loved his father very tenderly as he looked at him, read him, then.

"Father," he asked quietly, "are you satisfied with your life?"

The man simply stared--waiting, seeking his bearings.

"You came to this country when you were nineteen years old--didn't you, father?" The man nodded. "And now you're--it's sixty-one, isn't it?"

Again he nodded.

"You've been in America, then, forty-two years. Father, do you think as much of it now as you did forty-two years ago?"

"I don't know what you mean," the man said, searching his son's quiet, passionate face. "I can't make you out, Fritz."

"My favourite story as a kid," the boy went on, "was to hear you tell of how you felt when your boat came sailing into New York Harbour, and you saw the first outlines of a country you had dreamed about all through your boyhood, which you had saved pennies for, worked nights for, ever since you were old enough to know the meaning of America. I mean," he corrected, significantly, "the meaning of what you thought was America."

"It's a bully story, father," he continued, with a smile at once tender and hard; "the simple German boy, born a dreamer, standing

there looking out at the dim shores of that land he had idealised. If ever a man came to America bringing it rich gifts, that man was you!"

"Fritz," his father's voice was rendered harsh by mystification and foreboding, "tell me what you're talking about. Come to the point. Clear this up."

"I'm talking about American politics--your party--having ruined your life! I'm talking about working like a slave all your days and having nothing but a mortgaged farm at sixty-one! I'm talking about playing a losing game! I'm saying, _What's the use?_ Father, I'm telling you that _I'm_ going to join the other party and make some money!"

The man just sat there, staring.

"Well," the boy took it up defiantly, "why not?"

And then he moved, laid a not quite steady hand out upon the table.

"My boy, you're not well. You've studied too hard. Now brace yourself up for to-night, and then we'll go down home and fix you up. What you need, Fritz," he said, trying to laugh, "is the hayfield."

"You're not _seeing_ it!" The boy pushed back his chair and began moving about the room. "The only way I can brace myself up for to-night is to get so mad--father, usually you see things so easily! Don't you understand? It was my chance, my one moment, my time to strike. It will be years before I get such a hearing again. You see, father, the thing will be printed, and the men I want to have hear it, the men who _own this State_, will be there. One of them is to preside. And the story of it, the worth of it, to them, is that I'm your son. You see, after all," he seized at this wildly, "I'm getting my start on the fact that I'm your son."

"Go on," said the man; the brown of his wind-beaten face had yielded to a tinge of grey. "Just what is it you are going to say?"

"I call it 'The New America,' a lot of this talk about doing things, the glory of industrial America, the true Americans the men of constructive genius, the patriotism of railroad and factory building, a eulogy of railroad officials and corporation presidents," he rushed on with a laugh. "Singing the song of Capital. Father, can't you see _why?_"

The old man had risen. "Tell me this," he said. "None of it matters much, if you just tell me this: You _believe_ these things? You've thought it all out for yourself--and you _feel_ that way? You're honest, aren't you, Fritz?" He put that last in a whisper.

The boy made no reply; after a minute the man sank back to his chair. The years seemed coming to him with the minutes.

Fred was leaning against the wall. "Father," he said at last, "I hope you'll let me be a little roundabout. It's only fair to me to let me ramble on a little. I've got to put it all right before you or--or--You know, dad,"--he came back to his place by the table, "the first thing I remember very clearly is those men, your party managers, coming down to the farm one time and asking you to run for Governor. How many times is it you've run for Governor, father?" He put the question slowly.

"Five," said the man heavily.

"I don't know which time this was; but you didn't want to. You were sorry when you saw them coming. I heard some of the talk. You talked about your farm, what you wanted to do that summer, how you couldn't afford the time or the money. They argued that you owed it to the party--they always got you there; how no other man could hold down majorities as you could--a man like you giving the best years of his life to holding down majorities! They said you were the one man against whom no personal attack could be made. And when there was so much to fight, anyway--oh, I know that speech by heart! They've made great capital of your honesty and your clean life. In fact, they've held that up as a curtain behind which a great many things could go on. Oh, _you_ didn't know about them; you were out in front of the curtain, but I haven't lived in this town without finding out that they needed your integrity and your clean record pretty bad!

"That was out on the side porch. Mother had brought out some buttermilk, and they drank it while they talked. You put up a good fight. Your time was money to you at that time of year; a man shouldn't neglect his farm--but you never yet could hold out against that 'needing-you' kind of talk. They knew there was no chance for your election. You knew it. But it takes a man of just your grit to put any snap into a hopeless campaign.

"Mother cried when you went to drive them back to town. You see, I remember all those things. She told about how hard you would work, and how it would do no good--that the State belonged to the other party. She talked about the farm, too, and the addition she had wanted for the house, and how now she wouldn't have it. Mother felt pretty bad that night. She's gone through a lot of those times."

There was a silence.

"You were away a lot that summer, and all fall. You looked pretty well used up when you came home, but you said that you had held down majorities splendidly."

Again there was silence. It was the silences that seemed to be saying the most.

"You had one term in Congress--that's the only thing you ever had. Then you did so much that they concentrated in your district and saw to it that you never got back. Julius Caesar couldn't have been elected again," he laughed harshly.

"Father," the boy went on, after a pause, "you asked me if I were honest. There are two kinds of honesty. The primitive kind--like yours--and then the kind you develop for yourself. Do I believe the things I'm going to say to-night? No--not now. But I'll believe them more after I've heard the applause I'm sure to get. I'll believe them still more after I've had my first case thrown to me by our railroad friends who own this State. More and more after I've said them over in campaigning next fall, and pretty soon I'll be so sure I believe them that I really will believe them--and that," he concluded, flippantly, "is the new brand of American honesty. Why, any smart man can persuade himself he's not a hypocrite!"

"My _God!_" it wrenched from the man. "_This?_ If you'd stolen money--killed a man--but hypocrisy, cant--the very thing I've fought hardest, hated most! You lived all your life with me to learn _this?_"

"I lived all my life with you to learn what pays, and what doesn't. I lived all my life with you to learn from failure the value of success."

"I never was sure I was a failure until this hour."

"Father! Can't you see--"

"Oh, don't _talk_ to me!" cried the old man, rising, reaching out his fist as though he would strike him. "Son of mine sitting there telling me he is fixing up a brand of honesty for himself!"

The boy grew quieter as self-restraint left his father. "I mean that--just that," he said at last. "Let a man either give or get. If he gives, let it be to the real thing. There are two Americas. The America of you dreamers--and then the real America. Yours is an idea--an idea quite as much as an ideal. I don't think you have the slightest comprehension of how far apart it is from the real America. The people who dream of it over in Europe are a great deal nearer it than you people who work for it here. Father, the spirit of this country flows in a strong, swift, resistless current. You never got into it at all. Your kind of idealists influence it about as much--about as much as red lights burned on the banks of the great river would influence the current of that river. You're not _of_ it. You came here, throbbing with the love for America; and with your ideal America you've fought the real, and you've

worked and you've believed and you've sacrificed. Father, _what's the use?_ In this State, anyway, it's hopeless. It has been so through your lifetime; it will be through mine."

The man sat looking at him. He felt that he should say something, but the words did not come--held back, perhaps, by a sense of their uselessness. It was not so much what Fred said as it was the look in his eyes as he said it. There was nothing impetuous or youthful about that look, nothing to be laughed at or argued away. He had always felt that Fred had a mind which saw things straight, saw them in their right relations, and at that moment he had no words to plead for what Fred called the America of the dreamers.

"I'm of the second generation, dad," the boy went on, at length, "and the second generation has an ideal of its own, and that ideal is Success. It took us these forty years to come to understand the spirit of America. You were a dreamer who loved America. I'm an American. We've translated democracy and brotherhood and equality into enterprise and opportunity and success--and that's getting Americanised. Now, father," he sought refuge in the tone of every-day things, "you'll get used to it--won't you? I don't expect you to feel very good about it, but you aren't going to be broken up about it--are you? After all, father," laughing and moving about as if to break the seriousness of things, "there's nothing criminal about being one of the other fellows--is there? Just remember that there _are_ folks who even think it's respectable!" The father had risen and picked up his hat. "No, Fred," he said, with a sadness in which there was great dignity, "there is nothing criminal in it if a man's conviction sends him that way. But to me there is something--something too sad for words in a man's selling his own soul."

"Father! How extravagant! _Why_ is it selling one's soul to sit down and figure out what's the best thing to do?" He hesitated, hating to add hurt to hurt, not wanting to say that his father's fight should have been with the revolutionists, that his life was ineffective because, seeing his dream from within a dream, his thinking had been muddled. He only said: "As I say, father, it's a question of giving or getting. I couldn't even give in your way. And I've seen enough of giving to want a taste of getting. I want to make things go--and I see my chance. Why father," he laughed, trying to turn it, "there's nothing so American as wanting to make things _go_."

He looked at him for a long minute. "My boy," he said, "I fear you are becoming so American that I am losing you."

"Father," the boy pleaded, affectionately, "now don't--"

The old man held up his hand. "You've tried to make me understand it," he said, "and succeeded. You can't complain of the way you've

succeeded. I don't know why I don't argue with you--plead; there are things I could say--should say, perhaps--but something assures me it would be useless. I feel a good many years older than I did when I came into this room, but the reason for it is not that you're joining the other party. You know what I think of the men who control this State, the men with whom you desire to cast your lot, but I trust the years I've spent fighting them haven't made a bigot of me. It's not joining their party--it's using it--makes this the hardest thing I've been called upon to meet."

"Father, don't look like that! How do you think I am going to get up and speak tonight with that face before me?"

"You didn't think, did you," the man laughed bitterly, "that I would inspire you to your effort?"

The boy stood looking at his father, a strange new fire in his eyes.

"Yes," he said, quietly, tenderly, "you will inspire me. When I get up before those men tonight I'm going to see the picture of that boy straining for his first glimpse of New York Harbour. I'm going to think for just a minute of the things that boy brought with him--things he has never lost. And then I'll see you as you stand here now---it will be enough. What I need to do is to get mad. If I falter I'll just think of some of those times when you came home from your campaigns--how you looked--what you said. It will bring the inspiration. Father, I figure it out like this. We're going to get it back. We're going to get what's coming to us. There's another America than the America of you dreamers. To yours you have given; from mine I will get. And the irony of it--don't think I don't see the irony of it--is that I will be called the real American. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to make the railroads of this State--oh, it sounds like schoolboy talk, but just give me a little time--I'm going to make the railroads of this State pay off every cent of that mortgage on your farm! Father," he finished, impetuously, in a last appeal, "you're broken up now, disappointed, but would you honestly want me to travel the road you've traveled?"

"My boy," answered the old man, and the tears came with it, "I wanted you to travel the road of an honest man."

Herman Beckman did not go to the commencement exercises that night. There was no train home until morning, so he had the night to spend in town. He was alone, for his friends assumed that he would be out at the university. But he preferred being alone.

He sat in his room at the hotel, reading. And he could read. Years of discipline stood him in good stead now. His life had taught him to read anywhere, at any time. He had never permitted himself the luxury of not being "in the mood." It was only the men who had gone to college who could do that. He had to read. He always

carried some little book with him, for how did a man know that he might not have to wait an hour for a train somewhere? The man had a simple-minded veneration for knowledge. He wanted to know about things. And he had never learned to pretend that he didn't want to know. He quite lacked the modern art of flippancy. He believed in great books.

And so on the night that his son was being graduated from college he sat in his room at the hotel--cheap room in a mediocre hotel; he had never learned to feel at home in the rich ones--reading Marcus Aurelius. But his hand as he turned the pages trembled as the hand of a very old man. At midnight some reporters came in to ask him what he thought of his son's oration. They wanted a statement from him.

He told them that he had never believed the sins of a parent should be visited on a child, and that it was even so with the thought. He had always contended that a man should do his own thinking. The contention applied to his son.

"Gamey old brute!" was what one of the reporters said in the elevator.

He could not read Marcus Aurelius after that. He went to bed, but he did not sleep. Many things passed before him. His anticipations, his dreams for Fritz, had brought the warmest pleasure of his stern, unrelaxing life. There was a great emptiness tonight. What was a man to turn to, think about, when he seemed stripped, not only of the future, but of the past? He seemed called upon to readjust the whole of his life, giving up that which he had held dearest. What was left? Daylight found him turning it over and over.

In the morning he went home. He got away without seeing any of his friends.

He did not try to read this morning; somehow it seemed there was no use in trying to read any more. He watched the country through which they were passing, thinking of the hundreds of times he had ridden over it in campaigning. He wondered, vaguely, just how much money he had spent on railroad fare--he had never accepted mileage. Fred's "What's the use?" kept ringing in his ears. There was something about that phrase which made one feel very tired and old. It even seemed there was no use looking out to see how the crops were getting on. _What's the use? What's the use?_ Was that a phrase one learned in college?

There had been two things to tell "mother" that night. The first was that he had stopped in town and told Claus Hansen he could have that south hundred and sixty he had been wanting for two years.

It was not easy to tell the woman who had worked shoulder to

shoulder with him for thirty years, the woman who during those years had risen with him in the early morning and worked with him until darkness rescued the weary bodies, that in their old age they must surrender the fruit of their toil. They would have left just what they had started with. They had just held their own.

Coming down on the train he had made up his mind that if Hansen were in town he would tell him that he could have the land. He felt so very tired and old, so bowed down with Fred's "What's the use?" that he saw that he himself would never get the mortgage paid off. And Fred had said something about making the railroads pay it. He did not know just how the boy figured that out--indeed, he was getting a little dazed about the whole thing--but if Fritz had any idea of having the railroads pay off the mortgage on his farm--he couldn't forget how the boy looked when he said it, face white, eyes burning--he would see to it right now that there was no chance of that.

He tried not to look at the land as he drove past it on the way home. He wondered just how much campaign literature it had paid for. He wondered if he would ever get used to seeing Claus Hansen putting up his hay over there in that field.

He had felt so badly about telling mother that he told it very bluntly. And because he felt so sorry for her he said not one kind word, but just sat quiet, looking the other way.

She was clearing off the table. He heard her scraping out the potato dish with great care. Then she was coming over to him. She came awkwardly, hesitatingly--her life had not schooled her in meeting emotional moments beautifully--but she laid her hand upon him, patted him on the shoulder as one would a child. "Never mind, papa--never you mind. It will make it easier for us. There's enough left--and it will make it easier. We're getting on--we're--" There she broke off abruptly into a vigorous scolding of the dog, who was lifting covetous nostrils to a piece of meat.

That was all. And there was no woman in the country had worked harder. And Martha was ambitious; she liked land, and she did not like Claus Hansen's wife.

Yes, he had had a good wife.

Then there was that other thing to tell her--about Fritz. That was harder.

Mother had not gone up to the city to hear Fritz "speak" because her feet were bothering her, and she could not wear her shoes. He had had a vague idea of how disappointed she was, though she had said very little about it. Martha never had been one to say much about things. When he came back, of course she had wanted to know all

about it, and he had put her off. Now he had to tell her.

It was much harder; and in the telling of it he broke down.

This time she did not come over and pat his shoulder. Perhaps Martha knew--likely she had never heard the word intuition, but, anyway, she knew--that it was beyond that.

It seemed difficult for her to comprehend. She was bewildered to find that Fritz could change parties all in a minute. She seemed to grasp, first of all, that it was disrespectful to his father. Some boys at school had been putting notions into his head.

But gradually she began to see it. Fritz wanted to make money. Fritz wanted to have it easier. And the other people did "have it easier."

It divided her feeling: sorry and indignant for the father, secretly glad and relieved for the boy. "He will have it easier than we had it, papa," she said at the last. "But it was not right of Fritz," she concluded, vaguely but severely.

As she washed the dishes Martha was thinking that likely Fritz's wife would have a hired girl.

Then Martha went up to bed. He said that he would come in a few minutes, but many minutes went by while he sat out on the side porch trying to think it out.

The moon was shining brightly down on that hundred and sixty which Claus Hansen was to have. And the moon, too, seemed to be saying: "What's the use?"

Well, what _was_ the use? Perhaps, after all, the boy was right. What had it all amounted to? What was there left? What had he done?

Two Americas, Fred had said, and his but the America of the dreamers. He had always thought that he was fighting for the real. And now Fred said that he had never become an American at all.

From the time he was twelve years old he had wanted to be an American. A queer old man back in the German village--an old man, he recalled strangely now, who had never been in America--told him about it. He told how all men were brothers in America, how the poor and the rich loved each other--indeed, how there were no poor and rich at all, but the same chance for every man who would work. He told about the marvellous resources of that distant America--gold in the earth, which men were free to go and get, hundreds upon hundreds of miles of untouched forests and great rivers--all for men to use, great cities no older than the men who were in them, which men at that present moment were _making_--every man his equal chance.

He told of rich land which a man could have for nothing, which would be his, if he would but go and work upon it. In the heart of the little German boy there was kindled then a fire which the years had never put out. His cheeks grew red, his eyes bright and very deep as he listened to the story. He went home that night and dreamed of going to America. And through the years of his boyhood, penny by penny, he saved his money for America. It was his dream. It was the passion of his life. More plainly than the events of yesterday, he remembered his first glimpse of those wonderful shores--the lump in his throat, the passionate excitement, the uplift. Leaning over the railing of his boat, staring, searching, penetrating, worshipping, he lifted up his heart and sent out his pledge of allegiance to the new land. How he would love America, work for it, be true to it!

He had three dollars and sixty cents in his pocket when he stepped upon American soil. He wondered if any man had ever felt richer. For had he not reached the land where there was an equal chance for every man who would work, where men loved each other as brothers, and where the earth itself was so rich and so gracious in its offerings?

The old man crossed one leg over the other--slowly, stiffly. It made him tired and stiff now just to think of the work he had done between that day and this.

But there was something which he had always had--that something was his America. That had never wavered, though he soon learned that between it and realities were many things which were wrong and unfortunate. With the whole force and passion of his nature, with all his single mindedness--would some call it simple mindedness?--he threw himself into the fight against those things which were blurring men's vision of his America. No work, no sacrifice was too great, for America had enemies who called themselves friends, men who were striking heavy blows at that equal chance for every man. When he failed, it was because he did not know enough; he must work, he must study, he must think, in order to make more real to other men the America which was in his heart. He must fight for it because it was his.

And now it seemed that the end had come; he was old, he was tired, he was not sure. Claus Hansen would have his land and his son would join hands with the things which he had spent his life in fighting. And far deeper and sadder and more bitter than that, he had not transmitted the America of his heart even to his own son. He was not leaving someone to fight for it in his stead, to win where he had failed. Fred saw in it but a place for gain. "I lived all my life with you to learn from failure the value of success." That was what he had given to his boy. Yes, that was what he had bequeathed to America. Could the failure, the futility of his life be more clearly revealed?

Twice Martha had called to him, but still he sat, smoking, thinking. There was much to think about to-night.

Finally, it was not thought, but visions. Too tired for conscious thinking, he gave himself up to what came--Fred's America, his America, the America of the dreamers--and the things which stood between. The America of the future---what would that America be?

At the last, taking form from many things which came and went, shaping itself slowly, form giving place to new form, he seemed to see it grow. Out beyond that land Claus Hansen was to have, a long way off, there rose the vision of the America of the future--an America of realities, and yet an America of dreams; for the dreamers had become the realists---or was it that the realists had become dreamers? In the manifold forms taken on and cast aside destroying dualism had made way for the strength and the dignity and harmony of unity. He watched it as breathlessly, as yearningly, as the nineteen-year-old boy had watched the other America taking shape in the distance some forty years before. "How did you come?" he whispered. "What are you?"

And the voice of that real America seemed to answer: "I came because for a long-enough time there were enough men who held me in their hearts. I came because there were men who never gave me up. I was won by men who believed that they had failed."

Again there was a lump in his throat--once more an exultation flooded all his being. For to the old man--tired, stiff, smitten though he had been, there came again that same uplift which long before had come to the boy. Was there not here an answer to "What's the use?" For he would leave America as he came to it--loving it, believing in it. What were the work and the failure of a lifetime when there was something in his heart which was his? Should he say that he had fought in vain when he had kept it for himself? It was as real, as wonderful--yes as inevitable, as it had been forty years before. Realities had taken his land, his career, his hopes for the boy. But realities had not stripped him of his dream. The futility of the years could not harm the things which were in his heart. Even in America he had not lost His America.

"Perhaps it is then that it is like that," he murmured, his vision carrying him back to the days of his broken English. "Perhaps it is that every man's America is in the inside of his own heart. Perhaps it is that it will come when it has grown big--big and very strong--in the hearts."

HOW HILO WAS NAMED.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Legends of Wailuku*, by Charlotte Hapai

King Kamehameha the Great was a very famous warrior. His chief ambition, which he lived to realize, was to become sole ruler of all the Hawaiian Islands. Naturally he had numerous enemies, and he never remained long in one place for fear some of them might learn of his whereabouts and attack him.

One time, when he was encamped near the mouth of the Wailuku, he planned a quiet visit to what is now known as Reed's Island, where lived a particular friend of his. As this friend was a powerful chief, Kamehameha felt safe in going to him without his usual warrior bodyguard.

Before leaving camp he called his servants to him and told them to stand watch over his canoe, that it might not be stolen or carried away by the tide. This they promised faithfully to do.

As time passed and the king did not return or send word to his servants they grew uneasy about him. Perhaps he might have been ambushed, they reasoned; or more likely fallen into one of the caverns formed by ancient lava flows and which are often treacherously concealed by a thin, brittle crust that a man of Kamehameha's bulk might easily break through. Much as they feared for the king's safety, the servants dared not leave the canoe unguarded. They were in a quandary indeed.

"I know what we can do!" cried one of the men. "We can make a rope of ti leaves and tie the canoe so it cannot drift away."

"Make a rope," queried another, "how can we do that?"

"Simple enough," answered the first speaker. "I'll show you. Take the ti leaves and fasten them together. First you make two chains of leaves--like this--and then twist each one. When you place them together they will naturally twine about each other and you have a very strong rope. Such twisting is called hilo."

"I've never seen it done," admitted his fellow sentry, "but it looks very simple."

"And so it is," went on the resourceful one, as he rapidly twisted the ti leaves into serviceable ropes. "Now," he concluded, "these are plenty long enough. Let us make the canoe fast to the beach."

And taking their ropes to the canoe they tied it securely to that point of land--known to the old Hawaiians as Kaipaaloa--near the mouth of the river where the lighthouse stands today. Then they set out in

search of the king.

Only a short way up the river they met Kamehameha returning unharmed. Ignoring the spirit of their intent in absenting themselves from their post of duty, the king demanded:

"But where is my canoe? What have you done with my canoe? You promised to guard it. By now it may have drifted out to sea or been stolen!"

"We tied it with ti ropes," answered the servant who had woven them.

"Ti ropes!" roared his majesty. "Why, no one here knows how to make ropes like that. The only place they do know is at Waipio. How did you learn?"

"I came to you from there," the man answered.

"Oh, and that is where you learned. Well and good. Hereafter this place shall be called Hilo."

And so it has been. The town at the mouth of the Wailuku has since that day been known by the Hawaiian word meaning "to twist."